

SPORT

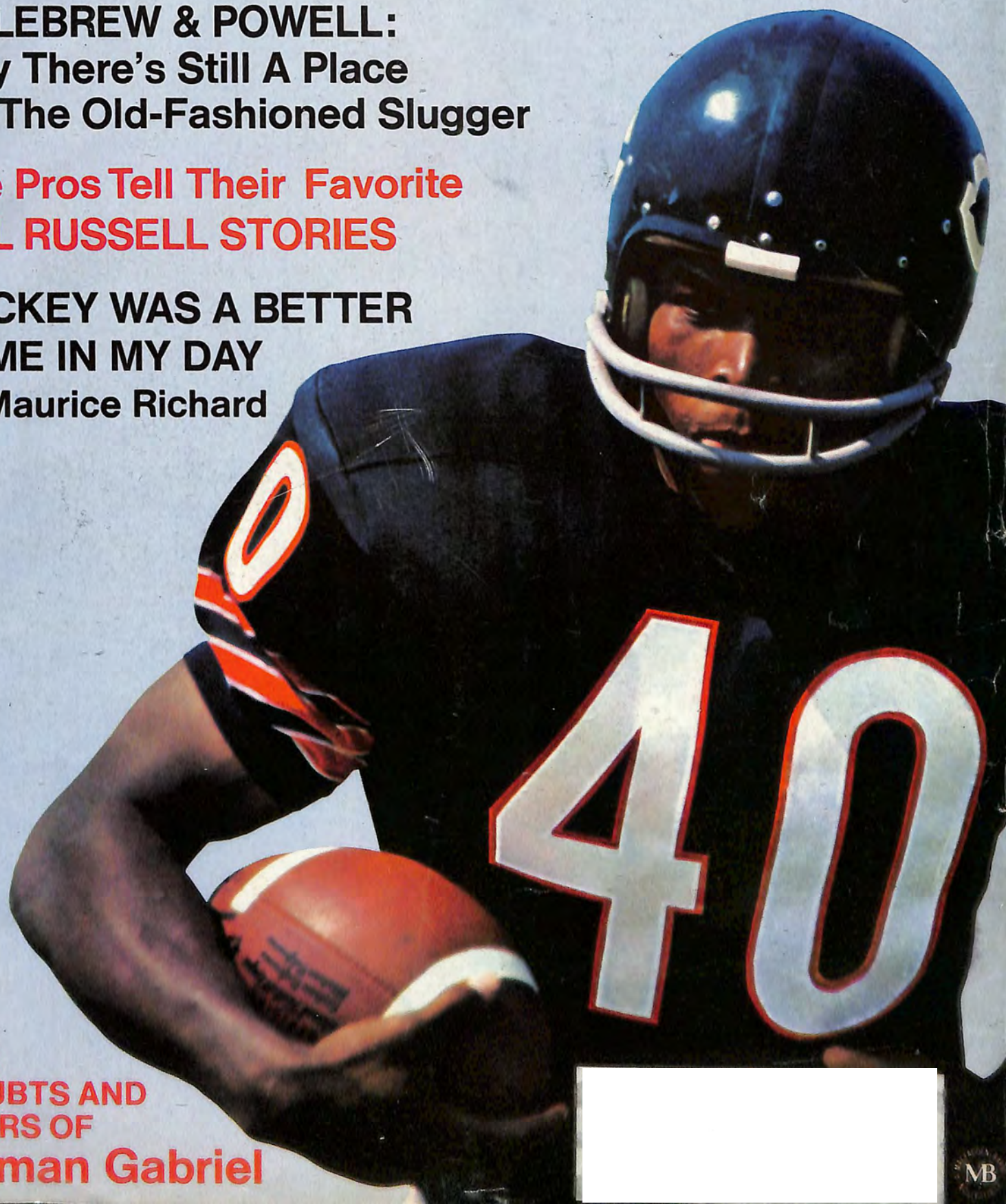
**GALE SAYERS:
The Hard Road Back
For A Knee Victim**

**KILLEBREW & POWELL:
Why There's Still A Place
For The Old-Fashioned Slugger**

**The Pros Tell Their Favorite
BILL RUSSELL STORIES**

**HOCKEY WAS A BETTER
GAME IN MY DAY**
By Maurice Richard

**THE
DOUBTS AND
FEARS OF
Roman Gabriel**



Had it with hot taste?

Come up to
the KOOL
taste





Anyface. Anyplace.

There are still some tough-bearded individuals willing to bet that no electric shaver can match shaves with a blade. On beards like theirs. And they'll even double the bet if they're miles from the nearest electricity.

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Because Norelco has a Rechargeable Tripleheader that can match shaves with any blade. Anywhere. On any kind of beard.

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Norelco®
Even on a beard like yours.

24TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SPORT

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**PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN ON THE ROAD —
PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
— and finally released to the public!**

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . proven by the world's largest automobile fleet owners! An exciting new scientific "breakthrough" that means . . . no matter what kind of gas you use . . . no matter what kind of car you own you can now pile up 100 miles of driving a week . . . month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month . . . pile up 100 miles of driving a day all 365 days of the year . . . and save up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

NOW! 30 DAYS OF DRIVING ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

— even more startling, now save up to \$16 a month, up to 50 gallons of gas each month, without changing a single part on your car!

Laboratory reports . . . PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas . . . save up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . save up to \$200 on your car each year!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified **ILLEGAL!** Sound strange? Not really, here's why: I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is **TOO EFFECTIVE!** Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually **ILLEGAL** for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been **OUTLAWED** in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it **AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!**

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. **YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL.** BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —
The name of this great new invention is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and there is no kette. way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 16 A MILE
1. When the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to

68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big 8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come re-

BEST PROOF OF ALL!
World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!
they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. **BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED.** Wouldn't you like to save up to \$200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

ports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those \$20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Martin, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such **TOTAL POWER** . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . .



HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER**, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that **PROVE** you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to \$200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

ONLY, instead of costing \$100 to \$150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to \$16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to \$200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true. Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3

tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all your risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!

Now the price of the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only \$5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

ORDER TODAY — ON FULL, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**AMERICAN AUTOMOTIVE UNITS INC. Dept. 1095
4806 Bergenline Avenue, Union City, N. J. 07087**

Please rush me the sensational **G. T. Energy Chamber** immediately! I understand the price is \$5.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

Make of Car _____ Year _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS** for just 10.95 (a savings of \$1.00) same guarantee as above. Make of Second Car _____ Year _____
() C.O.D. orders enclose \$1.00 deposit. Same money back guarantee.

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the **G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER** on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to \$200 a year!

SPORT TALK By BOB RUBIN

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WILT?

After announcing his retirement from pro basketball following the 1966-67 season, Tom Meschery was all set to go to Korea as a member of the Peace Corps. But then the brand new Seattle SuperSonics, who had drafted him from the San Francisco Warriors, made Meschery an irresistible offer and forced him to unretire.

The SuperSonics accomplished two things: they obtained an experienced, hard-working forward . . . and they probably saved the Peace Corps. Meschery is a lot of things—including intelligent, articulate and a published poet—but peaceable he is not. "I've still got a terrible temper," says the man known as "The Mad Russian." "I thought I had mellowed at the beginning of last year, but I still wound up fighting to control

myself. Unsuccessfully. The thing is, I have these lapses where I go haywire. If I thought rationally about the fights I get into, I would never get into them. But I don't play ball rationally. I'm totally emotional about the game. So I have lapses."

Now there are lapses and there are lapses, but Meschery experienced super-lapse in a game against the Lakers last season. He punched Wilt Chamberlain. Meschery, at 6-6, 215 pounds, was spotting a mere seven inches and 60 pounds to the enemy.

"It was one of those things where we both went up two or three times for a rebound," says Tom. "On my first shot, I thought Wilt fouled me. I got my own rebound, went back up again and thought Wilt fouled me again. Then the third time I thought Wilt fouled me I began to complain to the official. As I was complaining, Wilt was beside me trying to grab my arm. I don't know why he was doing it, but I told him to keep his hands off me. Like I told you, I have lapses."

"Well, he kept grabbing at me. Probably he was just trying to calm me down, because we're close friends from back when we were together in Philadelphia. But I was mad, so I took a punch at him. He kept walking toward me, so I took another punch at him. I missed and hit him in the shoulder. It hurt my hand."

His teammates were preparing for last rites, but Wilt was so dumbfounded he just looked at Meschery in amazement. Lucky Tom. Grateful Tom? "No," said Tom. "I'm willing to try to back up what I start, and I'm willing to take my punishment if it comes to that. With Wilt, it probably would have been punishment, but who can tell for sure? He's never fought anyone that I've heard of. Oh, yes, he did knock Clyde Lovellette down once, I think. But maybe he can't punch at all. Who knows?"

Only a man with a lapse would want to find out.

WORKING ON THE CHAIN GANG

There are all kinds of ways for the real fan to get close to his favorite pro football team. Comedian Phil Foster—he of the Brooklyn accent and anecdotes—found one way this summer, though

he hesitates to recommend it. It proved to be a bit painful.

The experience began when he asked the management of his beloved Chicago Bears if he could come onto the field during an intrasquad scrimmage. Only on one condition, they told him: You have to have a contract. So Phil signed on the dotted line, agreed to a \$1 salary and became part of the chain gang for the afternoon, working with Joe Kellman, a wealthy Chicago businessman.

"About the thoid play, they fake to Gale Sayers and give it to Brian Piccolo," says Foster. "He's running right at us, followed by the whole damned defense. Now remember, neither one of us holding the chains is experienced. It's very easy to say 'Drop the sticks and run, ya idiot' from the stands, but when you're down there you freeze. So here we are, two small, middle-aged Jews out on a football field at this Catholic school (St. Joseph's) with priests and sisters all around, and we starting yelling in Yiddish. But neither of us dropped the stick. We were still yelling when they ran over us."

Having neglected one great chain-holding principle, they then proceeded to blow the other one. They began to cheat on the first-down yardage in an effort to help the offense. But they got caught, mainly because they were a bit too obvious. "I yelled, 'Foist and eight,'" Foster says. "I was giving short chains. They all started yelling, 'Hey, you don't know what the hell you're doing. Stretch the chain out!' I said, 'Shaddup. Who's holding the chains here, anyway? Foist and eight!'"

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Acting as master of ceremonies was not one of ex-ABA commissioner George Mikan's strengths. Before the final playoff game in Oakland last season, with the season's largest crowd in attendance, Mikan introduced the home team like this: "And now, let's welcome Oklahoma!"

Golfer Chi Chi Rodriguez after a frustrating round: "I am playing like Tarzan, but putting like Cheetah."

Ex-USC punt-return star Mike Battle, now with the New York Jets, talking about his specialty: "I'm not afraid out there. I love to return the punts. I might have a small brain, but I like to run down the field full blast. Guys try to cream you and you try to get away. That's fun."



BARBRA VERLANDER, University of Pittsburgh (left).

Asked if he thought the baseball was livelier this season, Minnesota Twins' pitching coach Early Wynn replied: "I saw one eating grass the other day."

Ex-Philadelphia Eagle offensive tackle Bob Brown on his feelings about being traded to the Los Angeles Rams: "You want to know if that trade made me happy? Well, man, it was better than sex."

Some hitting philosophy from Pittsburgh Pirate rookie Richie Hebner: "Happiness is going two-for-five and having your batting average drop."

Denver Bronco defensive tackle Rex Mirich, who injured his back playing basketball just before the start of training camp, has ended his court career. "From now on, I'm a one-sport man," says Mirich. "I'm playing football—and staying away from the dangerous sports."

Jim Bouton on how he became a knuckleball pitcher: "I was 0-7 in the minors. One day I was leaning off the ledge of a hotel, looking down. A crowd that had gathered had mixed reactions. Half said jump, the other half said don't. Then one guy yelled, 'Jump, you knucklehead.' I thought, 'Hmmm, knucklehead . . . knuckleball . . .' I leaped back into my room, knocking over lamps and tables, and decided to throw the knuckleball. Ever since, I've been literally fabulous."

Jets' offensive lineman Dave Herman on the physical toll football takes of a man: "When I get to be 40, I'm going to charge people to watch me get out of bed."

MAN IN MOTION

Gary Gabelich doesn't mind jumping out of planes. He just hates to fly in them. The reason, obviously, isn't fear. "I don't like flying because I don't have control of the plane," he says. "I want to know what's going on."

Gabelich has more curiosity than most people, particularly when it comes to speed. His ambition is to hold the world's land and water speed records at the same time, and by the time you read this he may be halfway to his goal. Gabelich, already a ten-year racing veteran at 27, is scheduled to attempt to break Craig Breedlove's world land speed record of 600.601 miles per hour at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah this month or next.

Gary, a handsome, blond Californian, was chosen by the American Gas Association to drive its revolutionary car which is powered by natural gas. The car, named Blue Flame, was built by Reaction Dynamics and carries only 20 seconds worth of fuel, but Gary and its designers think that will be enough to get him up to 650 MPH. "The 13,000

pounds of thrust really push you back into the seat," he said. "It's almost like taking off for the moon."

Preparing for such a ride would seem to be a fulltime job, but not for Gabelich. Gary, who already holds several land and water speed marks, doesn't like to be bogged down by any one project, so he keeps busy by sky diving, driving a motorcycle, fuel and jet dragster, his \$12,000 "funny car" (a fancy jalopy) and even a dragboat. "When I get behind the wheel, the adrenalin starts flowing and I feel like I can conquer the world," he says.

In fact, the world almost wasn't sufficient. As one of seven astronauts working on North American Rockwell's Apollo program, Gary participated in environmental control studies that called for living in space capsules for several days under simulated high altitude, re-entry, and zero gravity conditions. He also jumped from high altitudes with cameras to record the action of parachutes used in the re-entry of space capsules. Conceivably, Gary might have been off to the moon if he wasn't presented with the choice between racing or "spacing."

Gary has been driving hot rods and racing professionally since high school.

WHAT ARE THESE BOYS DOING?

Hialeah (Florida) High School football coach Jim Powell read that ballet lessons can improve coordination, so with the help of his daughter Jane (right), he gave it a try. From a look at his boys' form, Nureyev doesn't have a thing to worry about.



winning from the start. "I was just 17 and used to go to the track with some older friends who had a racing car," he says. "In one race, one guy went 110 MPH, and the other 118. I wanted to try but the owner of the track said I needed my parents' permission. I went down the block to a gas station and forged my mother's signature and returned with the signed slip. Then I went out and did 126 MPH." More recently, he went considerably faster than that and beat national drag racing champion Don Garlits.

Gary has escaped serious injury so far, maybe because he knows driving. But that doesn't stop him from worrying. "Each Thursday before a race, I set everything aside between three and four o'clock, and just worry," he says. "Then I get back to work and concentrate on winning."

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 3

Barbra Verlander, a 21-year-old senior elementary education major at the University of Pittsburgh, is the third candidate in our 19th annual Campus Queen Contest. Two more candidates

will appear in upcoming issues, and then you will be able to vote for your favorite.

Barbra, a statuesque 36-22-35 ash blonde who makes her home in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, has served as the Pitt football team's Water Girl and Panther Girl, taking care of Bagheera II, Pitt's live panther mascot. Her off-campus honors include being named Miss Pennsylvania in the Miss USA-Miss Universe Pageant; Miss Boat Show of Pittsburgh; Miss Triad of the Tri-States area; and Miss Regatta Queen of the Oakmont Yacht Club. Among Barbra's numerous hobbies are dancing (ballerina and modern jazz), singing, playing guitar and/or piano, modeling, horseback riding, swimming, tennis, jogging and raising dogs.

OH SHAY CAN YOU SEE

Kansas City Royals' manager Joe Gordon was hardly in a mellow mood to begin with as he slowly moved toward the mound in Anaheim Stadium. But he really turned purple when he heard the Stadium organ accompanying his walk with a dainty, bouncy version of "Tip-toe Through the Tulips."

"I guess it just hit Joe wrong," said organist Shay Torrent, innocence dripping from his every word. "He was really sore. He said that I could shove it. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that we had just scored the go-ahead run."

It was one of the few times this summer that a Torrent selection got a negative response. Usually his songs, which are custom-designed for a player or situation, are big hits with the Angels, their fans and even their opponents. And, like the source of so many of the fun things in baseball, you can thank Bill Veeck for Torrent's presence and musical antics in the game.

Veeck originally hired Torrent to play for the White Sox in Comiskey Park, a job Shay held for six years. "Bill said, 'Play anything you want and we'll let you know if it's wrong,'" Shay recalls. "Well, the first time something was wrong was when I played 'The Old Gray Mare' after an aging pitcher had been knocked out. Bill thought that was a little strong."

Shay managed not to offend anyone else in his Chicago career, but he did get into a bit of a hassle when he got to Anaheim and decided one day to musically accompany White Sox manager Eddie Stanky on one of his trips to the mound. "He's a little guy, but he takes big steps, so I played 'Pomp and Circumstance' right in time to his walking,"

Torrent says. "Real loud. He turned around and shook his fist at me, but I just kept playing. Going back to the dug-out, he started to run, but I just played it real fast. Then he slowed up all of a sudden, but I did, too."

If Shay has any particular specialty, it's puns—the worse the pun, the better, he says. Boston's Carl Yastrzemski has to put up with "Yaz, We Have No Babanaz." For Bubba Morton of the Angels he once played the commercial, "No Salt Salts Like Morton Salt Salts."

The Indians' Duke Sims is greeted with "Sims Like Old Times," and for the Angels' Sandy Alomar the song is "In a Persian Market."

"I'm almost ashamed to explain Alomar's song," Shay says. "It's Al-Omar . . . Omar . . . get it? Awful, isn't it?"

Any requests for Shay? Any printable ones?

ALL FOULED UP

With everyone selecting baseball's greatest individuals this season to mark the game's centennial, Al Green deserves at least a footnote. Green, a 66-year-old retired ice skating instructor from Eatontown, New Jersey, claims to be the greatest foul-ball catcher of all time. He says he's gotten over 900 baseballs in a 20-year career. Naturally we were curious about what it is that drives an otherwise sane, sober adult to risk life and limb for a \$2.50 baseball.

"I would go to the ballpark in the summer to bake after being on the ice all winter," says Green, who wound up giving most of his hard-earned souvenirs away to the American Legion or to hospitalized children. "One day I got a ball. That was it. It got in my blood. I began to go to more and more games. Sometimes I saw 80 games a season, often seven a week. I'd go to a day game at Yankee Stadium and a night game at Ebbetts Field. Of course, that was before I got married."

Al once grabbed seven balls during a single batting practice, but his most memorable moment came on a Mickey Mantle ground-rule double. It hopped into the stands at Yankee Stadium, and Green leaped out of his seat to make a spectacular grab. "That rates right up there with the best of them," he says, proudly.

Then there were the bad days. "You have to be willing to take a little punishment," says Al. "Once, in batting practice, I split my head open diving for a ball. They took me out in an ambulance and took six stitches in my scalp. Another time, I got my little finger caught in a seat and twisted it all out

of shape. And one other time, the ball rolled down a runway at Yankee Stadium and out an exit, and I tripped and rolled over chasing it. I was all bruised from the neck down, but I didn't want my wife to worry, so I told her I fell down the subway stairs. After a while, I wised up and started to wear shin guards and knee pads under my trousers to prevent leg injuries. I also carried a glove to reach over the fence and stop hot grounders."

Guts, padding and a glove are only the tools of a ballhawk. What separates the standout foul-ball artist from the journeyman, says Green, are timing and proper positioning. "You have to get there early and get a seat on the aisle so you're free to run up and down," he said. "Then you wait. You'll see, it gets into your blood."

FAN CLUB NOTES

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Wendy Pacrac, 4240 South Clinton Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois 60402: **Gilles Marotte**, Peter Ruffner, 229 Swansdowne Drive, Seaford, New York 11783: **American Basketball Association**, Bruce Schultz, 509 West Cherokee, McAlester, Oklahoma 74501: **Steve Carlton**, Jess Stump, 5222 North New Jersey, Indianapolis, Indiana 46220: **Johnny Bench**, Roberta Sakal, 30821 Grant Road, Wickliffe, Ohio 44092: **Ken Harrelson**.

SLAPSIE MAXIE

Los Angeles Rams' veteran linebacker Maxie Baughan tells this story about the big one that got away—not a fish, a quarterback. "We were playing the Giants," says Maxie, "and Fran Tarkenton went back to pass. He went crazy, of course, making a U-turn in the backfield and coming around my side of the field, waving his arm like he was going to throw. But when he crossed the line of scrimmage, I left my man and headed for him. I had him dead to rights, too. There was no place he could go, so I decided I was going to run right through him."

"Well, by some miracle, when we hit, his nose guard went through the front of my helmet and hit me on the nose. I was knocked kind of woozy, laying there with tears in my eyes and blood streaming out of my nose, when I look up to see Tarkenton standing over me. My guys helped me up, and then Fran puts his hand on my shoulder and says, 'Did I hurt you, kid?'

"Was I embarrassed."



Ron Paquette, already successful in several businesses, has found his new part-time franchise program so rewarding and profitable, he will soon advance to a full-time basis with his FOOSBALL Sportsystem.

You Can Make Big Money-Part Time- just like Ron Paquette NOW EARNING OVER \$400 A WEEK!



Ron Paquette kept himself pretty busy even before he looked into a FOOSBALL Sportsystem Franchise. As a ceiling and paving contractor and printing equipment salesman, he was doing fairly well financially. But he still wasn't satisfied. Then he learned about FOOSBALL, investigated its potential, liked the excitement of the game, and saw where he could add it to his other business activities with little additional time or effort. Little did he realize that within six months he would have exclusive franchises for FOOSBALL in his entire county, and would be devoting full time to this activity!

Ron started with one FOOSBALL game, and successfully installed it the day after he received it. A month later he ordered another when he saw the first one operating profitably (over \$100 the first week). With his "take" averaging over \$30 per unit, Ron took the big step and ordered five additional games. It's an investment he's never regretted. Today, he has 22 games on location, producing a total of over \$400 a week, and he says he's only begun.

Best of all, Ron has managed to get his investment back on each game in less than four months . . . after which the receipts are practically "clear profit." What other franchise operation can match that? Operating his car to check the games and collect the money is his only expense. What's more, Ron enjoys it . . . and it's not just the money. He gets a lot of satisfaction out of seeing the

game played by young people, and promoting tournaments for them. A father of four, Ron is happy that he's involved in a business from which boys—and even girls—in their late teens and early twenties derive considerable fun and recreation. He appreciates the value of the clean, wholesome youth activity he is providing his community.

FOOSBALL is a table-style soccer game that almost anyone can play and enjoy, and it's welcomed everywhere. Ron's procedure for introducing the game is to play a few games with a partner to show the owner or manager and some of the patrons how simple it is to play, and then get them to join the fun. Interest is immediate because of the competitive nature of the game. And interest always turns into enthusiasm—the kind of enthusiasm that's "catching."

Operating a FOOSBALL Franchise—as Ron found out—requires no special background or experience. Anyone with reasonable intelligence, initiative, and the ambition to succeed, can make a success of FOOSBALL. We help you get started, and show you how to introduce the game to owners and managers of student lounges, clubs, taverns, recreation centers, restaurants, and unlimited other locations. You can begin your program for as little as \$595.

Today, Ron is looking ahead to the time—perhaps in just a few more months—when his expanded FOOSBALL activities will require the hiring of others to assist with introducing and placing the

games, and with making the collections. As a result of his increased income, his future plans include a better standard of living for his family, and the other things financial security will provide . . . travel, college education for the children, and a new home.

FOOSBALL offers the ideal franchise in many respects. There is no servicing involved, no manual labor, no inventory to worry about, no credit to extend, no billing. You get your investment back in a matter of months—not years—and the more you expand your installations, the more you increase your profits. It's that simple, and you'll have fun doing it.

By starting small—like Ron Paquette—you can make extra money now, part-time. And by reinvesting your money, you can build up your operation one by one until you, too, can be independent with your own business that will return not only handsome profits but total job satisfaction.

Waste no time! Fill in and mail the coupon today. We can appoint only one franchise in your area, and others will be writing in, too. Inquiries will be processed by date of postmark, so do not delay.

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Div.—American Youth Marketing Corp.
Dept. SM-11-69

Alms Building, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

(Since no one will visit you, it is imperative that you include your phone number in the coupon so we can call you long distance.)

The exciting, head-to head competition of FOOSBALL makes it immediately popular. The "FOOSBALL fever" continues to grow as players become more skilled.



FOOSBALL tournaments are one of the secrets to the success of this amazing new business program. Tournaments mean more players, more games and more profit for Ron Paquette. The same can be true for you!



American Youth Marketing Corp.
Dept. SM-11-69
Alms Building, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

You bet I'm interested in this unusual profit opportunity. I want to start — part time — full time. Send me details and application.

My occupation now

Name

Phone (Area Code)(Number).....

Address

City State ZIP

THE SPORT SERVICE AWARD

DON WHITE

It was just a few years ago that Don White spearheaded a drive to start an organized baseball program for the boys of Marion, Ohio. The program has grown to the point where six diamonds have been constructed at no cost to the local taxpayers. A serious heart attack forced White to step out of the movement for a year, but he has come back to help the local Crippled Children Society. Through the promotion of golf, bowling and basketball tournaments, the Society has opened the Marion County Therapy Center, where more than 100 children receive speech and hearing therapy. This past summer, thanks to the work of White and others, a new pre-kindergarten class has been added.

DR. CEDRIC DEMPSEY

Aside from his duties as Athletic Director for the University of the Pacific, Dr. Cedric Dempsey has devoted considerable efforts to the Stockton, California, community. He has coordinated activities with the city's recreational leaders on community programs in all sports, taking a personal interest in the Little League and the Stockton Swim Club by coaching teams in both sports. Dempsey is also a representative to the National Health, Physical Education and Recreation Program and in his two years at the University has opened intercollegiate athletics to a large audience. He's done this by admitting fans to Pacific games for a nominal cost or, occasionally, free of charge.

DON VANDERZEE

If it has anything to do with baseball in the Kenosha-Silver Lake, Wisconsin, area, you can bet that Don VanderZee will be in on it. VanderZee has been a one-man organization for the community's baseball program for the past 13 years. He started and serves as president and business manager for the Lakeland Little League, the Lake Region Babe Ruth League and the Wilmot semi-pro team. He umpires, draws up the schedules, keeps the statistics, rakes the diamonds—all without pay. On the business side, VanderZee is active in raising money for uniforms and equipment, writes news reports of the games and beseeches the local townships to build more fields for the area's many athletic events.

THIS MONTH IN SPORT



Pat Jordan

Pat Jordan is 28 years old, an age when most professional athletes are just hitting their peak. Pat Jordan's peak came when he was 17, when he signed a \$40,000 bonus contract with the Milwaukee Braves. Five years later the fire was gone

from his pitching arm and he was out of baseball. What do you do when you're 22 and a has-been? The thing Pat Jordan did was take advantage of another aspect of his Braves' contract—a free college education. He attended Fairfield University in Connecticut, and to help his growing family (now three girls and a boy) he went to work part-time for the Connecticut *Sunday Herald*. He hadn't, he says, written a line until he was 25. But he learned fast because, three years later, he had written a very fine story on Jim Maloney (beginning on page 38). We sent Pat to Montreal to see Maloney and he was understandably nervous about the whole thing; he hadn't even been to a pro game since he stopped playing in 1961. But not long after he walked into the hotel lobby where the Reds were staying, he was grabbed by the arm. It was Clay Carroll, who had played down in the minors with Pat. "Carroll's first year of spring training," Pat says, "was my third. He was a shy country boy, all by himself, and I could tell him my troubles and we'd talk together and cry on each other's shoulders." Another old teammate who helped ease a path to Maloney was Tony Cloninger. Then, standing with his old friends on the field, Pat got one more eerie feeling. "It was like I was back in the minor leagues again with Carroll, Cloninger, Niekro and the rest. They didn't look any bigger, any stronger than they had then, and they were more human." When it was all over, Pat allowed that he had enjoyed the assignment and the change of pace from his school-teaching chores. We hope to get him more such changes of pace.

Al Silverman

First, the long-point collar.
Then, the see-through shirt.

Let's face it. In the last five years,
more things have happened to men's
fashion than in all the five long
centuries before.

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one of those that lasts is called Mach II.

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THIS IS JOE GARAGIOLA



I USED TO FIND that some of the more profound discussions among ballplayers took place in the bullpen. And I'm not talking about how to pitch to Musial or how to set up the infield against Ted Williams. We used to talk about the *really* important phases of sports . . . like who throws a spitball . . . or who belongs on the All-Ugly Team . . . or the best tobacco chewer . . . and so on. One topic that seemed to cover all sports was which athlete was the "real good food guy." When an athlete was nominated by the expert eaters in the bullpen, he had to have some pretty good credentials. I kind of miss these sessions, and I still think about what I would be able to contribute to the discussion.

Golfer Billy Casper, because of his many allergies, is in a class by himself—not so much because of how much he eats, but rather, what his diet consists of. It just stands to reason that you're gonna shake up the waiter and your dinner companions if you sit down and order a buffalo steak . . . medium rare.

One-time star of the San Francisco 49ers, Bob St. Clair, would come in for a mention. Quantity wouldn't be the yardstick here either, but his style. The story goes that St. Clair ordered a steak and the waiter asked him how he liked it. St. Clair said, "Raw." The waiter said, "You mean blood rare?" St. Clair said, "Raw. Meaning uncooked. Bring it just the way they cut it off the cow." The waiter tried once more: "Should I put it under the fire a little?" Bob took a deep breath and said, "Take it out of the icebox and put it on a plate."

But most of the food guys in sports make their reputations on quantity rather than quality or style. Years ago, the Giants had a catcher named Shanty Hogan, who was known as a one-man Diners' Club. John McGraw is supposed to have told Hogan, "Shanty, if you'd get farther away from the plate at the dinner table, you'd be able to get closer to the plate at the ballpark."

There have been a couple of guys who probably could have won a lot of money in eating contests, because their builds didn't give you any idea what they could

do. One was Joe DiMaggio's brother, Vince. When Vince was with the Pittsburgh Pirates, he once was approached by the road secretary, Sam Watters. Sam said, "Vince, I think you're taking advantage of the ballclub. We don't mind you buying somebody a cup of coffee on us, but you signed a dinner tab last night for two complete meals. Who was your guest?" Vince said, "I ate 'em both." Turned out he did, too, and right after that the Pirates were given meal money, instead of signing for their food.

Andy Carey was a trim young infielder with the Yankees, but Casey Stengel once said, "With a bat he's good . . . with a knife and fork, he's amazin'."

But my king of the calories is Rudolf Wanderone, better known as Minnesota Fats, professional pool player. You've heard Ted Williams discuss hitting or Vince Lombardi on the subject of football. Here's what Fats says about eating:

"I never lost an eating match in my life. I out-ate a guy once who weighed 550 pounds. He was so fat he couldn't walk. They had to nudge him down the street. I grabbed a ham in one hand and a chicken in the other. In four minutes, I got them stripped like corn on the cob. The fat guy says, 'He ain't human,' and I says, 'When I finish this I'm liable to eat yours, too.' He quit."

I don't think I would want to play pool against Fats, and I'm sure I don't want to share my meal money with him.

A new name now has joined the ranks, and he would be my latest entry—Steve Chomysak, a defensive tackle with the Cincinnati Bengals. The story is that he went into one of those all-you-can-eat restaurants near Cincinnati one night, and according to his teammates, put away 15 whole lobsters, eight dozen shrimp, a platter of every kind of fish the place had, a platter of roast beef, two bottles of wine and two whole pies. Nobody knows the chef's reaction, but the *maitre d'* made his position clear. After the second pie, he said to Steve, "Forget the check, you're our guest . . . just leave . . . now."

In any bullpen discussion, Steve Chomysak is a Hall of Famer.

Joe Garagiola

If Roi-Tan wasn't the best selling ten cent cigar, you couldn't buy it for ten cents.

There's only one reason you can buy a fine tasting blend of imported and domestic tobacco like Roi-Tan for only a dime. The fact that we make so many of them.

And if we didn't, we'd have to charge more just like lots of other cigar makers do.

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Stylishly long slender cigars are becoming more and more preferred by today's cigar smoker. Another reason why the Falcons are one of the more popular of the many Roi-Tan shapes and sizes.



THE SPORT QUIZ

GRADE YOURSELF

15-16 EXCELLENT
13-14 VERY GOOD
11-12 FAIR

1. Lou Gehrig holds the American League record for RBIs in a single season. Who holds the National League record?
 - a. Roy Face
 - b. Ted Abernathy
 - c. Hoyt Wilhelm
2. According to AFL-NFL rules, which of these infractions does not lead to a 15-yard penalty?
 - a. fair-catch interference
 - b. pushing or helping the runner
 - c. batting or kicking a loose ball
3. O.J. Simpson was the first player chosen in the 1969 pro football draft. Who was second?
 - a. George Kunz
 - b. Leroy Keyes
 - c. Joe Greene
4. Babe Ruth was voted the American League's MVP in:
 - a. 1923
 - b. 1927
 - c. 1931
5. True or False: Bob Pettit was the first player to win the NBA's Podoloff Cup.
6. This quarterback holds the pro record for most consecutive pass completions:
 - a. Sonny Jurgensen
 - b. Len Dawson
 - c. John Brodie
7. He has won more games in relief than any other major-league pitcher:
 - a. Roy Face
 - b. Ted Abernathy
 - c. Hoyt Wilhelm
8. He was the only baseball commissioner to have also served as a major-league president:
 - a. Kenesaw Landis
 - b. Ford Frick
 - c. Bowie Kuhn
9. Only one of these running backs finished in the top ten in the NFL rushing standings last season. Which one?
 - a. Willis Crenshaw
 - b. Mel Farr
 - c. Don McCall
 - d. Willie Ellison
10. This driver finished first in 1969's Daytona 500:
 - a. Don Tarr
 - b. Lee Roy Yarbrough
 - c. Richard Petty
 - d. A.J. Foyt
11. Match these major-leaguers with their actual first names:

Tug McGraw	Pedro
Bubba Morton	John
Tony Oliva	Wycliffe
Tito Francona	Frank
12. Can you name the man who holds the record for most games played in the major leagues?
 - a. Glenn Hall
 - b. Norm Ferguson
 - c. Red Berenson
13. He was the first hockey player in the Western Division to be named to the NHL's official All-Star Team:
 - a. Glenn Hall
 - b. Norm Ferguson
 - c. Red Berenson
14. They have appeared in more NFL title games than any other team:
 - a. New York Giants
 - b. Cleveland Browns
 - c. Green Bay Packers
 - d. Chicago Bears
15. He has more years on the PGA tour than any other golfer:
 - a. Sam Snead
 - b. Ben Hogan
 - c. Kel Nagle
16. Match these AFL head coaches with the NFL teams they once coached:

Wally Lemm	Rams
Sid Gillman	Lions
Weeb Ewbank	Cardinals
George Wilson	Colts

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 86



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's a 30-year vet), covers the White Sox over WMAQ, Chicago radio.



Ken Coleman joined station WHDH, Boston, as Red Sox announcer in 1966, after ten years with the Cleveland Indians and Browns.



Jimmy Dudley is now a sportscaster for the Seattle Pilots over radio station KVI. He had done Cleveland Indian games for 16 years.



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK-TV in Houston.



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Take it from me, Al Hirt.
They make it hearty and
robust and deep-down good.
That's why more and more
men are making their move
to Miller. C'mon, you do
it, too. Ask the man for
The Champagne of Beers.
Miller High Life." *Al Hirt*



TALK TO THE STARS

HOMER JONES: *What is your favorite pass pattern and how many times a game do you usually run it?*

—Hal Lewis, North Woodmere, New York

JONES: My favorite pass pattern is the turn-out, and we usually run it once a quarter. On this play I line up a little tighter than I do on most other patterns. I go straight down the field for about 12 yards, fake to the inside, and then make my move to the outside. We've been pretty successful with this play because the single defender covering me has to give me some room to protect against the bomb. Fran (Tarkenton) often calls an automatic on this play when the defense is blitzing, and on several occasions it has gone for a touchdown.

MARTY LIQUORI: *Do you have any advice for a young miler trying to improve his running?*

—Bill Clifton, Kearny, New Jersey

LIQUORI: The best advice I can give you is what I tell my 15-year-old brother—run 70 miles a week. This may sound like an awful lot, but if you break it down to ten miles a day it shouldn't take more than two hours. It should be done in the off-season on your own. During the track season—indoor or outdoor—the best thing is to listen to your coach. He can tell you what kind of sprints to do in addition to some distance running. They may range from 220 yards to half-mile sprints. For cross-country, I suggest doing at least 100 miles a week.

BOBBY BONDS: *Why do you strike out as often as you do? Are you trying too hard?*

—Dan Rhodes, Sacramento, California

BONDS: I don't know if I can answer that question. I guess trying to pull the ball causes a lot of my strikeouts. When I bat, I look for the right ball to pull and let too many strikes get past me. I suppose I ought to hit more to right field, instead of trying to pull. It's a bad habit and I've got to get out of it. Anyway I'm not a real steady strikeout victim. My strikeouts come in streaks, you know? One week I can go along with only two or three. Then the next I'll strike out 20 times. I'm sure I'll cut down on my strikeouts as I get more experience in the majors.

VIRGIL CARTER: *What do you think about the big fuss over tall pro quarterbacks?*

—Lynn Greene, Chicago, Illinois

CARTER: I think the scouts and coaches make height more important than it really is. I'm 6-1 and I haven't had any trouble on the field. People think that a guy my size might have trouble seeing over those 6-6 or 6-8 defensive linemen, but that's not the case. When those big men charge, the ends go wide outside to get to the quarterback and the tackles are bent over handling the blocks. In other words the defensive tackles are not standing tall and the quarterback is. The passer shouldn't have to throw over those guys, but between them.

INSIDE FACTS

By Allan Roth

LANCE ALWORTH of the San Diego Chargers has gained over 1000 yards on pass receptions in each of the last six seasons, the only pro ever to perform this feat . . . He has led the AFL in yardage on receptions three times (1965-66-68), finished second in 1963, and third in 1964 and 1967 . . . His average yardage per game in the last six seasons has been 95.6 . . . He has led the league in number of receptions twice in the last three seasons, with 73 in 1966 and 68 in 1968 . . . He led the league in touchdowns on receptions three years in a row (1964-65-66).

Don Maynard of the New York Jets started the 1969 season with a lifetime total of 9349 yards on receptions in his nine AFL seasons, a pro record (Ray Berry holds the NFL record, 9275) . . . Maynard had his fifth 1000-yard year in 1968, ranking second in the league, with 1297 yards, 15 less than Alworth . . . In each of the last two seasons, Maynard has led the league in average yards per reception, with 20.2 in 1967 and 22.8 in 1968.

George Sauer of the Jets has been the most consistent pro receiver in regards to number of receptions over the past three seasons, ranking second-first-second in the AFL, with 63-75-66 . . . He surpassed the 1000 mark in yardage each season, and Sauer's three-year total of 204 receptions tops Alworth's 193 . . . Charley Taylor of the Washington Redskins has the best NFL total for the last three seasons, with

league-leading performances of 72 and 70 in 1966-67, and the eighth-ranking total of 48 in 1968.

Homer Jones of the New York Giants has ranked 15th-14th-10th in the NFL in number of receptions in the last three seasons, but in yardage his ranking has been fourth-second-third . . . He has gained more than 1000 yards on receptions in each of the last three years, the first NFL player to perform this feat since Del Shofner in 1961-62-63 . . . Jones has led the league three years in a row in average yardage per reception, a league record . . .

Only two active NFL players, in addition to Jones, have had more than one 1000-yard reception year—Bobby Mitchell (1962-63) and Bob Hayes (1965-66) . . . Hayes had a near-miss in 1967 (998 yards), dropped to 909 in 1968 . . . There were six new 1000-yard receivers in 1968: Warren Wells, Gary Garrison and Fred Biletnikoff in the AFL, and Roy Jefferson, Paul Warfield and Lance Rentzel in the NFL . . . Jefferson was the league leader, with 1074 . . . He was the runner-up in number of receptions (58) . . . League-leader Clifton McNeil (71 catches) missed making the 1000-yard club by six yards.

There was a big turnover in reception leaders in the NFL last season, with Lance Rentzel the only player who ranked in the top six in number of passes caught in each of the last two years, finishing sixth in 1967 and tied for third in 1968 (58 and 54 receptions) . . . The only other NFL player to catch at least 50 passes in each of the last two seasons was Dan Abramowicz of New Orleans, with 50 and 54.

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4th PRIZE

**30 UNIMAT
COMPLETE HOME
WORKSHOPS**



5th PRIZE



**50 BENRUS
MEN'S AUTOMATIC
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6th PRIZE

**1000 HAMILTON BEACH
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- On an official entry blank or on a plain 3 x 5 piece of paper, print your name and address, and your prediction of the winner of the Aqua Velva-Sport Magazine Most Valuable Player Award in the Super Bowl, January 11, 1970, and send to: Most Valuable Player Contest, Dept. D, P.O. Box 45363, Chicago, Illinois 60645. **IMPORTANT:** In order to be eligible for First Prize, you must also write your prediction of the Most Valuable Player on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
- Contestants may enter as often as they wish. Each entry must be in a separate envelope.
- All entries must be postmarked by December 15, 1969, and received by midnight December 20, 1969.
- In case more than one entrant correctly predicts the Most Valuable Player, First Prize Winner will be determined by random drawing. All other entrants correctly predicting the Most Valuable Player will be eligible for prizes 2 through 1107 by random drawing. Remaining prizes will be distributed by random drawing among balance of contestants. Drawings to be conducted by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners notified by mail approximately 30 days after Super Bowl game.
- Contest open to all U.S. residents except employees, and their families, of The J. B. Williams Co., Inc., its divisions and subsidiaries, its advertising agencies, and Irwin H. Diamond Associates, Inc. Offer void where restricted by law. Residents of Missouri and Florida must submit their names on a plain piece of paper only.

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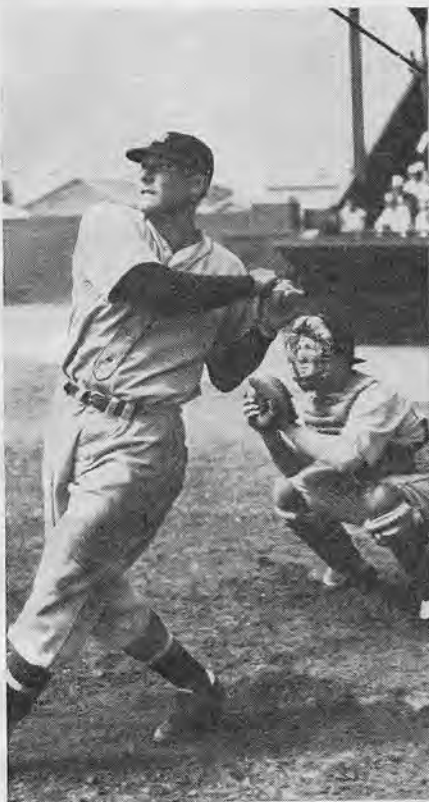
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WHERE HAVE YOU GONE... RUDY YORK?



A writer once described Rudy York as "part-Indian, part-first-baseman." It was probably the funniest line ever written about York—a largely humorless man—but it was not quite the most accurate. York had Cherokee blood, all right, but his fielding wasn't as atrocious as people liked to make out. The problem seemed to be that because York had the classic build and power of an old-fashioned slugger, it was impossible for people to believe that he could also field respectably.

Today, fortunately, the slurs on York's defensive abilities are mostly forgotten, and what is remembered is a 6-foot, 235-pound powerhitter who was a forerunner of the Killebrews and Powells (see page 30). In 11 full major-league seasons—nine of them with Detroit—York hit 277 home runs and averaged better than 100 RBIs a year. Among his slugging achievements were two grand-slam home runs in successive at-bats while with the Red Sox in 1946.

In 1949 and 1951 he faded into the low minors as a player-manager in towns like Union City, Oil City and New Castle. He returned as a manager in 1957 in North Platte, Nebraska, then coached for Memphis the next year. Finally, in 1959, Red Sox manager Pinky Higgins brought York back to the majors

as a coach. Rudy was the official manager in one game that year and stayed as a coach through 1962. He's been out of baseball since, returning to his hometown of Cartersville, Georgia, some 40 miles north of Atlanta. He's 56 now and works as a self-employed house painter, the trade he had learned as a teenager. He keeps in touch with baseball by watching the games on TV and going to Atlanta two or three times a season to see the Braves.

In many ways York's rookie year, 1937, was the most remarkable of his entire career, and in it he set a record that still has not been equalled: He hit 18 home runs in a single month.

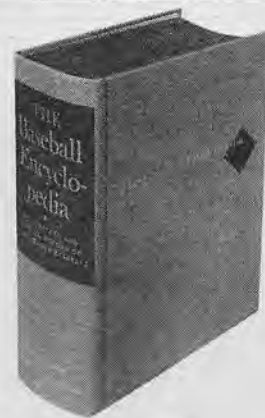
Ironically, that rookie season had begun gloomily for York. He had come off two booming years in the minors, but the Detroit first-baseman in 1937 was Hank Greenberg. This meant Rudy had to find another spot and not until early August was manager Mickey Cochrane able to work him in—as a catcher. He started on August 4, hit a home run and a double, and thus began the most spectacular one-month slugging spree in history. It wound up with two home runs on August 31, off Pete Appleton of Washington. This gave him 18 homers for August, breaking the record of 17 set by Babe Ruth in 1927. With a bit of luck, York might have set the record with more than 18 homers. He remembers all the near misses, but the one that really sticks in his mind occurred in a game with New York. "The Detroit park had three strands of barbed wire atop the wall to keep the fans off the field. One ball I hit struck that wire and dropped back." York finished the year with what was to be his single-season career high of 35 home runs, and he did it in just 375 at-bats.

From 1940 on, with Greenberg switched to the outfield, York played only first base, and did it better than people credit him. He led American League first-basemen three times in assists and three times in fewest errors.

York is impressed by today's sluggers, and he also believes he'd do better himself if he were a youngster breaking in now. "There was more good pitching back then," he says. "Pitchers worked harder discovering and remembering a batter's weakness." And what was York's weakness? "I learned to hit just one way—overpower the ball. I wasn't much of a hitter for average."

York is far too modest. His career batting average was .275, an average Killebrew and Powell may never attain.

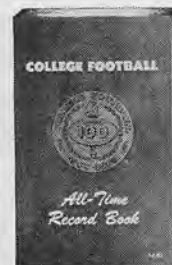
SPORT BOOKSHELF



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Time had dimmed the memory of one boy's favorite team—the 1943 Boston Braves. But there was the starting lineup, on page 342 of *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, and memories came flooding back . . . of C. Ryan, W. Wietelmann, E. Joost, A. Javery, etc. The Encyclopedia uses initials for first names and the only one we weren't sure of was J. McCarthy, first base. So we looked on page 1189 and there it was, Johnny McCarthy, who batted .304 in 78 games in 1943 until he broke his ankle. Enough cannot be said for this massive 2337-page volume. Which state do you think has contributed the most major-leaguers? (Pennsylvania). Who owns the record for putouts for first-baseman in a season? (Jiggs Donahue); and in a lifetime? (Jake Beckley). Who has the record for most strikeouts per at-bats? (Frank Howard). Subtitled: "The complete and official record of major-league baseball", it is certainly that but it is much more. It is a slice of Americana, telling us much about our past and ourselves.



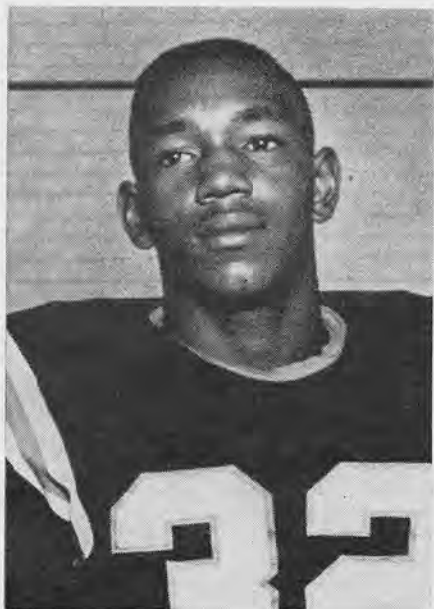
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TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH



JERRY MOSES, Waterloo East High School, Waterloo, Iowa

IN IOWA, MOSES COMMANDS

WHEN JERRY MOSES was in grade school and junior high, he'd clip out pictures and news stories of pro football running backs like Jimmy Brown and Leroy Kelly. Now, several years later, Jerry has himself turned into a potential pro back, with his own large following. And, with his senior year in high school still to be completed, he has already achieved something Brown or Kelly probably never did. Last year, in a tough ballgame, Jerry made it even tougher by fending off a would-be tackler with a forearm jolt. Moses and his team were penalized 15 yards for unnecessary roughness, a rare penalty for a running back while carrying the ball.

It's power and determination like that—plus speed—that has made Moses one of the finest high-school players in the country. Last year he averaged 9.1 yards a carry for East High School of Waterloo, Iowa, and helped extend its unbeaten streak to 29 games. He scored 19 touchdowns (15 rushing, four on passes) and one extra point, and had his best game of the year when he gained 347 yards rushing in a 60-46 crowd-pleaser against Fort Dodge. "He's simply great," says coach Bruce Wiegmann. "He runs hard and has the ability of never giving the defender a clear shot at him."

Moses will not be 18 until November 25, yet he already is 6-1, 183 pounds. His size, and versatility, has helped make him a standout in track and basketball as well as football. Last spring he came within a fraction of an inch of the state high-jump record of 6-6³/₄ and won the state indoor hurdles title. He's already done 14.6 in the high hurdles, and has his eyes set on the state record this year. In basketball, Jerry joined the varsity as a sophomore midway through the season and helped the team get to the state tournament. Last year he averaged 14 points a game.

"I think football is my best sport," Jerry says, "but I really

enjoy basketball the most. There is always something happening, and you have to react very quickly."

Jerry's father, a box-maker at Rath Packing Co. in Waterloo, was a talented athlete in yet another sport—baseball. He was once a fine high-school and semipro pitcher in Mississippi. There are five children in the Moses family all told—four boys including Jerry.

Jerry is determined to get to college, and that includes not letting weak grades stand in the way. While his overall high-school grade point average is 2.4, he worked hard last spring and got a 3.0. He hopes to study business administration.

Hard work, it seems, is part of Jerry's nature. Last summer he was a lifeguard at a swimming pool in Waterloo. "He got off at 5 p.m. daily," recalls the pool manager, Larry Van Oort, "so what did he do? Starting in mid-July he worked out every evening to get in shape for football."

Even before this season began, college coaches all over the country were making known their interest in Moses. One of his assets—versatility—particularly appeals to them. He is a fine defensive back as well as a ballcarrier, and could probably make most college teams as a wide receiver too.

"Jerry can do it all," says Iowa coach Ray Nagel. "Quote me on any superlatives you want about this young man, and I'll stand behind them."

Whether Nagel can recruit Moses for the state university, however, is another matter. Sixteen black players boycotted spring practice at Iowa and were suspended from the team. You can be sure recruiters will be seizing on this in trying to lure Jerry to another school. And you can also be sure that whether he stays in Iowa or goes elsewhere, Moses will be a most commanding figure.

GUS SCHRADER

What do Cazzie Russell, Gale Sayers, Pete Rose and Stan Mikita argue about most?

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LETTERS TO SPORT

TAKING SIDES

In your story on the Joe Namath case ("25 Pro Football Stars Take Sides," September), Alex Karras says that if Joe Namath owned a church and was the priest there, he wonders if he would have to stand up and tell the gamblers to get out. Well, Karras should know all about gambling and football. Who is he to tell Pete Rozelle off? He says that he hopes Rozelle can put 80,000 in that stadium in New York. In the first place, Shea Stadium doesn't hold 80,000, and in the second, Rozelle is the man most responsible for the boom in pro football, and for all those fans having faith in the legitimacy of the game. Karras ought to be glad there's someone like Pete Rozelle around.

Union, N.J. J.D. Warren

I am sick and tired of reading about Joe Namath and his problems. How about giving someone else on the Jets a little credit—like Matt Snell.

El Paso, Texas Dan Sullivan

SWEET SOUNDS

Hank Aaron, Orlando Cepeda and Fred Katz ("Aaron & Cepeda Sound Off On Hitters, Spitters And Managers They Have Known," September) combined for a beautiful piece of baseball discussion. It's refreshing to hear players talk freely on the game and not necessarily only the things that happen on the field.

Milwaukee, Wis. M.R. Roswell

I enjoyed the story on Hank Aaron and Orlando Cepeda. I was especially moved by Aaron speaking about getting a job after his playing days were over; he said that he'd like a front-office position but that he'd probably wind up without one. Aaron deserves anything that baseball can give him. He's been one of the best and will probably be the second greatest home-run hitter of all time. Any organization that would ignore him because of the color of his skin is not worth it. Aaron shouldn't have to worry about something like that. He's been great for baseball, and when he's retired, the game is going to be the worse for it—not Aaron.

Atlanta, Ga. Arthur Holmes

BLESS YOU, TINY TIM

Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mr. Editor. Oh, it was such a thrill to read about my favorite singer and sports fan in your magazine, Tiny Tim. Mr. Tim probably shocked quite a few of your readers with his thorough knowledge of

the Dodgers and hockey. He certainly knew what he was talking about. I think Mr. Tom Fox did a good job in bringing out the true personality of Tiny Tim. Again, thank you so much, and I'll be looking forward to more stories on Tiny Tim and perhaps a cover shot of him.

Brooklyn, N.Y. Rita Devone

CARLOS REACTION

Well, SPORT has done it again. First your magazine made a hero out of Lee Evans, and now it has deified a rebellious black militant like John Carlos ("John Carlos Is A Kaleidoscope," September).

I'm an American and proud of it. I believe there's no excuse for the ugly behavior of Evans and, particularly, Carlos. As far as I'm concerned, that black fist gesture at the Olympics was an act bordering on treason and should have been treated as such. I know all about their excuses, but I don't think that Negroes in this country are treated half as bad as they think they are. Men like Carlos are the real troublemakers in this country, believe me. I look forward to the day that these agitators are no longer glorified by the press and national magazines such as yours. A lot of children read your issues and articles like the Carlos one only make it hard for a mother to raise them with love of God and the United States. Shame on you.

Cincinnati, Ohio Mrs. Rose Schweda

PROGNOSTICATORS

It certainly looks like the pro football players know what they're talking about ("The Players' Own AFL-NFL Predictions," September). The only disagreement I have is that Baltimore will win the NFL title once again (not Los Angeles) and this year the Colts, whether Joe Namath likes it or not, are going to win the Super Bowl. I guarantee it!

Bethesda, Md. H.R. Rich

How could the players possibly pick Roman Gabriel over Johnny Unitas for the NFL's Most Valuable Player? I could see if they picked Deacon Jones or Bart Starr. But Roman Gabriel?

Baton Rouge, La. Jim Goss

I've just finished your "Secret Poll" and I must say that it must have been very secret if any player could have left off Harry Schuh, star tackle for the Oakland Raiders. He's the best offensive lineman and probably the most underrated player in the league.

New York, N.Y. Rick Singer

AFTER CHICO, WHO'S NEXT?

Just think of the kind of hitting team the Cincinnati Reds would have had this year with Chico Cardenas at shortstop ("What Makes Chico Run?" September). Cardenas has done more for the Twins than anybody since Zoilo Versalles in 1965. It's just another example of the mismanagement of the Reds. I'm really looking forward to the winter trading sessions to see which Red will be going to the American League. First it was Frank Robinson and now Cardenas. I suppose Johnny Bench and Pete Rose are next.

Columbus, Ohio George McRae

FIZZLED OUT

Congratulations on the story by Phil Tuckett ("How I Won My Lightning Bolt"). You couldn't have picked a better rookie to keep a diary. Now that he's been cut by the San Diego Chargers, what are you and Tuckett planning to do?

LaJolla, Calif. Tom Coffey

How about "How I Won My Las Vegas Cowboy Lasso"? Seriously, Tuckett plans on continuing his writing career and is now working for NFL Films, Inc., in Philadelphia.

NO. 1

The Graziano-Zale article ("Great Rivalries: No. 1," September SPORT) is by far the most exciting article I've ever read in my six years of reading the magazine. I was, and still am, amazed at the descriptiveness of the passages. I felt that I was fighting, not Graziano or Zale. Mr. Devaney should receive a bonus.

Swampscott, Mass. Stuart Caswell

That's what author John Devaney says, too.

It was the best boxing story I ever read. I just wish you could do one of the Clay-Liston fights.

Huntington Beach, Calif. Tony Bottorff

CUBS WRONG CLUB

That was a fine cover shot of the Cubs on your September issue. But don't you think that the four guys should have been Gil Hodges, Tom Seaver, Cleon Jones and Tommie Agee, and that the uniforms should have had New York printed on them? The big story in September was not the Chicago Cubs but the Mets.

New York, N.Y. James Hettenbach Jr.

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When are you going to have some features on the biggest story of the year? I'm speaking of the rise of the New York Mets.

Tampa, Fla.

William Moore

We had a story on Cleon Jones in the October SPORT. For the full story on the Mets we've been waiting for the proper writer to become available. Now he has. In the December issue Tom Seaver will be telling all about his Mets.

On page 82 of the September SPORT ("Durocher And His Cubs"), Mr. Devaney states that the Cubs haven't won a pennant in 24 years, the longest wait of any major-league team. On page 92, in the story on Blue Moon Odom, Bill Libby says that the A's want to win their first pennant in 38 years. Now, new math does play havoc with numbers, but I still feel that the Athletics have a 14-year edge on the Cubs. What about it?

Bartonville, Ill.

John Gunther

Obviously, Mr. Devaney was using his own kind of math and in his calculations 24 is more than 38. But we'd have to say the A's do have the edge.

MADMAN WOODY

In these days of mod quarterbacks, and 9.4 sprinters, it's nice to see a workhorse get some recognition—and Tom Woodeshick is certainly a workhorse ("Woody Fits Into The Madman Category," September). If the Eagles had more players like Woody at all the positions, they wouldn't have to wait very long for an NFL championship.

Camden, N.J.

Joseph Wright

OMISSIONS

In your editorial for September ("Time Out: Who Said Four Divisions Wouldn't Work?"), you said that there were three races in baseball and that in one of them, the NL West, four teams were fighting for first place. What happened to the Houston Astros? They were in the race practically all the way and were only two games behind as late as the first week of September. I think they deserve the same consideration as the three contenders in their division.

Midland, Texas

Russ Kalbaugh

I'm an avid reader of SPORT and a great follower of AFL football. How can anyone pass up Kansas City quarterback Len Dawson? He's always been first or second in the category of passing accuracy, TD passes and least interceptions. But I have never seen an article written on him in any magazine. Kansas City has won more games than any other AFL football team—and the Chiefs did it with Mr. Dawson. Yet, he's never gotten the recognition.

Thailand

Sgt. Larrie Cooper

ASK THE EXPERTS



Ernie Harwell, who is in his 21st year of airing big-league baseball, does the Tiger ballgames for station WJR in Detroit

Who are the major-leaguers who have hit four home runs in one game?

—Dave Edwards, Waukegan, Illinois

Robert Lowe, Ed Delahanty, Lou Gehrig, Gil Hodges, Joe Adcock, Rocky Colavito and Willie Mays hit four homers each in nine-inning games. Chuck Klein and Pat Seerey performed the feat in extra-inning games.

How many points per game did Earl Monroe average during the 1968-69 NBA season?

—Mike Blair, Jackson, New Jersey

Monroe averaged 25.8 points per game. He was surpassed only by Elvin Hayes's 28.4 and Jerry West's 25.9.



Ron Hewat can be heard twice daily on station CKFH in Toronto. During the hockey season he does a show before Maple Leaf home games

Who were the last five men to win baseball's Triple Crown and in what years did they win it?

—Bryan Copeland, Annandale, Virginia

Joe Medwick won the crown in 1937, followed by Ted Williams (1942 and 1947), Mickey Mantle (1956), and Frank Robinson (1966) and Carl Yastrzemski (1967).

Was Jack Dempsey ever knocked out in his professional career and, if so, when and by whom?

—Marc Abrams, Yonkers, New York

Dempsey was KO'd only once in his career. It occurred in the first round of a fight on February 13, 1917. His opponent was Jim Flynn.



Marv Albert does New York Knick basketball games and New York Ranger hockey games on WHN/radio/1050 in New York

Who were the pitchers against whom Joe DiMaggio started and ended his 56-game consecutive hitting streak?

—Mitch Rose, Los Angeles, California

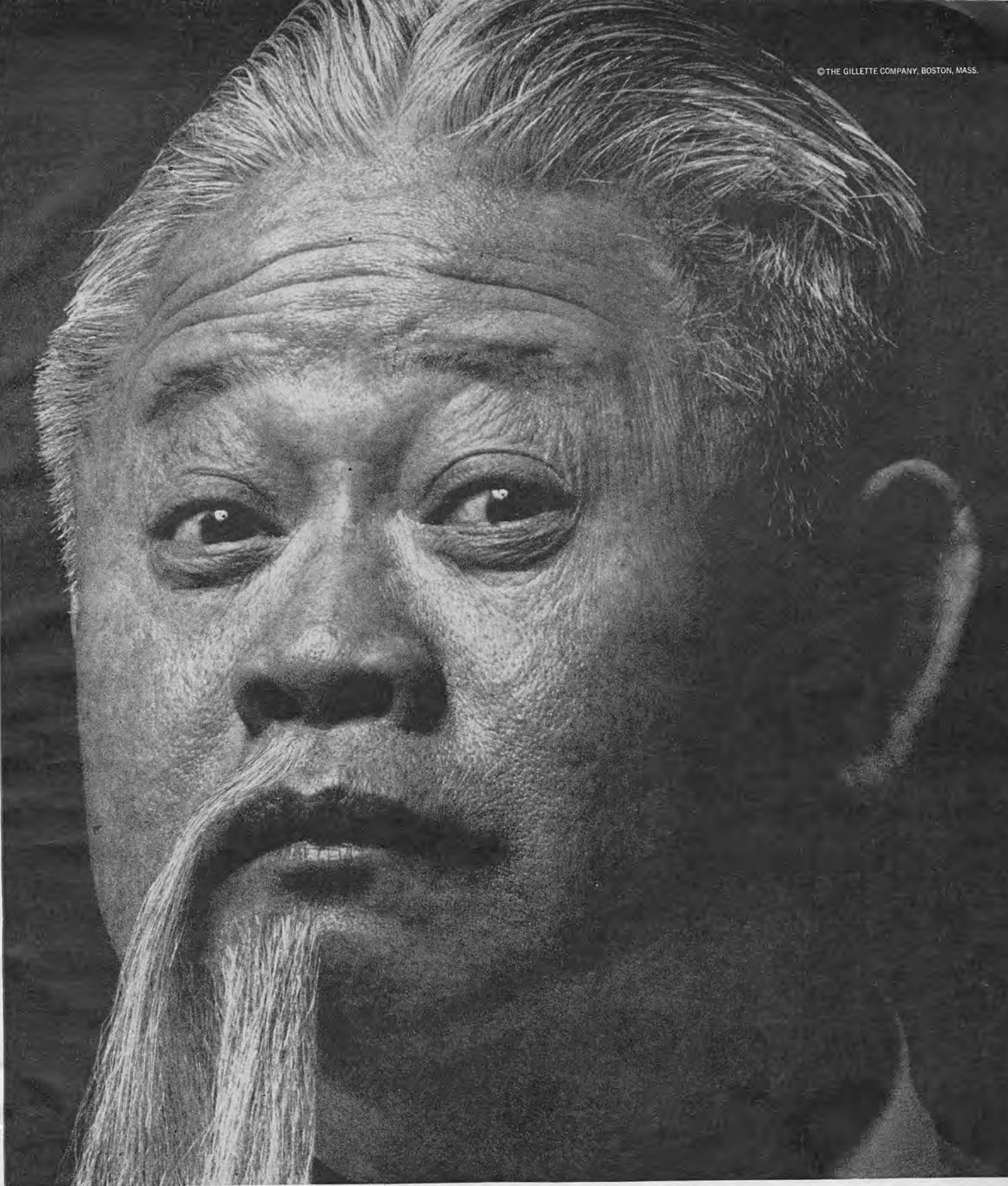
DiMaggio began his streak against Edgar Smith of the Chicago White Sox on May 15, 1941 and ended it against Alfred J. Smith (and reliever Jim Bagby) of the Cleveland Indians on July 17, 1941.

What are the official footballs of the NFL and AFL?

—Marvin Kupp, Salina, Kansas

The official football of the NFL is the Wilson F1100. Its AFL counterpart (slightly smaller and more pointed) is the Spalding J5-V.

This is a regular feature. Send questions to
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GALE SAYERS:

A knee victim last fall, the Bear superstar worked with dedication to come back. Now the first test was at hand

By AL SILVERMAN

GALE SAYERS LAY on his bed in a motel room in Washington, D.C., a day before the Chicago Bears' first exhibition game of the 1969 season. He was wearing white jockey undershorts and glistened like a bronze god. A friend, Henny Young, had come in the room and noted immediately that Sayers' skin was a deeper brown than usual. "You got a tan!" Young exclaimed. "Where'd you get that tan? You been sittin' in the sun?" Sayers laughed, a flashing, self-assured laugh, showing his white teeth and sharing his secret with no one.

The bronze body was hard and lean and the five-inch scar that ran along the inside of his right leg, thigh-bone to knee-bone, knee-bone to leg-bone, that jagged badge of fellowship among professional football players, was not noticeable. But it was there and it filled the room with its presence; unspoken questions, urgent questions, were in the air.

The knee had been cut into last November 10 and cartilage removed and ligaments sewn up and now the finest runner in professional football the last four years—until November 10, 1968—was about to play in his first game since the injury.

Finally, a question was asked, not to Sayers but, warming up, to Sayers' roommate, Brian Piccolo, who lay on his own bed, the whiteness of his skin a startling contrast to Gale's bronze look.

"There's one big difference in Gale now," Piccolo said. "He runs all right until the knee starts to wobble." He laughed and Gale laughed and the visitors in the room laughed and, suddenly, the air was lighter.

Piccolo played fullback at Wake Forest. He was born in Massachusetts but raised, he said, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

"By way of He-Hung-High, Mississippi," said Sayers.

Pick grinned. "Don't get me started, Massa Sayers," he said. But he was started. The two had become roommates two years ago in Birmingham, Alabama, before an exhibition game, when the Bears' decided hastily to room men according to position.

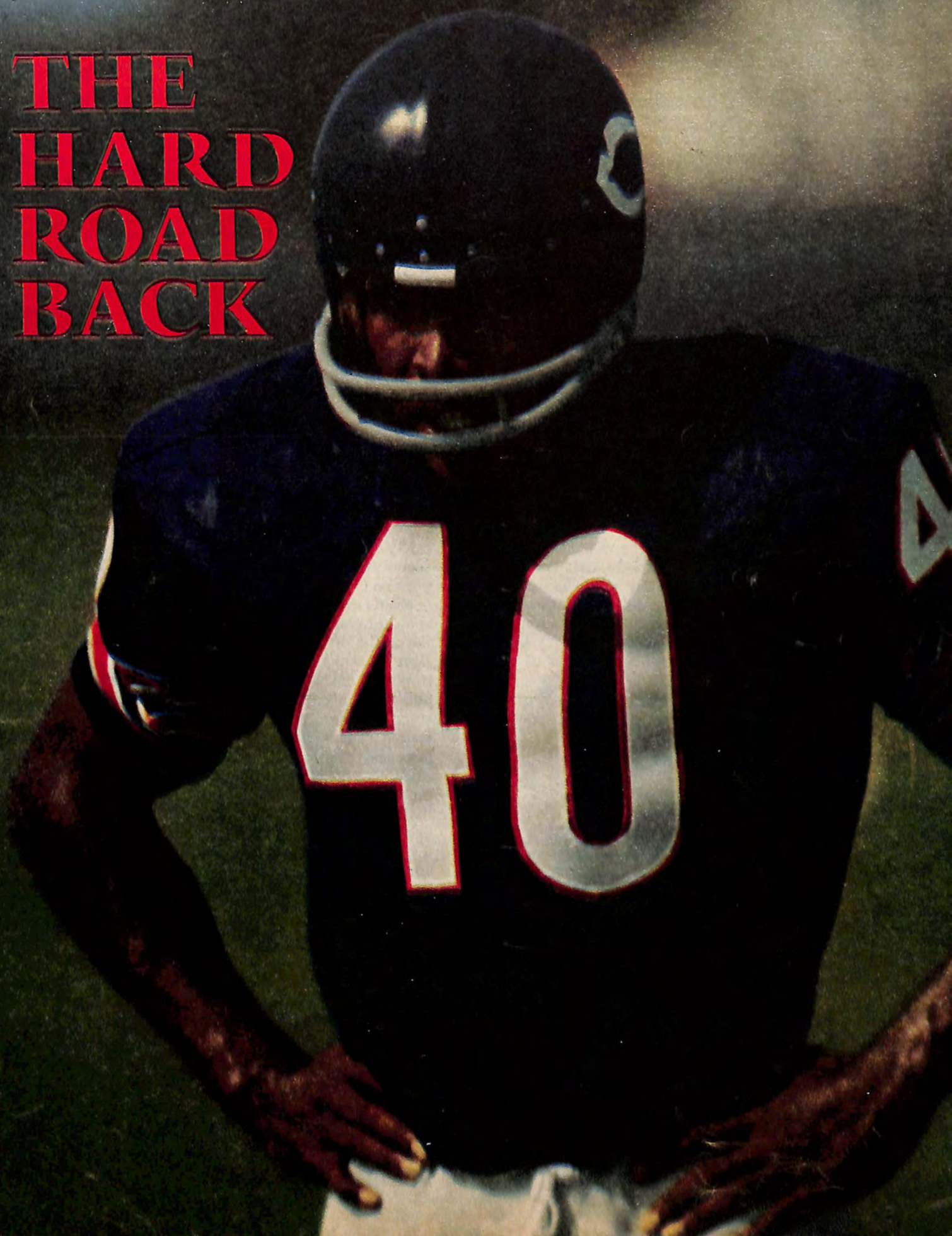
"Of all the places to spring it on us," said Piccolo. "I came up to the room and saw Gale and said, 'What are you doing here?' But it's been okay. We talk about everything, whatever goes on."

"Mostly race relationships," said Sayers.

"We're okay," said Piccolo, ignoring Sayers, "as long as he doesn't use the bathroom."

Someone asked Sayers, "Who would you want as a roommate if you

**THE
HARD
ROAD
BACK**



had a choice?" He replied, "If you're asking me, what white Italian fullback from Wake Forest, I'd say Pick."

Some people find it difficult to understand the black humor, the needling that goes on between Sayers and Piccolo. The two keep it up even on the field. When Ross Montgomery, a rookie running back from Texas Christian, first heard it, he was astonished. Sayers and Piccolo use it therapeutically, as a way of easing into each man's world, a world that has been vastly separate for so long. The needling helps take the strangeness from each man's world, and it lessens tensions.

Sayers said, "Pick, show him the letter you just got." The letter had come from Chicago, from a man who had actually signed his name. It began:

"I read where you stay together with Sayers. I am a white man! Most of the people I know don't want anything to do with them. I just don't understand you. Most Italians I have met say that they stink—and they really do."

Piccolo interrupted. "Well, of course that's true. You can't get away from that."

Sayers roared, shaking his head. "I don't like your racist attitude," he said.

The rest of the letter described how the Bears smelled, how they had no quarterback, no receivers, no offensive line. And, it ended: "Sayers will fold up like an accordion when he gets hit."

That was one question Sayers hoped to settle right away in the game with the Redskins. But he was disappointed to learn, earlier in the week, that he would not start, that he would be used only to run back kickoffs and punts.

Jim Dooley, a tall man with curly hair, who wears horn-rimmed glasses and looks more like a scoutmaster than the head coach of the Bears, explained why Sayers would not be starting. "He's fine," Dooley said. "I know he

wanted to start this game. I told him, 'Gale, look, we got an inexperienced line. Two of our regulars are out. They make a mistake—boom.' When he scrimmaged last week someone made a mistake and Butkus hit him. He understood afterwards."

Perhaps he understood, but he was not happy. "They're babying me," he said, "I know they are."

All along, Sayers had refused to baby himself. He would not use crutches when his leg was in a cast. Right after the cast was removed, he began to lift weights on the leg. He started jogging in early February. He was examined on February 27 and Dr. Theodore Fox, who had performed the operation, told Sayers, "If there were a game this Sunday, you'd be able to play."

Dr. Fox believes in Sayers. He once defined the special quality that made Sayers the finest runner in football. "Factor X," he called it. "This stands for drive and motivation," he said. "Factor X elevates a player one plateau. It makes a star out of an average player and a superstar out of a star." Dr. Fox said that his operation on Sayers' knee would contribute 60 percent to Sayers' recovery and "Gale's strong desire to return—Factor X—will add the other 40 percent."

There could be no doubt about that desire. "I worked hard to get up there," Sayers had said mid-point in his recuperation period, "and I'm going to work twice as hard to stay up there." At that time, an article in a Chicago newspaper suggested that running backs with knee injuries rarely come back to top form and that Sayers might have to spend the rest of his career as a flanker or at some other position. The article infuriated Gale. "I saved it," he said, "because when I do come back as a runner, I'm gonna show it to him." And then, as if to underscore his determination, he drew out the words—"I . . . Will . . . Be . . . Back."

When rookie camp opened in Rensselaer, Indiana, in mid-July, Sayers was there. His first day in camp, he insisted on taking part in the scrimmage. On one play he started running to his right. Willie Holman, the Bears' huge and mean defensive left end, came across and blindsided Sayers, crashing him to the ground. Others piled on. Sayers got up by himself. He continued to play. Finally, the scrimmage was over. He had carried the ball a half-dozen times, gaining six yards through the middle once, five another time. But no one said a word to him. Sayers felt he was being ignored by the coach, the trainer, the Bears' doctor. But that was the game plan. Trainer Ed Rozy says, "The instructions on him were don't even mention it. Make him forget it."

In desperation Sayers went up to Ed McCaskey, who is the Bears' treasurer, a son-in-law of George Halas and a confidant of Sayers.

"How'd I look?" Sayers asked.

"You're all right," McCaskey said, and turned away.

When the veterans came in to camp, Gale was used sparingly. The younger backs, Mike Hull, Ralph Kurek and Montgomery, did most of the hitting. Dooley was going easy with Sayers, but also with veterans Piccolo and Ronnie Bull, who had a record of preseason injuries. But the lack of contact drills worried Gale because of his timing. "With Piccolo or Bull in there," he said, "the timing is different. The guards can be a little slower. But with me in there they've got to go full speed. I'm (Continued on page 88)



From 1965 through '68, Sayers was the finest runner in pro football. He is sure his knee is fine now but admits it still concerns him. "I never stop thinking about it," he says.

Teens talk up the HyperpHaze habit—the every day way to fight skin problems



Teens* have picked up a new habit...washing every day with HyperpHaze, the clear blue liquid skin cleanser.

Tom: Well, at first I started using HyperpHaze day and night, and my pimples went away nicely. And after that I started using it every day...even when I didn't have any pimples. And it kept my face clean and clear.

Gregg: I used HyperpHaze twice a day. The blemishes went—started clearing up. It was easy to use.

Sue: I used HyperpHaze. I used it three times a day—in the morning, when I'd come home from school, and at night. And after a while my blemishes went away pretty good.

Devan: Oh...I've been using it now almost daily for about three weeks. HyperpHaze mainly helps keep your face clean and removes most of the oil and dirt from your skin, you know.

Maryellen: Let's say that I got a blemish and it was real bad and sore. I used HyperpHaze

for about two or three weeks...every night. Well, I saw an improvement.

Gregg: HyperpHaze made my skin feel better, you know, soft and cool.

Sue: Well, I didn't use it for a while, but then I broke out...you know how it is—every once in a while I'll break out.

Tom: It works fast. HyperpHaze leaves my skin kind of clean, not sticky.

Devan: I think I really had a problem before. I've been using HyperpHaze now daily and you know, it helps.

Maryellen: Your face felt clean. Cleaner than it did with soap. And there weren't any bad effects with HyperpHaze.

Devan: Your face really kind of tingles, you know...real clean feeling.

The HyperpHaze Habit: Use daily instead of soap.
Rinse thoroughly. Towel dry.

The clean clear solution for problem skin.



HyperpHaze™

*Actual comments from teens in Milwaukee, Wisconsin area.

HOCKEY WAS A BETTER GAME IN MY DAY



By MAURICE RICHARD *as told to Stan Fischler*

Expansion is one reason for the decline, says the ex-NHL great. He also cites the curved stick, the slap shot and a lack of toughness

WHEN I PLAYED FOR the Montreal Canadiens in the '40s and '50s, the Stanley Cup playoffs always climaxed the National Hockey League season. Every player seemed to reach his peak then, and the games usually were the most exciting of the season.

But that's not true anymore.

The past two years the Cup games between the Eastern Division Canadiens and the Western Division St. Louis Blues have been something of a joke. The teams have played eight times and St. Louis still hasn't won a game. In the 1968 series the Blues made it close, but this year the games were so bad and so one-sided that one critic said the series was "like Sominex on the rocks."

The problem, of course, is that the best team in the expansion West is just not ready yet to engage the best team in the established East in a showdown series. The truly great Stanley Cup games last spring were between the Canadiens and Boston Bruins in the Eastern Division finals. For most hockey fans this was when the season really ended; the Montreal-St. Louis series was mere formality.

Now there is something drastically wrong when hockey's showcase series is suddenly meaningless. But there is more to hockey's ills than just a mismatch in the Stanley Cup finals. The game of hockey—from the first face-off in October to the last one in April—is simply not the game it was in my day. Shooting was more accurate then.

Passing was cleverer. Stickhandling was an art practiced not by just a few but by many. And, most important, there was much more individuality. In short, the game is hurting today, and if you want to find the causes, you have to start with the biggest one: Expansion.

I'm afraid I have to agree with Toronto *Daily Star* columnist Jim Proudfoot when he says, "The NHL never has been motivated by what its customers might or might not like. It has been guided, instead, by its estimate of what the public will hold still for. . . . The only trouble is that the hockey is no longer exciting very often."

One example of what Proudfoot is talking about is found in the scheduling since expansion. Last year the Canadiens played only 40 of their 76 games against Eastern teams. That meant that Montreal's great rivals—such as the Bruins and the Maple Leafs—came to the Forum just four times each, instead of seven times as they used to. That's a big difference, especially when the replacement is an inferior team. St. Louis has yet to beat the Canadiens—not just in the Stanley Cup, but also in regular-season play, and the losing streak going into this season stands at 18. And no one questions that the Blues are by far the best of the Western teams. The league bosses thought they would help the expansion teams at the gate by having the established clubs play them more often, but this is a mistake. A well-



matched contest is what lures the customer, and a poorly matched one is what keeps them away.

Overall, in 216 interdivisional games last year, the West won just 51 and lost 129. Now I know some people will boast that 51 wins is plenty for new teams but, really, it's not so much the *fact* of winning as it is the *act* of winning. When a West team won, it often was done with an unappetizing, defense-minded style. Some people call it "Kitty-bar-the-door" hockey, but the tactic by any other name would still be as boring. The idea is to keep each of the opposing players closely checked, hoping that sooner or later they themselves will get a break and score. If they do get a goal, they can return to the defensive, trying to protect the lead until the end of the game. It's a strategy the West teams find necessary because the only real scoring threat in the entire division is Red Berenson of St. Louis. But it's also a device that greatly limits the moments of enjoyable hockey. When the defending team is constantly holding back, the game is slowed down considerably and at that point hockey can no longer pride itself on being called "The Fastest Game on Earth." Even the players find themselves bored. Ed Giacomin, the Rangers' goalie, once said he couldn't keep awake because there was so little action in the game.

Another reason the players tend to hold back is the expanded, 76-game schedule—which doesn't even include exhibition games. By adding more

teams the owners felt obliged to lengthen the schedule, and when that happened players began watching themselves more carefully, trying to last out the longer year. It makes for a situation where the players just don't put out all they can.

Still another evil of expansion has been the downgrading of scoring values. There was a time when it was an honor to score 20 goals in a season. It was like hitting .300 in baseball. But now 20 goals don't mean beans at contract time. Nearly a month before the season had ended last year, a bunch of unknowns had scored 20 goals—guys like Garry Unger, Bill Flett, Andre Lacroix, Ed Joyal, Gary Sabourin and Gary Jarrett. Now I don't want to take anything away from these players, but I just can't include them among the All-Stars. Too many of their goals are coming against weak expansion defenses, and when two expansion teams get together they play a more wide-open game than when one of them is up against an established team.

You know what else has changed? The game isn't as tough as it used to be. You can count on the fingers of less than two hands the really tough fighters in the game: Ted Harris, Ted Green, John Ferguson, Gordie Howe, Gilles Marotte and Orland Kurtenbach are the best ones. And there really isn't what I would consider a fine bodychecker among them.

When I was playing, nearly every team was loaded with policemen. The Toronto Maple Leafs of 1947-48, for

example, had a whole roster of hitters: Bill Ezinicki, Gus Mortson, Bill Barilko, Garth Boesch, Vic Lynn, Howie Meeker, Harry Watson and Jim Thomson, to name just a few. It was like that all over. Detroit had Black Jack Stewart, Ted Lindsay—even their goalie, Harry Lumley, liked to fight. Montreal had hitters like Ken Reardon, Butch Bouchard, Glen Harmon and on and on.

You really had to watch out for the heavy bodycheckers back then. Ezinicki was typical. He'd circle center ice and roam around until he thought you were off guard and then he'd go into orbit and try to hit you from the blind side. He got me a few times, and not always legally either. I also remember a fellow on the Rangers named Bill Moe; he could catch you with his hip and send you somersaulting onto the ice. That kind of bodychecking is a lost art today and the game is all the worse for it.

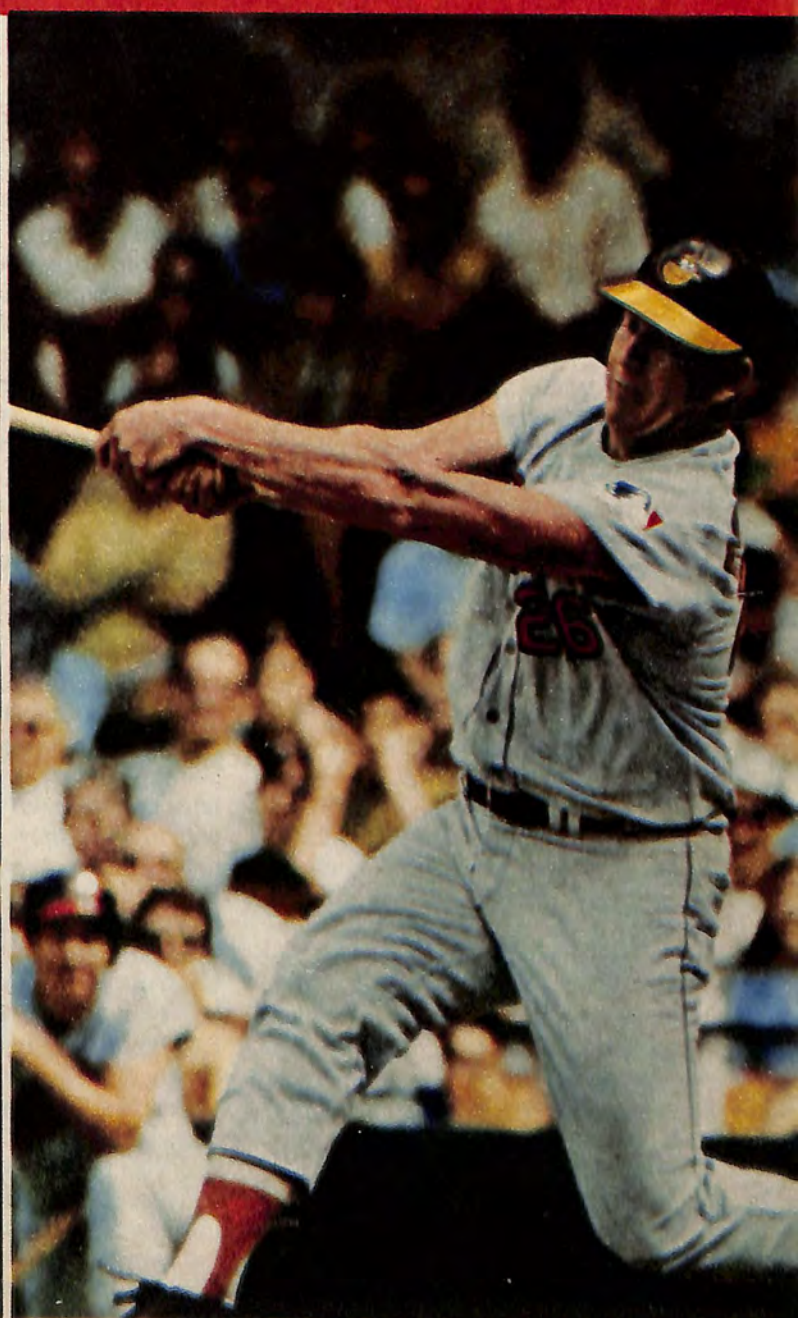
Another aspect of hockey you see less and less is the magic of stickhandling. There are still a couple of good magicians left—Gordie Howe of Detroit, Jean Beliveau of the Canadiens and Stan Mikita of the Black Hawks—but not many. It seems as if the youngsters coming up have not been taught properly. They just skate and slap the puck wildly. There's nobody around like Max Bentley, who could do fantastic things with the puck, and Edgar Laprade and Buddy O'Connor and many, many more. Their stickhandling gave a certain individuality to the game that you don't see much of anymore. Today, players are always trying to pass the puck ahead, instead of taking the time to stickhandle.

This also makes for a sloppier game. More and more of the goals come as a result of a puck bouncing in off somebody's leg or a mad scramble around the net, and that's directly linked to the disappearance of the great forward lines. In 1948, for instance, we had the Punch Line (Richard, Elmer Lach, Toe Blake) in Montreal. Detroit had the Production Line (Howe, Lindsay and Sid Abel). Toronto had the Kid Line (Howie Meeker, Vic Lynn, Ted Kennedy) and the Rangers had the Atomic Line (Cal Gardner, Church Russell and Rene Trudell).

Fifteen and (Continued on page 92)

KILLEBREW & POWELL

*Why
There's Still
A Place For
The Old-Fashioned Slugger*



Photographed by FRED KAPLAN and MALCOLM EMMONS

Their big, booming bats have given new life to what had recently seemed a dying tradition

By JACK ZANGER

Harmon (Killer) Killebrew: Age—33. Height—5-11. Weight—210. Years in majors—15. Lifetime BA—.261. Average number of homers per year—26.5. Average number of RBIs per year—67.

John (Boog) Powell: Age—28. Height—6-4½. Weight—250. Years in majors—8. Lifetime BA—.259. Average number of homers per year—20. Average number of RBIs per year—69.

WHETHER YOU match them on paper or in the flesh, Harmon Killebrew of the Minnesota Twins and Boog Powell of the Baltimore Orioles are remarkably alike. Both are throwbacks.

They are throwbacks to the barrel-chested, broad-shouldered, heavy-hitting, slow-running, not-so-great fielding tradition of Jimmy Foxx, Hack Wilson, Johnny Mize, Rudy York, Ernie Lombardi, Ted Kluszewski, etc. It is a tradition that in recent years had seemed to be dying with the advent of the sleeker, quicker, wrist-snapping sluggers in the Mantle-Mays-Aaron-Banks-Reggie Jackson mold. But, along with another notable 1969 throwback, Frank Howard, Killebrew and Powell proved this season that there is indeed still a place for the old-fashioned slugger. And they proved it in the most convincing manner possible, with their big, booming bats. Though both were coming off poor seasons in 1968, the two giants were prime American League MVP candidates in '69 as they led their teams toward divisional titles and an early October pennant confrontation. By late August, Killebrew had 36 homers and 113 RBIs; Powell had 33 homers, 111 RBIs and, surprisingly, a batting average over .300.

Basking in the glow of their super-productive '69 seasons, both men could talk easily about the famine of '68. Killebrew's was far more agonizing, both literally and figuratively. He tore a hamstring muscle stretching for a low throw in the All-Star game and wound up hitting .210 with only 17 homers in 100 games. The injury and his poor season made the start of '69 a time of trial for the middle-aged

(by baseball standards) Twins' slugger. "Sure, I was worried," he says. "Whenever you have a serious injury, you wonder how it's gonna come out. I had hurt myself real bad. During the off-season, I did exercises and a lot of walking and hunting. I told my wife the leg feels real good for hunting, but I don't know how it'll be for baseball. But once the warm weather settled in, it's been no problem."

Powell didn't have the excuse of an injury to explain his relatively poor '68 performance—relatively poor because most players would gladly settle for a .249 average with 22 homers and 85 RBIs. He was doing so much better this year, it was suggested to him that he was not only a prime MVP candidate but a strong candidate for the Comeback-of-the-Year Award, which he won in 1966. Boog said thanks . . . but no thanks. "I know I want to have a good year, but I'd just as soon not win that award again. It says something for the kind of year you had previously."

Killebrew naturally attributes his resurgence to being healthy again. Powell, oddly enough, attributes his to an injury, specifically a bruised hip sustained in an early-season collision with Tom Tresh at second base. The pain in his hip made him cut down on his enormous swing, thus helping him to make contact more consistently. What also helped was the nagging of Oriole coach Charley Lau, who kept reminding Boog in a nice way to keep his hands where they belonged. "I have a bad habit of carrying my bat with me when I stride into a pitch," said Powell. "You can't hit with any power that way. So in batting practice I work at keeping my hands back where they belong. That's where Lau has been a help to me. Charley watches me every day and tells me where my hands are."

You'll notice that the discussion of Killebrew's and Powell's successes and failures has centered solely around their hitting. That's because they make their livings with a bat, despite the rather inflated claims their managers make about their other talents. "Harmon plays a very good third base and a good first base," says Twins' manager Billy Martin, biting off each word, "which may surprise a lot of people. He's not just a swinger of the bat." And Baltimore

manager Earl Weaver, who is working hard on his own image as a peppercorn, says, "Who's a better fielding first baseman in the league than Powell?"

Truth-seekers are better advised going to the principals themselves. "My role on the ballclub," Killebrew said in August, and wincing over the word *role*, "is driving in runs. It sure isn't stealing bases." He laughed at his own joke.

"I'm here to hit homers and drive in runs," Powell said, "That's why Weaver's got me hittin' fourth. If I were to depend on my glove, I'd make a living, but a pretty meager one."

Both men run like water buffaloes. They're not likely to ever be matched in a foot race, but if they were, Powell probably would be a half-step winner. "I used to run better before I hurt my legs," Harmon said. "How fast am I going from home to first? Oh, about 14 seconds flat." Powell said he was timed not long ago at 4.3, which is not bad for a man his size. "But if there is anything I wish I could do better, it would be to run faster," he said. "If I ran faster, I could lay a bunt down once in awhile. Look at Blair. If he's not hitting, he can go up there and lay one down, so he's at least one-for-four for the day."

Powell hadn't stolen a base through midseason, but he had seven in 1968. "This season they're playing him up closer to the bag," said Weaver, "and he can't do it."

Despite his apparent lugginess, Killebrew still managed to steal six bases through August this year, though several came on the tail end of a Rod Carew theft. But he copped three on his own, taking advantage when the first-baseman played back. "Billy's got us all running," Harmon said.

Despite the fact that both the Twins and Orioles emphasized speed, neither manager was anxious to remove his slow-footed slugger for a pinch-runner. How come? "I don't have to justify a good player staying in the lineup," snapped Martin. A less snappy Weaver said, "I would take Powell out for a runner only when we're a run behind late in the game and he's on second. Funny, the one time I did that this year, the whole thing backfired on me and we lost the game."

When they're in the field, Killebrew and Powell pick up almost everything they can reach—but their reach is extremely limited. Killebrew through the years has played first, third and the outfield, shuttling between first and third this season. "I've played more third base than anything," he said, "but after being away from it awhile, I had to learn to adjust to it all over again. Third is harder to play, because you have to come in on more balls, and then there's the throwing. I like it more when I play one position for several days at a time. I find it tougher when I play first base one day and third the next." Does switching around mar his concentration at the plate? "No, it shouldn't," he says.

Weaver claims Powell makes the 3-6-3 doubleplay as well as any first-baseman in the league, while Oriole writers who cover the club every day say he hasn't missed yet coming off the bag for a wide throw and making the glove tag. "He can go for weeks without making an error," says reporter Phil Jackman, "and then he boots an easy one and everybody says what a lousy fielder he is. When Boog makes an error, it's a 250-pound error. They remember it."

Considering that he runs from home to first in "about 14 seconds flat" and admits that he's no candidate for a Golden Glove award, it's a great tribute to Killebrew's hitting prowess that he's the lone Twin to play every day

under Billy Martin's platooning philosophy. The only accommodation Martin makes is to bat Killebrew third against lefthanders and cleanup against righthanders, alternating him with the lefthanded-hitting Tony Oliva. "With a lefthander working, I want to see him get up there more times," Martin explained.

To offset Killebrew's deadly pull hitting, most clubs employ a shift against him when there's no one on base. They move the second-baseman to the shortstop side of the bag, leaving the right side protected only by the first-baseman. It is an open invitation for him to go to right field, where he's less likely to hit one out. Opposing managers would gladly give him a single if it meant removing the imminent threat of a home run. Still, it's a calculated risk, for Harmon learned to go the other way much more this year. "If the opposition is crazy enough to leave him the room, he can go ahead and do it," says Martin. "Sometimes, Billy will tell me to go to right field if the game situation is right," Killebrew said. "It depends on how the pitcher is throwing—and what. As a rule, though, I don't like seeing the shift."

The Orioles are pretty much a one-lineup team. Since he took over as manager from Hank Bauer in 1968, Weaver has never taken Powell out of the No. 4 slot, where he's sandwiched between the Robinson boys. "They're starting to pitch me a little tougher," said Boog, his red hair flaming in the August sun, "because Brooks really is starting to hit more now, and if he hits there is no way they can pitch around me."

Powell sees a shift far less frequently than Killebrew does, but every once in a while he'll find three men clogging the right side of the infield against him. The best defense against Powell's power used to be strong lefthanded pitching (it still is, to a lesser extent), but this year nine of his first 28 homers were hit against southpaws and several were to the opposite field.

Both Killebrew and Powell look upon bunting with the same kind of revulsion that W.C. Fields felt for water. Killebrew says he can't remember the last time he was called upon to bunt, and while he knows Martin isn't likely to flash him the sign, Harmon says, "You never know what Billy's gonna do." Said Martin, "I'd use him to bunt on a suicide squeeze, but it would still depend on the infield placement and who's on third."

Powell bunted once this season. "I wasn't going especially good at the time," he said. "It was a close ballgame and I was up there against a tough lefthanded pitcher. I sacrificed the runner over. But I don't care to bunt. With men on base, I'm a more aggressive hitter. I want to hit away." Weaver wants him to hit away, too, for having him bunt is like hunting mosquitoes with an elephant gun.

On the first weekend in August, Killebrew and Powell had their final head-to-head confrontation before a possible meeting for the pennant. The Orioles, 15 games in front in the Eastern Division, visited the Twins for a three-game series. Minnesota was 3½ games ahead of Oakland in the Western Division race. In their private race for the RBI championship, Killebrew had a lead of four, 98 to 94.

With righthander Jim Hardin going for the Orioles in the Friday night opener, Killebrew batted fourth and played third base. When he came up in the first inning with two out and Oliva on first, the Orioles put on the shift. Hardin is a worrier, but he also is a thinking man's pitcher and he went to his mental notebook.



Harmon (out at home, above) shows a weakness of the old-fashioned slugger—lack of speed. Boog (watching a homer disappear, left) shows the breed's greatest asset—power.



Any time he hits the ball to right field, he's doing me a favor. With men on, he's a guess hitter. Don't throw a fastball if I go 2-0 or 3-1 on him. I used to be able to set him up for a high fastball, but he's going good lately and laying off that pitch.

Throwing mostly breaking stuff low and away, Hardin worked the count to three-and-two, then walked Killebrew with a pitch just off the corner. The only good strike Harmon saw in the sequence was a changeup, which he fouled off.

Powell led off the second against Dean Chance, who was testing his arm for the first time since May 30. Boog had always hit Chance well. "We were teammates our first two years in the minors," recalled Powell. "Then when we were both going up, Dean to the Angels, me to the Orioles, he said to me, 'The first time I face you, I'm gonna really bust one in on you and strike you out.' So, the first time I see him, I hit a curveball out of Baltimore Stadium. I don't think he's ever forgotten it." Powell laughed.

Chance hadn't forgotten. As he stared in for his sign, he considered his options.

Don't give him a pitch he can beat me with. I'd sooner walk him in this spot. He's so strong, he can hit it out no matter where I pitch him. He beat me once with a shot to left-center.

Working for the corner and trying to get Boog to hit a bad pitch, like Hardin did to Killebrew, Chance wound up walking him on four straight pitches.

Next time up, Killebrew did Hardin a favor by hitting the first pitch into the right-field corner for a double, foiling the shift. He moved up a base on Rich Reese's fly to deep right, and came lumbering home on Roseboro's fly to medium left. Killebrew's opposite-field double against the shift turned out to be as good as a home run, and the Twins went on to win the game in extra innings, 4-3. It was the only significant contribution turned in by either of the sluggers, but in a one-run game, it was a big one.

In the Oriole clubhouse afterwards, Weaver defended the shift against Killebrew. "I like him hitting to right," he said. "Hell, I'll take a double from him anytime. The big thing is not to challenge him. You challenge a Carew maybe, because he can't hurt you as much, though he has other things going for him once he gets (Continued on page 93)



OWIENS DANCES

Following the ball at Oklahoma games is easy—just look for Steve Owens

IT WAS AFTER midnight and Steve Owens, the University of Oklahoma's hard-running junior tailback, was climbing wearily into bed. It had been a long, rough day, and Owens' shoulders and legs ached from that afternoon's game against Oklahoma State. Just then, the phone rang. Steve's wife, Barbara, answered it, listened a moment, then handed the receiver to her husband.

"Here," she said. "O.J. wants to talk to you."

"Very funny," Steve said, knowing a put-on when he hears one.

But O.J. Simpson *was* calling, from what was then Joe Namath's bar in New York City. Simpson had just attended an All-America function, and was calling at the suggestion of an AFL publicist who was also an Owens fan.

"I saw you on television against Nebraska a couple of weeks ago, and you were great," Simpson shouted at Owens over the din of a juke box. "You're the hardest runner I've seen, and I hope you win the Heisman Trophy next year."

Next year is now this year, and O.J. may very well get his wish. With Simpson gone, Owens was the pre-season favorite for the Heisman, which goes to the nation's outstanding college player. In his first two varsity seasons, the 6-2, 216-pound Owens led Oklahoma to consecutive Big Eight titles. He rushed for 2344 yards and scored 33 touchdowns (not counting two bowl appearances). He has several school and league records, including 1536 yards rushing, and he has the national record for most carries in a season, 357, two more than Simpson. You don't need a program to identify Owens, No. 36; he is the one with the ball. As Texas coach Darrell Royal puts it, "He'll dance every dance."

While Simpson was, and Owens is, a tailback in the I-formation, their running styles are as distinctly different as the states of California and Oklahoma. Simpson is a swift, fancy breakaway threat; Owens is a power

runner who enjoys crunching recklessly into tacklers and giving them bad vibrations. Last season Owens collided with Missouri All-America defensive back Roger Wehrli, a crash that won't soon be forgotten. Owens jugged off tackle, and glimpsed Wehrli rushing up from his deep position. With no time or inclination to sidestep, Owens ducked his head and shoulder and exploded his helmet into Wehrli's stomach, literally running over the defender.

Says Wehrli today: "Owens just keeps getting better. You can't butt-tackle him. You have to wrap your arms around him, and the way he cracks into you with his helmet and shoulder pads, that's awfully hard to do. You hit him solidly and his momentum will still give him another two or three yards." Dan Devine, Missouri's respected coach, adds that he cannot remember anyone decimating his defense as Owens did when he rushed for 177 yards, scored three touchdowns, and passed for a touchdown in Oklahoma's 28-14 victory over the Tigers. "And," says Devine, "I've got a pretty good memory."

Some have even dared to compare Owens favorably with the magnificent Simpson. They point out that Owens does not fumble as much (he has lost one fumble in two years), and they claim he fakes and blocks better. Steve, however, won't enter the debate. "You can't compare us," Owens says. "I enjoy O.J.'s jukes and speed. He can finesse a tackler to death. But that's not my way. I've been pretty strictly an inside runner. I don't have the speed and moves of an O.J. and, besides, our offense is not set up for me to break long runs. I don't get blocked into the open. It's a ball-control offense, and I'm supposed to make four and five yards and protect the ball. That's why I cradle it in both arms."

As he spoke, Owens was nursing a soft drink in a booth at the Town Tavern, a campus hangout. The scores of every game Oklahoma has played are on the walls, along with a picture of Bud Wilkinson . . .

EVERY DANCIE

By NICK SEITZ



DANDRUFF!

**We don't know who's going
to lose the game.
We do know who's going
to lose the girl.**

Don't be a loser. Use Head & Shoulders, the winner. The most effective dandruff shampoo you can buy. Head & Shoulders leaves your hair clean, neat and easy to manage, too. No wonder it's chosen by more men than any other shampoo in America.



football still comes first in Oklahoma. Owens was neatly, though casually turned out, in sport shirt, dark slacks and loafers. His shoulders are broad, his waist tapered. He has handsome, Mount Rushmore features overlooked by light brown, tousled hair.

Significantly, Owens' favorite back is not Simpson or anyone in the speedster mold. He prefers the retired Jim Brown, "because the defenses knew what he was going to do and still couldn't stop him. I want to hurt people—make them afraid to tackle me again," he says, his voice as calm as if he were discussing the merits of plum pudding. "It's a question of self-defense. The defenses are stacked to stop me. I'm being hit more when I'm on the ground, when I can't look out for myself."

Until he got to college, his thinking was different. He was born and raised in Miami, Oklahoma (pop. 14,000), which is similar to the other Miami in name only. A one-time lead and zinc mining center, Miami offers one movie theater for entertainment. For kicks, the kids "drag Main" in their customized used cars. Here, Owens began playing sandlot football when he was 11, with boys several years older. The son of a middleweight transport truck driver, he was a skinny kid who would dodge and flit to keep from being hit by his huskier playmates.

In high school he was a zig-zag runner and, in three years, amassed 44 touchdowns and 4000 yards rushing and was named a prep All-America. He also won three events in the Class A state track and field meet, high-jumping 6-2, long-jumping 21-6, and running the high hurdles in 14.8. He was barely beaten in the low hurdles. "Hurdling helped my football," he says now. "I learned to pick up my knees and drive them into a tackler."

Fifty schools pursued him, but Owens seriously considered only Arkansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma. He had grown up listening to Oklahoma games on the radio and would have enrolled at Norman automatically had the Sooners not suffered a couple of losing seasons after Bud Wilkinson resigned. Oklahoma was down and Arkansas was up, so Owens chose Arkansas, largely on the basis of a sales pitch delivered by Jim Macken-

zie, a bright assistant coach in charge of Frank Broyles' defense. "I admired the way Coach Mackenzie didn't knock any of the other schools," Owens says. "He just praised Arkansas and convinced me that I would have a great future on winning teams."

But after recruiting Owens for Arkansas, Mackenzie turned around and took the head coaching job at Oklahoma. In one of the great recruiting jobs of our time, he quickly proselytized Owens a second time, convincing him to change his mind and come to Norman. Says Owens: "Coach Mackenzie told me, 'What can I say?' He said he wanted me if I would come and he said that he was going to win,



"I'll carry 50 times if that's what it takes," says Owens. Sometimes it does.

and the tone in his voice made me believe him." Tragically, Mackenzie died of a heart attack before Owens' first varsity season.

As for Steve, it appeared at first that Oklahoma was the wrong place for him. "Everything that can go wrong for a freshman went wrong for me," he says. He was homesick, his grades—excellent in high school—were bad, and he was performing ineptly on a football field for the first time in his life. Assistant coach Barry Switzer says that Owens "looked slow and clumsy, and we couldn't decide where to play him. Going into spring practice we had about decided to use him at tight end. He was a strong blocker

and had caught the ball well in high school, and he didn't have confidence in himself in the backfield. He tried too hard. He couldn't get untracked, he was so tense." Depressed, Owens considered quitting.

Then, one afternoon, regular tailback Ron Shotts was ailing and missed a scrimmage. Owens was given probably his last chance at tailback, working against a first-team defense bulwarked by All-America linebacker Granville Liggins. The offense ran a goal-line drill, with Owens slamming into the line again and again. The offense scored seven straight times from the ten-yard line, and doubts about Owens evaporated.

With Shotts, an all-league star, returning for his senior season, Owens did not start a game as a sophomore, but was the best second-string back in the country, leading the conference in touchdowns (12) and rushing (808 yards) and winning Rookie-of-the-Year honors. Last season, his junior year, he scored 21 touchdowns, and gained over 100 yards in each of the last nine games.

Carrying the ball as often as he does (more than twice the number of times as the next busiest Sooner back), Owens could not be blamed for feeling overworked. But he doesn't feel that way, not at all. "I'll carry 50 times if that's what it takes," he says. "If I'm not carrying the ball I'm blocking or faking, and that's worse. Football is an emotional game. After a while you get in a good groove. You know where the soft spots in the defense are. I try to think about putting the ball in the end zone and nothing else. I don't let myself

think about getting tired. I get a little winded, but not tired. The only thing that bothers me is an unusually hot day. I'll have to admit that you lose a little of your lunch when you carry so often, but I'm not complaining."

Chuck Fairbanks, the youthful coach who replaced Mackenzie, says, "I probably run Steve too much, but it's hard not to. In our scheme of offense, the tailback has to be durable and consistent. Steve has never been out with an injury, he doesn't fumble, and he lost a total of only four yards last year—all on one busted play. The long gain on the outside run or the pass depends on the ability of the tailback to keep (Continued on page 94)

THE TRIALS

Despite a chronic sore arm, he has pitched brilliantly through the years. All that the Reds asked for in '69 was simply one more miracle

By PAT JORDAN

People connected with the Cincinnati Reds are willing to talk about Jim Maloney's chronically sore pitching arm—but only up to a point. This past August they were quick to mention doctors' reports that said the ripped muscles in the right arm were healing nicely. They told you about Jim's hour-long rubdowns with analgesic balm. They described the ice-pack treatment he gets after a game to cool the hot blood and keep the arm from swelling like a Polish sausage.

What most of the Reds wouldn't talk about, however—at least not realistically—was the *effect* of the sore arm on Maloney. It was a legitimate question, considering that Maloney has had an on-and-off sore arm ever since 1961. But most of Maloney's colleagues would flash those too-quick, tight-lipped smiles, and say, "Oh, the arm's coming along fine. Better and better every game." It was as if the arm were somehow separated from the man himself.

Finally, though, one person revealed himself to be as concerned with Jim Maloney as with the arm. "Sure, it hurts like hell," the man said. "What do you expect? But it's not the pain that bothers Jim . . . it's the mental strain that's wearing him down. You think he don't see Koufax and Drysdale retiring? You think it don't bother him knowing he's starting each game with only 50 percent of his stuff; or not knowing which pitch will be his last; or knowing the team's fighting for the pennant and he's not contributing like he used to? Hell, that kind of anxiety can ruin a guy in months."

"But Maloney's been pitching with this same sore arm for years," I said.

"I know it," he said, shaking his head in disbelief. "And I don't know how he can take it. He keeps it all

inside, I guess. You ask him. He'll say it don't bother him. Go ahead, ask him."

The Reds arrived in Montreal for their four-game series with the Expos on a sharp, sunny day in mid-August. They were fresh from a five-game winning streak that had deposited them in first place in the National League's Western Division. The Expos, meanwhile—last in the Eastern Division—were not-so-fresh after a losing skid of 13 of their last 15 games.

The series was to begin with a twi-night doubleheader, and Maloney arrived at Jarry Park two hours before the first game. He always arrives early—partly from habit, but mostly for his rubdown from trainer Bill Cooper. Maloney is a massive, tightly muscled man of 29, with small features, a large square jaw, and a flat-top haircut. He seems to be rooted in the '50s of "Little Richard" and fender skirts, and has not yet arrived at the Age of Aquarius. He dresses conservatively—except for the occasional bright scarf most of the ballplayers wear these days—and he admits to being conservative by nature.

I asked how his arm was, and he said, "fine." After a little prodding he admitted it wasn't so fine after all. "It hurts most of the time, now. But it's getting better." He raised the arm and pointed to the spot where the shoulder and arm muscles connect. "It's always in the same spot. For nine years now."

"Isn't that where Drysdale had his?" I asked.

He looked up, surprised. "Hey, that was something, huh? Retiring all of a sudden like that." He shook his head and then remembered the question. "Yeah, it's in the same spot. But his was deeper, closer to the bone. Mine's just in the muscle."

When his arm is sound, Jim said, he feels he's a cinch to win 3½ games for every one he loses. But when it's sore, he has only a 50-50 chance of winning. His career record going into this season was 122-75, a ratio of not quite 1⅔-1, which tells you just

OF JIM MALONEY

how much of the time the arm has been sore.

"What do you do for it?" I asked.

"Cortisone shots, mostly," he said, explaining how the doctor sticks the needle deep into the shoulder then wiggles it around until the point is in the most inflamed area.

When the rest of the players began to filter into the dressing room, Jim went into the trainer's room.

"He's too muscular," said Bill Cooper, as he kneaded Maloney's knotted muscles, trying to soften and loosen them. "Instead of stretching his muscles when he pitches, he rips them. That was okay when he was younger and the muscles healed quickly. But at 29-30 they don't heal so fast anymore. That's why I suggested to Dave (Bristol) he give Jim four or five days between starts, instead of three."

"How do the other guys feel about his extra rest?"

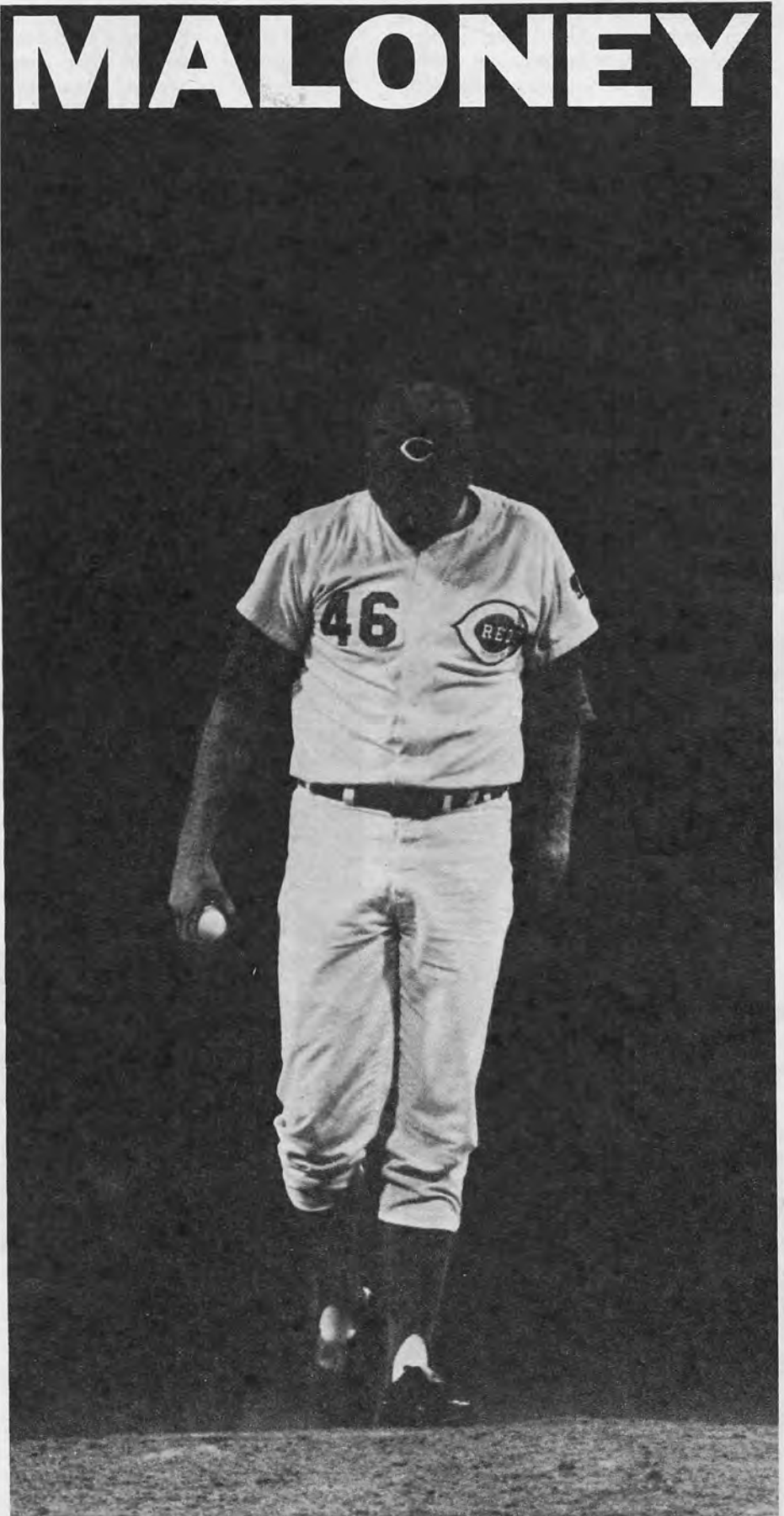
"Oh, they understand. They're all good guys."

In the other room the players were talking and fooling like a team that had finally climbed into first place after a long hard struggle. They had been eight games out in midseason and reporters had begun to write them off. "But we bounced back," Bristol was saying now with a grin. "We've got a great bunch of guys here."

In the center of the room, pitcher Clay Carroll tackled the equipment man and everybody laughed. Over in the corner Pedro Ramos was trying to convince Bristol that nine one-dollar bills were adequate change for a ten-dollar bill. "But that ees the rate of hexchange," Pedro said.

When the dressing room was finally empty, Maloney emerged from the trainer's room, and began to dress in solitude.

The Reds lost the first game, with Tony Cloninger not pitching well. He and Maloney are roommates, a good match. Both are serious, likeable men. Both also were big bonus babies who were under a lot of pressure to deliver when they first signed a contract. Maybe because of the pressure, maybe



Rubdowns, cortisone and icepacks couldn't stop Jim's weariness in the late innings.

because they are both muscular men like Cooper says, but whatever the reason, they have both had persistent arm trouble throughout their careers. Cloninger once won 24 games for the Braves. Now he was struggling along with an 8-14 record, his arm sore, it



was rumored, but afraid to admit it for fear of losing his place in the starting rotation.

"The writers will have a field day," Maloney said after the first game. "They're always writing about how Tony's given up 19 runs in 19 innings. Why don't they ever write something positive—like how he's after his 100th victory?"

The Reds lost the second game as well, with Gerry Arrigo the starter, and the loss was like a bony finger in the gut for the Reds. This was the first doubleheader win for the expansion Expos, and no one in the Cincinnati dressing room could believe the Reds were the victims.

As the players undressed slowly in the still clubhouse, I asked one of them just how much Maloney meant to the Reds.

"We can't win without him," he



When it was suggested to Maloney that some Reds might resent, or at least question, his injury, he said, "If some of them want to think the arm isn't sore, okay. I said I can't throw right, and I can't. They'll just have to take my word for it."

said. "Everybody knows that."

"Does Jim know it?"

"Especially Jim," he said. "He's the only man left from the '61 club (National League champions). Everybody looks up to him as our stopper."

It was now August 16th, and Maloney had won just five games and lost three. "That's what he usually does in the first month," said the player.

The next afternoon I talked with Harvey Haddix, the Reds' pitching coach. "It's his motion," Haddix said, nodding for emphasis. "It's herky-jerky. That's why Jim gets those sore arms."

I asked Haddix why he didn't change Maloney's motion, then.

"It's too late," he said. "It might mess him up even worse if you fool with him now."

I learned later that there were two other possible explanations why Harvey wouldn't work with Maloney's motion. One is that he's been told not to because Jim is such a valuable property; the other is that Maloney has too much pride to accept help from anyone.

"How bad is his arm anyway?" I asked Haddix.

"It hurts pretty good," he said, and then added quickly, "but he can still pitch with it. A guy's gotta be able to pitch with pain up here, you know. As long as he can get 'em out, he's gotta go out there."

I later heard almost the same words from Bristol, and it occurred to me that all the people who talk about pitching with pain are people who don't have to do it.

The next night Bristol got thumbed out of the game in the first inning, so he called the rest of the game from behind the right-field bleachers near the clubhouse. Jack Fisher, the Mets' castoff, pitched a good game, with the Reds finally winning, 8-3, on five runs in the 11th inning.

There was a lot of whooping and shouting in the Reds' dressing room, and everyone congratulated Fisher. For symbolism, Gerry Arrigo and Jim Merritt taped a sink stopper over Fisher's locker.

"Hey, Jim. Look!" someone called out to Maloney. "Fisher's our new stopper."

Maloney smiled, and everybody, including Fisher, laughed. Even Fisher knows there is only one stopper on

the Cincinnati ballclub. And it isn't Jack Fisher.

A half-hour later, only two players and myself were left in the room; I sat there, scribbling notes. Pete Rose, one of the players, called over to me. "Who you doing this story on, anyway?"

"Jim Maloney."

"MALONEY!" He looked up, surprised. "What the hell you doing it on? His hitting?" The other player laughed.

"What do you mean?" I said.

Rose looked at the other player and winked, then turned back to me. "Well, you couldn't be doing it on his pitching, could you? He ain't pitched hardly all year."

I looked up Maloney's statistics on a record sheet. "He's got 100 innings pitched," I said. "That's fourth best on the club."

"Yeh, but that ain't nothing for Jim. He's usually done that the first month of the season." Pete paused a minute and his face became mock serious. "Of course, now that he's always hurt, I guess you can't expect him to pitch much. But it does seem funny that for once we put all this hitting together (six hitters over .300), and he ain't contributed much."

He walked behind me and looked over my shoulder at my notes. I closed the book.

"Hey, I know what kind of a story you're doing," he said, grinning broadly. "You're doing a story on how Maloney pitches with pain. Ain't that right? How Jim pitches with pain and all." He was still smiling when I left.

The next afternoon I learned there was more than a little resentment against Maloney for getting a sore arm when his team needed him. It seems he had hurt the arm in his no-hitter against the Mets earlier in the year. From then on he'd pitched constantly with pain. In one later game against the Mets he was nursing a 3-1 lead in the sixth inning when his arm began to hurt so badly he asked Bristol to take him out. Bristol relieved him with Clay Carroll. Carroll gave up a walk, an error, and then a home run, and the Reds lost, 4-3.

The next day Bristol called a clubhouse meeting and told all the pitchers they had to pitch with pain. From then on the only time Maloney was taken out of a ballgame was when he couldn't get anybody out.

I asked Bristol about this philosophy of "pitching with pain."

"Listen," he said, "if a guy's arm is really sore he won't even be able to throw the ball. Right? If he can throw it up to the plate and get somebody out, then it can't be that sore, so he's gotta stay in there."

He thought for a moment, then added, "There's only one thing that counts in this game and that's winning. Everything else goes out the window: money, pain, sympathy, feelings, all of it."

"But what about a player's career?" I said. "How much should a player endanger his career for the good of the team?"

He looked up at me and stared for a long minute. Finally he said, "I don't want any individual players on my team. I want team men. If a guy's only interested in his career, I don't want him. The team's the only thing that matters."

After three days with the Reds, it now seemed clear to me that only a small group of players, many of them pitchers, really knew and sympathized with what Jim was undergoing. They knew that on the one hand Maloney didn't want to ruin his career, while on the other hand he didn't want to hurt his team's pennant chances. So he pitched at only 50 percent effectiveness, rather than go on the disabled list.

This was the anxiety he felt every time he took the mound. If he were a borderline pitcher with nothing to lose and everything to gain, it would be easy for him to pitch until his arm fell off. Or if he were a Bob Gibson, at 33, with only a few good years left, then he'd have to pitch every chance he got, before the chances slipped by.

But Maloney was relatively young. He had maybe five or six good years left at a salary close to \$70,000 a year. He had a lot to lose by trying to win the pennant for Cincinnati.

"If it was any other pitcher in his shoes, I think they'd say 'To hell with it,' and refuse to pitch," said one of the Cincy men. "But Jim can't do that. So he pitches."

For the final game of the Montreal series Maloney arrived at Jarry Park early, as usual. This time, though, he would be pitching. He got his rubdown from Cooper and then went outside to sit in the bleachers along the right-field foul line. It was 5 p.m., but still

hot, which Jim liked. He felt it would make it easier for him to loosen up.

As he sat there he discussed his early career and the people who helped him along the way—Jim Turner, in particular. Then I asked him how these sore arms have affected him.

"They don't bother me, really," he says. "It's just something I've had to learn to live with." And of course that was exactly the answer I had been told I would get.

"How about your career?" I continued. "Has it affected it much?" He had won 20 or more games twice since 1963, with 15 wins in two other seasons and 16 in still two more. If it were not for the sore arm he might have had six straight years of 20 or more wins.

"I can't go around thinking what I could have done if the arm wasn't always sore," he said, a little annoyed. "Some writers ask me if I'm frustrated by it. I'm not. There are some things you have to accept the way they are. This is one of them . . . Besides, the arm doesn't really hurt that much now. It's getting better every game."

"But if it got worse suddenly, would it bother you to quit?"

"To tell the truth, if I had to quit tomorrow I could accept it. I don't want to steal anyone's money if I can't do a job. I set certain goals for myself and I've achieved most of them, so I'm content. I'm pretty secure financially. I won 20 games like I wanted; I pitched in an All-Star game; and I've won 128 games, although I wanted to win 200. I think I'm satisfied."

The players were beginning to come out for batting practice, something Jim doesn't indulge in when he pitches because his arm hurts everytime he swings.

"Does it bother you," I said, that some of the guys resent the fact you're not helping the club much?"

He looked up startled. "Who said that? Nobody on the team ever said that to me."

"Nobody said it out in the open," I lied. "It's just an impression I got."

"No one ever said it to me," he repeated.

He was quiet for a long while, staring at the ground. Then he looked up. "It's unfortunate this thing happened to me, that's all. If some of them want to think the arm isn't sore, okay. I can't help that. But that's the way it is. I said I can't (Continued on page 98)

WHEN YOU CALL MIKE CURTIS AN ANIMAL, SMILE



The Colts' linebacker seemed to enjoy his image as something of a sub-human—until the thing got a little out of hand at the Super Bowl

By Tom Fox THE EASTERN PRESS has labored long and hard at embellishing Mike Curtis' image as the meanest man in football. He has been variously described as "The Animal" . . . "a head hunter" . . . "the Cannibal-Colt" and, not so poetically, "the meanest mother of them all." The Baltimore Colts' publicity staff also pushes the savage image. The current Colt brochure features a Mike Curtis quote, to wit: "I play football because it's the only place you can hit people and get away with it."

You read these sort of things about Mike Curtis and you conjure up an image of a fire-eating monster with four arms, an extra head and no heart. The picture is a little severe, of course, but also gains considerable credence from the spectacular things Curtis does from his left line-backing position.

In a game last fall, the Rams sent Dick Bass on a sweep to the right. Curtis fought off two massive Ram blockers, only to be nearly knocked off his feet by a Ram guard who literally flew at him, landing on Curtis' back. Still, Mike stayed up and took a crouched position as Bass turned the corner behind three blockers. Curtis reached out past the blockers and threw Bass for a two-yard loss.

The play was so unbelievable that writers sought him out about it after the game. And somewhere during their conversation, naturally, someone wondered out loud if it took "an animal" to make a play like that.

"I'm not an animal," Curtis said. "Now, you take Ray Nitschke (of the Packers), he's an animal. If he made a play like that, Nitschke would drool."

Outrageous quotes are a Curtis specialty, delivered mostly in a soft, low-keyed voice. It's part of the put-on, which Mike enjoys. Sometimes it is hard to tell where his seriousness begins and the put-on ends.

"They say I go berserk on the field," Mike was saying one afternoon this fall. "Now I don't think that's exactly true. I've never tried to hurt anybody. I've never hit low for the legs or anything like that. It's just that I love contact. I don't want to hurt anybody because I want them to stay in the game and come back and hit."

And he can't say he gets much of a vicarious thrill from watching someone else do the maiming, either. He has much empathy for Kermit Alexander, who gave Gale Sayers

his knee injury last year. "I saw the films," Mike Curtis said. "Alexander hurt Sayers almost without seeing him. God, he must have felt awful about it."

There was a time when Curtis, cornered by frustrations, was known to release by "punching walls and kicking things." But Mike is all of 25 now, and says he's learned how silly—and expensive—temper tantrums are. "I don't kick things anymore," he explains. "I got tired of paying to have them repaired."

Mike also says that if you want to know where all this aggression started, you have to go back to when he was a pre-schooler. "When I was five years old, I had this thing about melting crayons on radiators," Mike said. "I'd take a fresh box of crayons and press them against a hot radiator until they melted. I got some kind of kick out of watching them melt and run down on the floor. My parents spanked my behind every time I did it, but I thought they looked sort of neat. Our radiators always looked like Christmas trees."

Then there were the baby chickens. As a three-year-old, Mike Curtis probably killed more baby chickens than a hungry weasel. "My mother and father tell me I used to put baby chickens in a milk bottle and then crush 'em to death with a stick," Mike said. "I can't remember doing it. But just sitting here thinking about something like that makes me a little ashamed. That's a part of my childhood I would like to forget."

Mike's animalistic image got good play at the 1969 Super Bowl—not because of his performance, which was uncharacteristically weak—but because of the things that were said. Baltimore coach Don Shula started it off by saying the Colts were bringing Curtis down to Miami in a cage. Naturally, when the Colts arrived, Curtis was one of the first players the newspapermen sought out.

"That's how this animal business got out of hand," Mike says. "The reporters would come up and ask me to talk about being mean. 'Mike,' they would say, 'were you always mean, Mike? . . . were you a mean child?' I figured a professional athlete owed something to the press, so I went along with the carnival. I told the reporters what they wanted to hear. I said, 'When I was a kid, I not only liked to ride a bicycle, I liked to ride the bicycle into things—like walls.' So the next day the quote about the bicycle riding made all the papers. The whole stay in Miami was just awful."

Mike Curtis looks back on his own effort in the Super Bowl as "one of the worst football games" he's ever played, and one play in particular stands out in his mind. "We put a blitz on Namath and I missed a back flaring out. It was



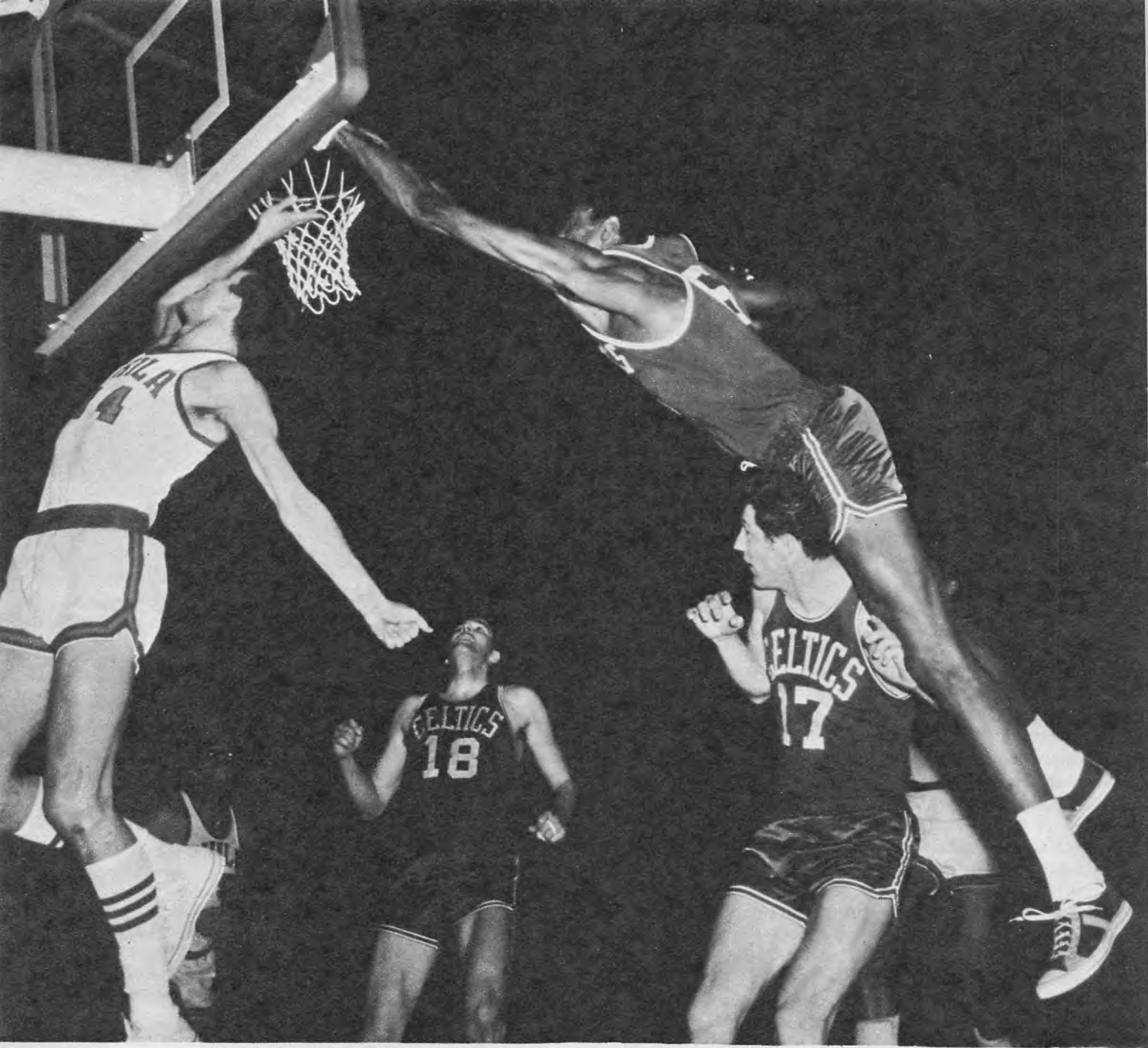
Curtis dumped Oakland's Eldridge Dickey in a preseason game. Mike's teammates feel he's the best linebacker in football.

my job to cover the back, but I forgot all about him and blitzed Namath. Namath hit the back with an eight-yard pass and I just stood there feeling like a jerk. It's the biggest mental mistake I ever made. You put a series of mistakes like that together and it's easy to understand what happened in the Super Bowl."

It was an inappropriate end to a tremendous comeback season by the 6-2, 232-pound Curtis. He had missed most of the 1967 season after knee surgery, and had returned in '68 to do a job which amazed his teammates. "I bump heads with the best linebackers in the game, week after week," says tight end John Mackey. "I have to know linebackers. But I want to say right now, nobody's a better linebacker than Mike Curtis. You hear me? Nobody." And says former All-Pro defensive back Bobby Boyd (now a Colts' coach), "Mike is the best outside linebacker I've ever seen, bar none. If he stays healthy, there's just no telling how great he can be."

But Mike Curtis certainly didn't feel great after the Super Bowl, and so later that day he did something he had never done before in his life. "Boy, did I get drunk," he says. "I got so drunk I had my parents worried."

The Mike Curtis toot began and ended at the stately winter Florida home of Carroll Rosenbloom, the Colts' president. Rosenbloom had a goodly supply of champagne chilled in anticipation of the gala (Continued on page 94)



THE PROS TELL THEIR FAVORITE BILL RUSSELL STORIES

By MILTON GROSS

Teammates and opponents, friends and enemies—all remember the dominant figure of their time

THE RECORD book inscribes the virtuosity of Bill Russell, his brilliance as a basketball player. Eleven National Basketball Association championships in 13 seasons are his testament. But this is not enough. What about Bill Russell the man—solemn, fierce, proud, compassionate, funny, competitive, defiant, troubled, moody, flamboyant? What about the

Bill Russell who was a study in contradictions, and so, so fascinating in all his complexities—the man who announced his retirement this past summer but also wouldn't completely turn aside Red Auerbach's early implorations to return?

To learn more about Bill Russell, now a legend in his own time, we went to the men who know him best—his

teammates, past and present, his enemies on the court, to the coaches and other officials. That seemed the best way to form a true picture of this rich and commanding figure whose impact on pro basketball is unparalleled.

It was practice day for both teams at the Los Angeles Forum before the Lakers and Celtics began their 1969

championship playoff. Jerry West awakened and felt as though there were nothing in him.

"I just didn't feel like going to practice," West recalls now. "I felt tired and listless. I even screamed at my wife before I left the house. I had to go to the workout and I was taking it out on her. I had a premonition nothing was going to go right."

West laughs. "You never know, do you? At the practice I hardly ran at all and when the Celtics came on the floor as we were going off, there was Russell standing beside me."

"How you doing?" Russell asked Jerry.

"I feel empty," said Jerry. "The last thing I wanted to do was be here today. I feel like this season's been two years long."

"It'll be over soon enough," Russell said.

"It can't be too soon for me," Jerry said.

West scored 53 points in the opener. He took 41 shots, made 21. He challenged Russell six times underneath going in for layups. During a lull in the third quarter, Bill eased over to Jerry.

"Empty, huh? Mr. West, you're blowing smoke in my ears and that's my bag," said Russell. The sweat dripped off the player-coach's beard. He gave Jerry his most baleful look.

"Zeke from Cabin Creek," said Bill. "I'm getting so I just don't believe you country boys any more."

"I remember one game against us," said Billy Cunningham of the Philadelphia 76ers. "The Celtics had lost five or six in a row when he was out after he'd been hurt. Bad News Barnes was playing center and he got into foul trouble real quickly and we were 12 in front. It looked like a breeze."

"Finally Bill took himself off the bench and put himself into the game. When I say put himself, I mean it looked just like that. He hobbled onto the court, but as soon as he came in you could see the Celtics' heads get higher. That old man seemed to pump confidence into them as though they were saying to themselves, 'Now we can come back and win.'"

"Right after that, the first play, there's a two-shot foul against us. He's lined up next to me on the foul line. I say to him, 'How's your leg?' He looks so sad. You know that bedraggled, drawn look on his face. This time

he looks like a caricature of himself.

"'Boy,' he says, 'I have this pain in my leg, it shoots all the way down to my toes.'"

"They make the first foul, but the second bounds off the back of the rim. I go up. He goes up way over me and dunks in the basket. What can I tell you? He hurts so much he's killing me. I tell him, 'I bleed for you,' and I'm bleeding for us. The last play of regulation time he leads a fastbreak. He gets thrown a high pass, so high that when he goes up his shoulders are over the basket and he stuffs it to tie it up and then they go on to beat us in overtime."

"He prided himself so much on the mental aspects of the game," said Bill Bradley, the former Rhodes scholar and an emerging star for the New York Knicks. "It wasn't so much that he knew he could psyche you, but that he knew that you knew he would be trying to."

"It got to the point," said the one-time Princeton great, "that when I, at least, came into the game I would watch for it. Maybe I was more sensitive than I should have been. It wasn't just a matter of him doing it to me that much, just that it existed. I don't just mean the shots he could block or those he did block or those you worried about him blocking, but with that background I recall one of last year's playoff games."

"Sanders was guarding me," said Bradley. "I scored three quick ones on Tom, which is fairly unusual. I don't do it that much. One of them was on the left side of the basket, as I remember. Sanders was beside me. Russell was beside him and as I hit it, Russell didn't say a word to me. He looked at Satch. 'You got him, Satch?' he asked, in a very meaningful way. He was talking to Tom, but he was saying it more for my benefit. I went back up the court putting my own interpretation to his words. In effect he was saying to Sanders: 'You shouldn't have any trouble here. What's the matter?'"

Celtic general manager Red Auerbach was tipped off to Russell by Bill Reinhart, Red's old coach at George Washington who had been watching Bill since he was an unheralded and uncoordinated sophomore at USF.

Eventually Auerbach contacted Fred Scolari, who had played for him

with the old Washington Caps and lived in San Francisco.

"This kid can't put the ball in the hole to save his tail," Scolari said, "but what makes him and what'll make you if you can get him is that he can get the ball for you. He's the best I ever saw."

"You played in this league," said Red. "You saw Mikan. You got to be nuts."

"If you want me to put it in writing, I'll put it in writing. If you can get him, grab him. They'll be talking about him long after you and I are gone," said Scolari.

The first time Russell watched an NBA game he sat in the stands at Madison Square Garden on December 18, 1956. I was there with Auerbach and Rose Russell, newly married to Bill.

Russell was all questions and big eyes. The Hawks beat the Pistons that night. "Watch Mel Hutchins," said Auerbach. "He's the best defensive man in the league." Bob Pettit had the ball. "He'll give you a lot of faking," said Red. "He'll jump shoot, but he'll give you a lot of faking." . . . "Larry Foust will go right or he'll go left, but then he'll step back for the jump. He doesn't hook. He has no left hand." . . . Charley Share? "Power, that's all," said Red. "He'll dribble a bit, but just to better his position."

Auerbach watched Russell's face as the big men battled underneath the backboards. "The first thing they'll do is try to push you around. Just rap them, that's all."

Russell's face was like a sponge. He was trying to absorb all he saw, all Red said. He didn't debut until three days later. Pettit feinted him and he went eight miles into the air. Then it was Neil Johnston of Philadelphia, who drove on Russell and kned him. Against Share, Russell tried to lean on the St. Louis muscleman. "He dug in his heels," Share said later, "and braced himself, but I leaned on him. His heels started sliding out from under him."

Back in New York against the Knicks, Harry the Horse Gallatin gave Russell a lesson. He went outside and hit. When Russell came out after him, Gallatin drove by him. He left bruises on Bill's body.

In the Knick dressing room later Gallatin told the press, "He's got a lot to learn." In the Celtics' dressing

room, Cousy talked to Russell.

"You got to get mad out there. You got to rap them. You've got to make them aware that if they give you one they're going to get two back in return."

In the Knicks' dressing room Carl Braun and Dick McGuire were discussing Gallatin's demeaning comments about Russell. "I think," said Carl, "that Harry's popping off a little too soon."

Carl estimated correctly. The next time the Celtics and Knicks met, Russell was ready. He murdered Gallatin off the boards. On rebounds he swept the balls off the boards as though his large hands were vacuum cleaners and pitched out on Boston's fastbreak. The dynasty had begun.

Braun had one comment for Gallatin. "My, oh my, Harry," said Carl. "How the mighty have fallen in one week."

Russell became a rapper. "But," says Tommy Heinsohn, who joined the Celtics the same year Bill did, "he didn't have much of a temper or maybe his fuse was longer than most people's. I think at first he felt it was beneath him to fight back when everybody was beating up on him."

Heinsohn laughed. He lifted his glass at the bar at Kutsher's Country Club in Monticello, New York after the summer 1969 Maurice Stokes Benefit Game. Tommy had the quickest fuse in history. He downed his drink just as fast and shuddered. It was the recollection, not the drink.

"Jim Krebs of the Lakers was giving it to him good one night in Providence. Bill let it go on for a while and then Russell said to him quietly like, 'Krebs, put your guts where your mouth is.' Jim's dead now. He was chopping a tree and it fell on him. No sooner did Bill challenge him when Krebs started a right from the floor. Bill let go with a left. It broke Jim's jaw. He was out for 20 minutes. He didn't come to until ten minutes after the game. One other time he stretched Ray Felix of the Knicks. After that you couldn't even get the hatchet men to work on him. They learned. They learned fast."

Jack Twyman, the former Cincinnati Royals high scorer and currently a commentator on the NBA's nationally televised game of the week, fingered his jaw. "Bill didn't have to

throw a punch at you," said Twyman. "When he went up on those boards he used that big body of his like it was a battering ram. His elbows were like swinging doors. You got in the way you were going to feel them."

"I think it was his second year in the league," said Jack. "I was getting cute. We had to keep the ball away from him and if we couldn't do that, we had to try to get it away from him, which is like trying to take meat away from a hungry lion. On rebounds you couldn't keep him from getting the ball, but you had to try to prevent or delay him from pitching out with it. One game I remember I came around behind him, got my hand in there and hooked the ball away. I did it a second time. The third time I tried it again and I found his elbow in my mouth and me with a handful of loose teeth. He broke my jaw."

Twyman doubled over, head in his palms, while Russell passed off and the Celtics raced down the floor. "He was very solicitous," said Jack. "He said he was extremely sorry, but I had to be stopped from doing what I'd been doing. It was kind of a learning process for both of us. I shouldn't stick my head where it didn't belong and he said he was just learning the game."

"The thing that surprised people about Russ," says Cousy, "well, not really surprised but it took some of them a while to realize it, is that he was the quickest big man in the league. Along with that intense desire and competitiveness and that selflessness about him on the court, he had the instinct and reflexes and he wanted so badly to be the best and keep us the best."

"Larry Costello always could give me trouble. He was just too quick for me and I had to give him room, but when I gave him room he'd hit that two-hand set from the outside. Now I'd move up to play him tight and he'd go by me. We had to work out something. Russ was that something."

"I told Russ, 'I'll try to stay with him as much as I can, but when he goes by me you come over and help. When he sees that big hand of yours in his face a couple of times he's going to think twice about trying to go in for a layup. He'll have to pull up short.'"

"You want an example of that?"

said Costello, who coaches the Milwaukee Bucks. "I can give you dozens. When I was with Syracuse and (Johnny) Kerr was our center, there was one I'll never forget. Johnny moved to the corner. Russell went with him, not all the way, but enough for me to think I could go all the way and beat him in. I was going up for the layup and I don't know where the hell he came from. He just picked the ball out of the air. There I was going under the basket and they were going the other way on a break for a layup basket."

Larry shook his head in reminiscent awe. Then he smiled. "Now maybe it'll be somebody else's turn. Now we got the kid."

The kid is 7-2 Lew Alcindor, a rookie from UCLA coming into the NBA with all the fanfare of Russell and Chamberlain who preceded him. He knows Bill Russell too.

"I remember when I first met him," said Lew. "I was a sophomore in high school (Power Memorial) and the Celtics were practicing in our gym. We practiced first and then they did, and Russell and Red Auerbach were watching us."

"The coach (Jack Donohue) said, 'Come on over and meet Russell and Mr. Auerbach.' Later on the coach told me that Russell was interested in meeting me, but he couldn't stand up to meet some kid."

But Alcindor knew that Russell was there. "You could always tell he was there, back in high school when I first saw him," said Lew, "or afterward. He's a presence. On the court you want to know where he is. I guess I've watched him play 25 times in person and maybe 50 times in all, TV included. I watched how he played the game, the defense, what he did in certain situations. Now it's like an era ending. He's dominated the game and I guess I appreciated him more than ever this year in the playoffs, both against the Knicks and the Lakers. What can you say? He was the deciding factor. He led the club. He coached them. He's been really brilliant."

"At first," said Zelmo Beaty of the Hawks, "I thought he was the kind of person you couldn't get to know. You didn't know if he was putting you on or putting you down. He'd have this little thing he'd say to us. If you were a rebounder, he'd call you a mule."



After his '69 NBA triumph, coach Russell stood happily with his predecessor, Red Auerbach, and likely successor, Tom Heinsohn.

If you were a good shooter he'd call you a racehorse. One game I went outside on him and hit a few shots and he said to me with that half-funny, half-serious scowl: 'Big feller, you're trying to become a racehorse,' and I said to him, 'Those were just accidents. Only a few shots went in.' And he said, 'I don't like accidents.'"

"He'd talk to all the players," said Detroit's Walt Bellamy. "Whether it was trying to psyche you or not, I don't know. My rookie year when I was with Chicago, I had a good season and he congratulated me. But the next season, I think it was the second game against him, he told me that if I continued to go right as much as I did the past season I wouldn't be as good as I had been.

"I took it into account until just before the half of that game when I went to my right against him again.

At the half he said to me, 'Youngster, you thought I was joking.' I said to him, 'There's a second half.' In the second half I tried to get him leaning so I could drive on him. He congratulated me because I'd tried something new, something different, something he didn't think I'd try because it would be a challenge against him."

"One game in my first year I drove on him and I think I stuffed the ball," said Cazzie Russell of the Knicks. "'Listen, young man,' he said to me, 'we don't do that in this league.' The next time I laid one in. He had that real serious look on his face. 'You're not from Missouri, are you?' he asked and I got the next one stuffed down my throat.

"Another game," said Cazzie, "I couldn't hit the basket at all. I had three for 11 in the first half and when we came out for the second half, he

gave me that big booming laugh of his. He was holding the stat sheet in his hand and studying it.

"'Ain't you supposed to be the shooting Russell in this league?' he said. 'You're a worse shooter than I am.'"

The first time Willis Reed, Cazzie Russell's teammate, tried Russell out, the Celtic star turned Reed inside out. "He blocked the first three shots I took against him," says Reed. "The first I couldn't understand it. The second I was heartsick. The third I said to myself, 'It's no disgrace. He does the same against everybody.'"

Yet Russell would take the time and trouble to sit down and talk to Willis about how to play different players in the league. "I'm lefthanded. He's lefthanded," said Willis. "That's one advantage I have when I'm shooting against" (Continued on page 88)

THE JET WHO MUST JUMP HIGHER



By JOHN DEVANEY

Gerry Philbin lacks size, but it hasn't stopped him from becoming the AFL's top defensive end

THE CINCINNATI TACKLE was big, outweighing Jets' defensive end Gerry Philbin by 30 to 40 pounds. At the snap, Philbin faked inside and struck outside. His quickness shot him past the tackle and now he was on a collision course with quarterback John Stofa. A Bengal halfback, the last point of resistance, bent to block Philbin, but was met with the momentum of a cannonball loose on a battleship's pitching deck. The back flew sideways and Philbin brought his flailing arms down onto quarterback Stofa and spun him halfway around before

knocking him to the ground.

Stofa looked up at Philbin. "You're doing a pretty good job," he said.

"You think I hit you hard this time," Philbin growled, tapping Stofa on the helmet. "Wait for the next time."

True to his word, Philbin hit Stofa harder the next time. And, by the end of the game, Philbin had dumped him four times in all.

One would gather by this onesided exchange that Philbin and Stofa are not the fastest of friends. To the contrary, though, they couldn't be closer. Stofa roomed with Philbin for two

years at college, sweated next to him in a steel mill during summer vacations, is the god-father of Gerry's son, and the Stofas spend summers with Trudy and Gerry Philbin. But John Stofa is a quarterback and to Gerry Philbin, often rated the best defensive end in the AFL, quarterbacks—friends or not—are for savaging.

Philbin also attacks with the special ferocity typical of someone with something to prove. For all of his football career—and for most of his 28 years—Gerry Philbin has had to jump higher and work harder than most of us, be-

cause in a world of tall men he didn't grow up especially tall and in a nation of affluence he grew up poor. Two famous coaches—Joe Kuharich, then at Notre Dame and Lou Saban, then with the Buffalo Bills—said Philbin was too small for college football and too slow for pro football, but Gerry Philbin made himself believe those coaches were wrong. Says his friend John Stofa: "He worked harder than anybody I've ever known building up his weight. He went at it religiously."

Even after he became a regular with the New York Jets, Philbin was overlooked for a while when it came time to pick all-league teams. The biggest rap seemed to be that he was "only" 6-2, while coaches prefer the 6-4 types who tower over passers. "Those taller guys," Gerry was saying recently, "they get within two yards of the quarterback and they can block his view with their hands. With me"—he laughed in his pleasant, soft-voiced way—"I got to fight my way to within a yard of the quarterback and then I got to jump higher."

Even other pros, to whom determination and desire are as ordinary as shoulder pads, express surprise at the extent of Gerry's commitment to football. "Before a game," says Jet linebacker Al Atkinson, "his eyes turn bloodshot, he seems to be concentrating so hard." And after a game? "His face is chalk white," says Jet line coach Buddy Ryan, "because he has given everything."

In 1966 and 1967 Verlon Biggs, the right defensive end of the Jets, was picked on the AFL All-Star team while Gerry, on the left side, was not. Things like this bother Gerry and he once wrote to an AFL official to complain about it. Ironically, both seasons the Jet coaches gave Gerry higher grades than Biggs.

It wasn't only Gerry's desire that got him the higher grades. What Biggs did physically with his sledgehammer 6-4, 265-pound body, Gerry did artfully with lightning feints. "No one in football," says Buddy Ryan, "has better moves than Gerry in getting by the offensive tackle to the quarterback."

Gerry's determination goes way beyond the call of duty as a defensive end. The Jets have what they call "championship special teams." These teams—for punts, kickoffs, kickoff returns, field goals and defenses against field goals—are thrown in during the

closing minutes of tight games. Gerry plays on all five of these teams, the only Jet player who does. And his value here can be as spectacular as it is from scrimmage. In a game last season New York led Houston, 20-14, with only a few minutes left. In went Gerry with the kickoff team. He nailed the kick-returner, causing a fumble which the Jets recovered.



Victory was sweet for Philbin and the Jets after their Super Bowl victory.

Besides being picked to the All-Star AFL team last year, Gerry picked up a lot of extra money, including a raise to over \$20,000 and another \$20,000-plus from the Super Bowl victory. With some of that money Gerry bought a restaurant, Gerry Philbin's Goal Posts, in West Amityville on the south shore of Long Island. This summer and fall, with Gerry greeting people as the host, overflow crowds sought out the waterside place for \$1.75 shrimp cocktails and \$7 steaks.

One day recently we sat at one of the restaurant's booths, talking for

nearly two hours. Out of uniform Gerry hardly looks like size could ever be a problem to him; his bulk is impressive. There is also a youthful, relaxed candor about Philbin. His light green eyes are friendly, and his brown hair brushed neatly over his forehead gave him the appearance of a Madison Avenue junior executive.

As stupid as it seemed, even to me, I had to ask the question: How can he be so ferocious a football player and yet so polite and articulate a human being?

He did not laugh. I suspect he has often heard the same question. "When I was in high school," he said, "a coach once told us to be like animals on the field and like gentlemen off it. I've always remembered that. And I've always tried to be that way."

I mentioned the last time we had met. I had flown with the Jets to a 1968 preseason game in Cincinnati. In the plane on the way back, Gerry had talked angrily of walking up to the front of the plane and punching fullback Matt Snell. During the game, Snell, who is Negro, had apparently said something negative on the bench about Philbin's determination. It was passed on to Gerry by another Jet, a white player. In the plane Gerry brooded over what he'd been told. "If I have one more beer," he said angrily, "I'll go up after him, no matter how big he thinks he is."

In the restaurant now, Gerry nodded, remembering the incident, and he talked about it easily. "A week or two later we had a team meeting to discuss a lot of problems, including why Negro and white ballplayers weren't getting along as well as Sonny Werblin [then president of the Jets] thought we should. A lot of the players spoke up. I stood up and repeated what Matt supposedly said about me. Matt got up and said he hadn't put it the way I'd heard it. I said, 'If you say you didn't say it, Matt, that's good enough for me.' We shook hands and have been friends since."

The *maitre d'* came by saying there was a phone call for Mr. Philbin. Gerry nodded, and excused himself. Watching him walk down the aisle of his gilded restaurant, solid and self-assured, I thought back to what he had told me earlier and how far Gerry Philbin had come from a newspaper route in the town of Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Gerry's father died when he was 12,

leaving a wife and seven children. Gerry's mother then got a job in a textile mill, working from 11 at night to seven in the morning. At dawn she would come back to the Philbin's floor-through apartment in a three-story frame house, pack the kids off to school, clean up the apartment and get dinner ready, then try to rest. "She never had more than four hours of sleep a day all her life," Gerry says, revealing a strong motivation for his own fierce drive. Mrs. Philbin finally retired from the mill last year.

During those difficult years all the Philbin boys peddled papers on morning and afternoon routes; Gerry, the youngest, took over his own route when he was in the third grade. None of the Philbin boys had time for high school sports, but by the time Gerry was a sophomore, the budget was looser and Gerry got a dispensation: He could play football—but football only.

Gerry made the team at Anthony Tolman High as a sophomore, starting at defensive end (the coach said he was too slow to be a running back). At 175 he was hardly the biggest boy on the team. He went nose to nose against tackles 20 to 40 pounds heavier and right from the beginning he learned to use moves and quickness to escape being crushed.

Away from football he was like the rest of the Philbin boys: a worker. During weekends and in the summers he washed cars and dug ditches. When he was 15 he pushed wheelbarrows loaded with wet cement. "God, did they work me," he remembers of his construction job. "That was one of the reasons I was determined to get to college. I didn't want to work like that all my life."

By Gerry's senior year he was an All-State end on defense and a fierce blocking back on offense. He and his Irish relatives began to dream of seeing him play at South Bend. A brother-in-law, pretending to be an alumnus, wrote to Notre Dame and told Joe Kuharich about Gerry. A letter came inviting Gerry to visit South Bend. When Gerry showed up, Kuharich looked at the rangy 190-pounder and showed that instinct for talent that would later make him so popular in Philadelphia. He told Gerry he was too slow to be a running back and too light to be a lineman.

Crushed, Gerry returned to Pawtucket and decided on the University

of Buffalo. The Bisons played a few major Eastern schools—Cornell, Colgate, Holy Cross—and they played a number of games in New England. "I liked that," Gerry says, "the idea of playing in front of people who knew me."

"The first time I saw Gerry," says Buddy Ryan, then the Buffalo line coach, "he had big calves, but the rest of him was just a skinny kid. Right from the start, though, he proved he was big enough for college ball. He was intelligent, he was quick, he could hit, and he could find the football real fast. He still can find that football faster than most linebackers, and they are standing up while he is down in a crouch."

As a sophomore Gerry started in Buffalo's first game of the 1961 season at defensive end. During the next three years, with John Stofa at quarterback, Buffalo was a winning club though never an Eastern power (a measure of its football standing: Gerry was the first Buffalo U. player to be drafted by the pros).

Stofa and Gerry became good friends, one reason being that both were nearly always broke. The two roommates worked a summer in a Republic Steel plant in Buffalo. And during one football season they got a job lifting railroad ties at \$3 an hour. Each Sunday morning, sore and bruised after a Saturday afternoon of football, they would awaken at 6 a.m. and go off to shoulder the 300-pound ties away from an abandoned railroad track. "We'd come back to the dormitory at night," Gerry remembers, "so black we looked like we'd been in the mines."

By his junior year Gerry was 195 and playing defensive end. In a game against Ohio University, a huge tackle pounded Gerry badly. After the game Bill Mazur, then the broadcaster of Buffalo U. football games, told Gerry: "If you have any ideas about playing pro football, kid, forget it. Those guys in the pros are going to be bigger and stronger than that tackle you saw out there today."

"I liked the kid," says Mazur, now a quick-talking, assertive announcer on radio talk shows in New York. "I recognized he had enormous desire, a fierce competitor. But hell, he weighed less than I did."

Mazur suggested that Gerry enroll in a weightlifting program at Ken Stoller's Health Club near Buffalo,

and then loaned him the \$50 to enroll. Gerry's finances were in such poor shape, in fact, that he often had to borrow a quarter from Buddy Ryan to take the bus to the health club.

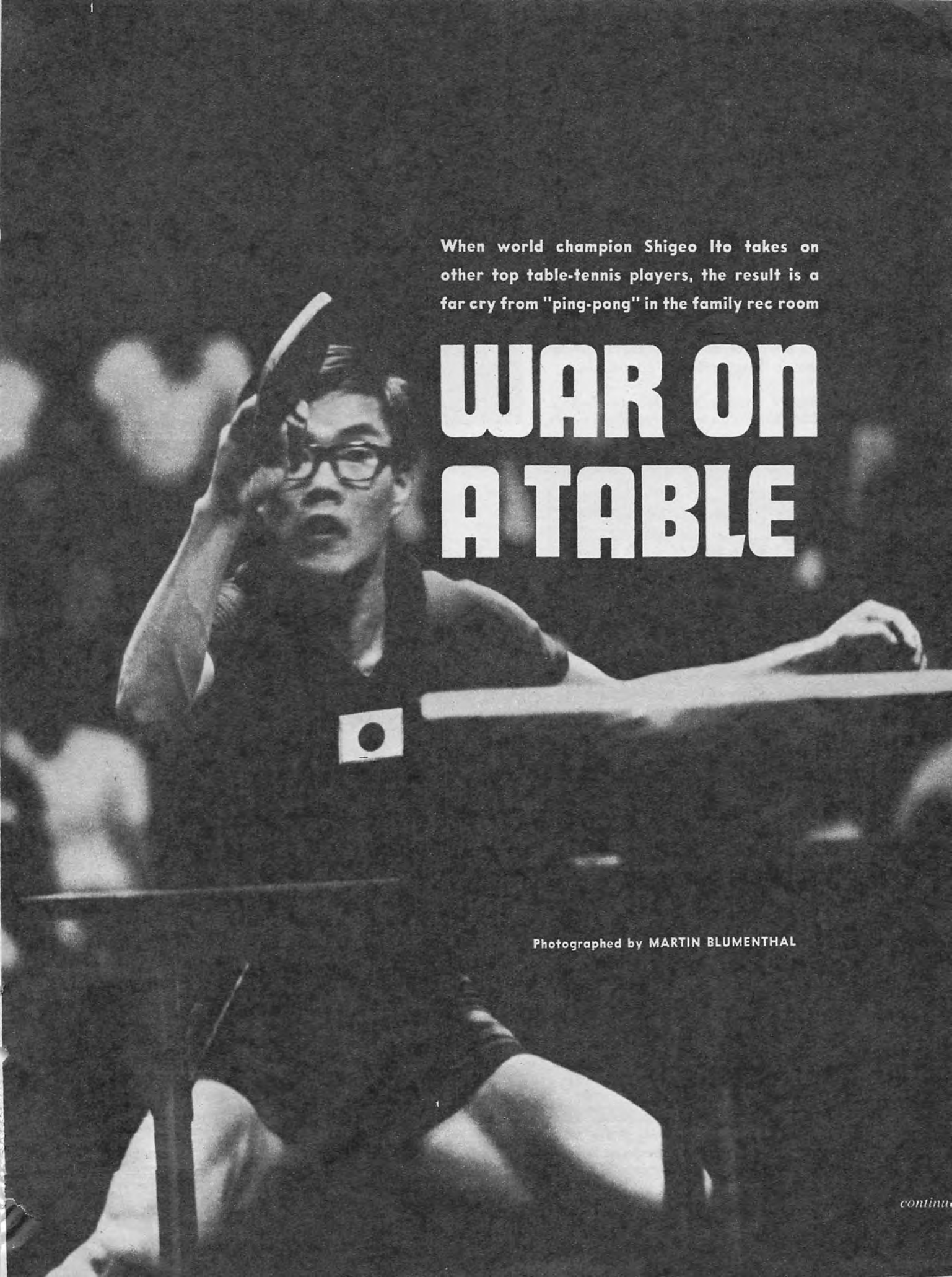
In the winter and spring of his junior year, Gerry weightlifted with that fierce Philbin determination. One day Stoller phoned Mazur and told him: "I didn't think you could find kids like this anymore. If I asked him to pick up a thousand pounds, he'd try."

At spring football practice Gerry weighed in at 225—some 30 pounds heavier than he had been the preceding fall. "I couldn't believe it, I felt so quick and powerful," Gerry says. "I was just as agile, even quicker. And the power."

He smiles, the smile of someone remembering how it was to bulldoze over people who a year earlier had bulldozed over him. "The power," he says again, "the power."

In his senior year Gerry made most All-East first teams and one All-America second team. Yet, curiously enough, Lou Saban of the Buffalo Bills wasn't overly interested in him. "The trouble with Saban," says Mazur, who tried to talk the Bills into drafting Gerry, "is that he, and most coaches, judge by statistics: How tall is a kid? How fast can he run? If you're 6-5 and 260 pounds and run the 40 in 5.1, you're on the team. Philbin didn't have that kind of speed or size. But there is one quality those coaches will never discuss except in abstract terms—and that is the quality of determination in a kid. Philbin had that determination."

The Detroit Lions and the Jets both drafted Gerry as their No. 3 choice, and if the Lions had been a bit more gracious, they might have gotten Philbin. As a teenager Gerry had been an NFL and a New York Giant fan, watching on TV each Sunday with his older brothers. "I knew the names and numbers of every player on the Giants," he says. But Gerry didn't like the way the Lions badmouthed the AFL talent. Perhaps it was because he himself knew what it was like to be badmouthed. So he signed with the Jets and still winces when he talks about the money he was paid. "I made my own deal," he says sorrowfully. "Then I played in the Senior Bowl and I learned what some other people were getting. I found out that some of them (Continued on page 82)



When world champion Shigeo Ito takes on other top table-tennis players, the result is a far cry from "ping-pong" in the family rec room

WAR ON A TABLE

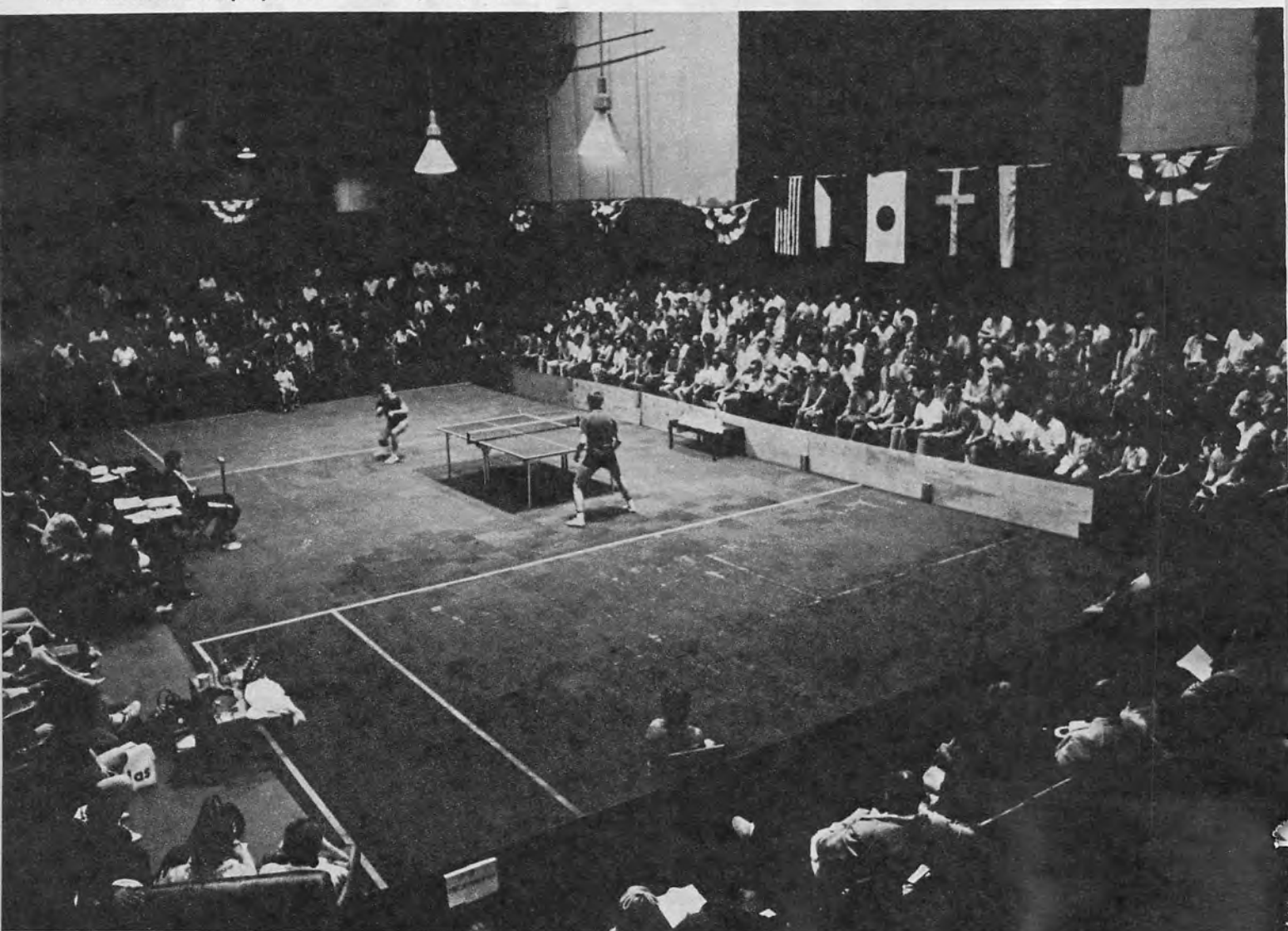
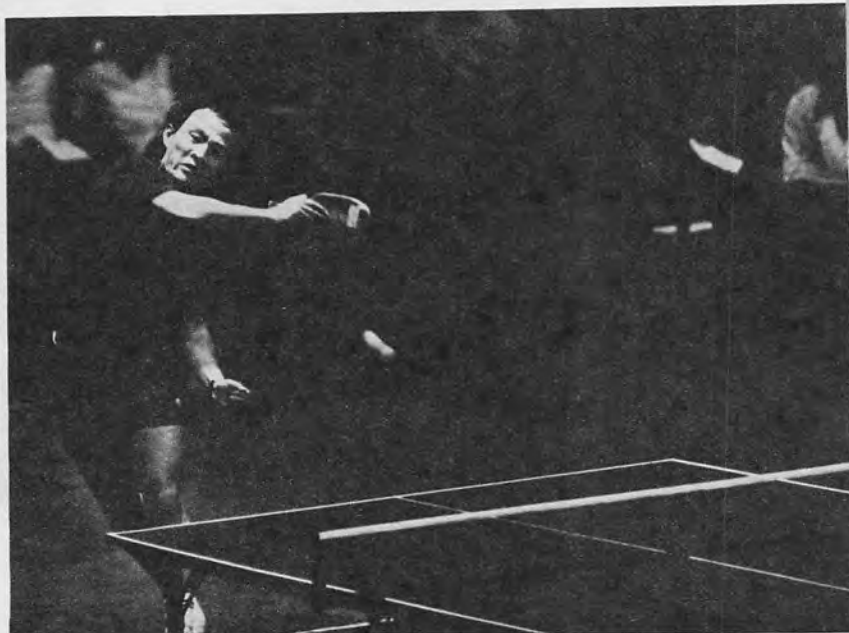
Photographed by MARTIN BLUMENTHAL

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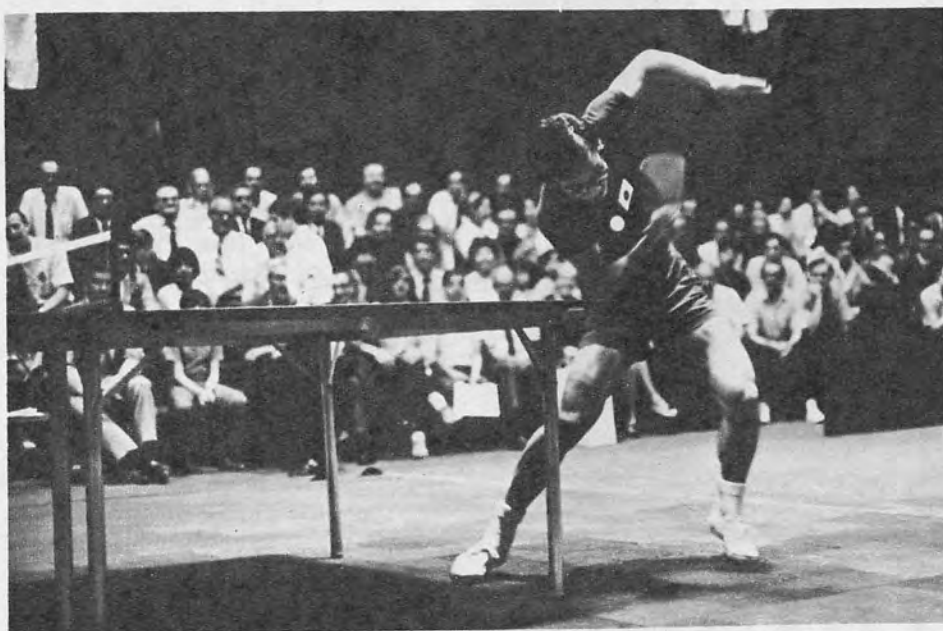
SHIGEO ITO of Japan is a 5-6, 137-pound athlete who would have loved to have played basketball—had he grown another six inches. Instead, he took up table tennis, a sport in which size counts for little. The prime assets are agility, concentration and scientific technique, all of which the 24-year-old Ito has in abundance. His skills earned him a table-tennis scholarship to a Japanese business college, and for the past two years he has been world's champion.

Last spring, Ito and other world-class players came to New York for an invitational tournament at the Vanderbilt Athletic Club. It was the club's third annual meet, all of them organized by club director Geza Gazdag. The club's No. 1 sport is regular tennis, but Gazdag, a Hungarian refugee, has felt there is too little appreciation in this country of the table variety. Judging from the photos of Ito and his challengers on these pages, there is indeed much to appreciate.

The U.S. champion is Korean-born Dal Joon Lee (right). Few American-born players do well in top-flight meets.



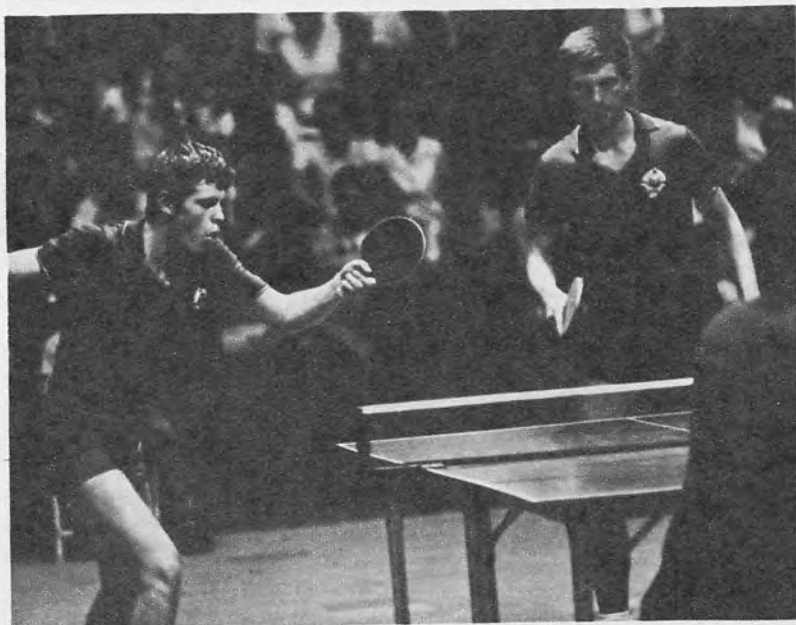
Not many basements would be big enough for these players, who often must make lengthy retrieves. Viewers are far enough back, but still get an intimate view.



Ito (left) contorts his entire body on a backhand. His racket is unusually small and he uses only one side of it.

In doubles play (middle left) the winners were Yugoslavians Anton Stipanac (left) and Istvan Korpa.

Dal Joon Lee's racket (bottom left) bears the scars of hard slams. Lee is aided by doubles mate Dell Sweeris.



Ito's intensity (right), combined with maddening, spinning serves, enabled him to win still another tournament.





A FRESH START IN ANOTHER TOWN

By BILL LIBBY

After ten years in Cincinnati, Vada Pinson moved to St. Louis with faith in the future. Problems arose but the faith remains

HE WENT walking into the champions' dressing room in St. Petersburg, Florida, last March. He was 30 years old, ten years in the majors, all with the one team and he had just been traded to the Cardinals. Dave Ricketts saw him first and made the announcement: "Here he is, men, Vada Pinson, the new star of our motley little group."

Bob Gibson picked right up. "Yes, sir," he said, "the man who is going to lead us out of the wilderness."

And so it began for Vada Pinson after a decade in Cincinnati, starting all over again with St. Louis, joining a team of winners, a team of needlers too.

"Hey, Pinson," Gibson once asked, "where does it hurt?"

"Whattaya mean hurt?"

"Where Frank Robinson dropped you after he quit carrying you," Gibson said.

Overshadowed by Robinson most of his career in Cincinnati, Pinson still established a record of excellence for the Reds. He wound up with the club records for games played, times at bat,

hits and doubles. And then he was gone. On the Cardinals Roger Maris retired after the '68 season and general manager Bing Devine traded outfielder Bob Tolan and pitcher Wayne Granger to Cincinnati for Pinson to fill the vacated right-field slot.

In spring training, Pinson made Devine look good. Vada slashed line drives with his wristy swings, he beat out infield rollers and circled the bases and covered the outfield with that long, loose stride and super speed; he threw out runners with his strong, accurate arm. Slender and graceful as always, he hit .400 and performed as though liberated. Then late in the exhibition schedule he jammed his left foot. He limped into the regular season, doped up with shots of cortisone and below par. The Cardinals, preseason pennant favorites, got off sluggishly. Meanwhile, Tolan, who never lived up to his promise in St. Louis, was coming into his own with Cincinnati. "Hey, Vada, Tolan got three more yesterday," Tim McCarver would announce as Pinson entered the clubhouse.

The veteran outfielder was just be-

ginning to come on when Bob Moose of Pittsburgh threw a pitch into his right ankle late in April. Vada finished up the game; then, after a day off, he played a doubleheader. But the ankle was hurting him so much he could hardly walk. The team doctor ordered an X-ray. It revealed a broken bone and, for four weeks, Pinson was restricted to occasional pinch-hitting chores. The men who took his place drove in a combined total of six runs during this period. While this was going on, other Cardinals were sagging. By the Fourth of July, the team was seven games under .500 and 15 games behind Chicago.

After the injury healed, Pinson slowly began to recover his form. In late July and early August, he hit in 22 consecutive games. He broke up a no-hitter by Ken Holtzman of the Cubs. One week, he made two spectacular catches and threw out runners with two spectacular throws. Suddenly, he seemed to inspire the fading champs. As the teams turned into the home stretch, the Cardinals surged past .500. Pinson had played in 110 games, and won ten of them with basehits—to lead his team.

Now it was a late summer evening in Los Angeles with hot smog smothering Chavez Ravine. Pinson had misjudged a fly ball a few nights earlier and as he walked into the Cardinal dressing room, Mudcat Grant stood up and announced, "Quiz Time. Imitation. Who is this?" He bent into an outfielder's position, crouched over and peering in. "Whack! Fly ball! Easy fly ball!" Grant said. His outfielder remained crouched and peering. Finally, he turned one way. Then another. His feet tangled under him. Eventually, he ran back to retrieve the phantom ball.

Pinson laughed with the others. He stood up. "Quiz Time!" he announced. "Imitation. Who is this?" He sat down as though on a bullpen bench, legs hiked up on a stool, cap pulled down over his eyes, head hung between his knees. "Tense moment in a late inning," he said. His relief pitcher remained inert. "Help is needed," he said. Still, his relief pitcher was motionless. "It is too late now and the game is over," he said. The others laughed and resumed dressing.

"I'm by nature a quiet man," Pinson said, sitting by his cubicle and fiddling with his baseball shoes. "When I joined the Cardinals, I had

to learn to take their needling, which is fun, really, and strike back occasionally. It was like that in 1961 when Cincinnati won the pennant. We were loose. We kidded one another. We went out together with our wives. We had great spirit," he said. "Then it came apart. I'd forgotten what it was to have good spirit until I got here this year. This is the loosest bunch I've ever known. Times have been tough for us this season, but the guys are still loose. You really want to play for a gang like this. You want to help them win. It hurt when I wasn't helping."

He finished with his shoes and began to mess with his glove. "I haven't had a big year for two or three years," he said. "Last year, I banged up my groin diving for a fly ball and missed 30 games. I'm not used to sitting on the bench. In tense moments, I'd catch myself hugging myself, all balled up like an unborn baby in the womb, and I'd look around, embarrassed, to see if anyone had noticed. When I got back in action it was frustrating not being able to do what I could always do easily."

He stood up and began to adjust his uniform. "You always want to do well when you join a new team. I especially wanted to do well because I wanted a big year badly and because this is a team that should win it all. Then I hurt my foot. Then I busted my ankle. It's miserable sitting around watching other guys play and the team lose. Now it's beginning to come back again. But it's slow. Even during the hitting streak it was one hit a game, not two or three. I'm a .300 hitter hitting .270. I gave away a lot early. We all did on this club this year."

Ready now, he grabbed his glove and walked out of the room to the field. Curt Flood had come in and was sitting down. "I've known Vada since we were in high school," Flood said. "He's a shy sort of guy, but he's opened up a lot in recent years, especially since joining us. There were no adjustments to be made when he joined us. He does his thing on the field and he's a gentleman off the field. He takes the needling in good spirit and he's beginning to give it back as well as he takes it."

Near the batting cage, Cardinal manager Red Schoendienst said, "He's a tremendous all-around ballplayer who's given me everything he's had under difficult circumstances. I'm glad Bob Tolan is going well, but I'm sure



Dodger manager Walt Alston recently said of Pinson, "That son-of-a-gun could always beat you a lot of different ways—with his glove, his arm, his bat, his legs."

Pinson will make it a good deal for us in the end."

The Dodger players felt pretty much the same way. Catcher Tom Haller said, "If he's slowed down a little, it's not too noticeable." Reserve receiver Jeff Torborg said, "Moving from that bandbox in Cincy to the big park in St. Louis, he's not pulling the ball as much as he used to, he's hitting straight-away, and it'll probably make him a better hitter than ever." Manager Walt Alston grunted, "The son-of-a-gun could always beat you a lot of different ways—with his glove, his arm, his bat, his legs, and as far as I can tell, he still can."

Pinson stood to the side of the cage in his red and grey road uniform No. 28, his legs crossed, leaning on a bat with his left hand and on one hip with his right hand, watching others rush in and out to pick up their last pre-game cuts as though they were on sale. But he was in no rush. "When you pass 30 and get traded, people start saying you're washed up," he said. "I don't think that way. I've still got confidence in myself. I know I can still do

it. But knowing and doing are two different things. I've still got to do it on the field."

He did little in the game, reaching base once on an error. And the Cardinals lost it. Afterwards, Vada sat half-undressed with sweat streaming down his milk chocolate-colored skin and said, "We can't afford many more nights like this. I can't and the team can't. Some of us been around awhile and every year is precious."

Late the next morning, in his hotel room in downtown L.A., Pinson sat on a sagging bed waiting for room service to bring his breakfast. A waiter in a soiled jacket wheeled in a scuffed cart loaded with food. There was also a wilted rose on the tray and a half-empty catsup bottle with stained sides. There seemed to be a lot of food there for a 5-11, 185-pounder. But Vada has a compact build. Slowly, neatly, he put away a big glass of orange juice, bacon and eggs and hashed brown potatoes, buttered toast and half a melon. "I can't eat just before or just after a game," he said. "Some can. I can't. The crazy (Continued on page 80)



THE SPORT BOOK BONUS

COWBOYS' LAMENT

By **STEVEN PERKINS**

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Steve Perkins has been covering the Dallas Cowboys for the hometown Times Herald since 1964. During that time he has learned to appreciate—as only an insider can—the diverse personalities that go to make up a pro football team. Last season he kept a running journal on the Cowboys, a work which depicts both the humor and drama surrounding a team's quest for a world championship. We are pleased to present here excerpts from the forthcoming book **NEXT YEAR'S CHAMPIONS**.*

MARCH 19, 1968

Personnel director Gil Brandt had a horrible experience two days ago when the club brought in the rookies for workouts, weighing and clocking. The No. 2 draft choice, receiver David McDaniels of Mississippi Valley State, had been timed in 4.8 for 40 yards. This is beautiful speed—for a linebacker. For a wide receiver it is disastrous and enough to make Brandt physically ill, espe-

cially when all the scouting reports on McDaniels had listed his speed at 4.6.

"For God's sake, don't put it in the paper," Brandt told me. "We might salvage something out of him yet."

"How in the world could you blow a No. 2 draft choice like this?" I said.

"I have an idea what happened," Brandt said, "and I hope I'm wrong. A couple years ago I went up to a little school in Virginia, Norfolk State or something, and I timed a guy on their football field. He ran a 4.3! Now even Bob Hayes doesn't run a 4.3. I clocked him again, coming back the other way, in case he ran downhill the first time. He runs a 4.35. I said, 'This cannot be.' I had another stopwatch with me, but it came out the same. Then I paced off their yardlines. From the goal to the 40, it was 36 yards."

"You think that's what happened at good old Mississippi Valley?"

"I don't know," Brandt said, "but from now on I guess we'll have to

measure every practice field in the country."

JUNE 5

Lance Rentzel came by the office today with his maiden release for Columbia Records, "Looking Like Something She Ain't." It seems that every Cowboy who can carry a tune has to make a record. "This is for fun," Rentzel said, "but maybe I'll make some money out of it." We talked for a while, Lance telling about spending the off-season in Los Angeles and living it up with the Hollywood crowd, and also how he expected to be faster this year because he had been wearing special shoes which help stretch the tendons in the legs.

"I've got some news for you too," I said. "Ernie Stautner is taking over as baby-sitter at training camp."

"Oh, God," said Lance. "Stautner knows more about skipping bed-check than I do."

Then his face turned on like a flashlight. "Did I ever tell you," he said, "about the run-in I had with

(Norm) Van Brocklin?" He hadn't, but it wasn't hard to imagine the ultra-serious Dutch Van Brocklin and the fun-loving Rentzel having their problems when they were both at Minnesota. Finally Van Brocklin traded Rentzel to the Cowboys before the '67 season for a No. 3 draft choice, one of the best deals the Cowboys ever made.

"It is too much," said Lance. "This is training camp, and Dutch has a room right next to the stairway opposite the front door of the dorm. My room is on the third floor, at the head of the stairway. This night, I come in late, and I'm tip-toeing to the stairway and Van Brocklin hears me. But I hear *him* hear me. So I take off up the stairs. He is clomping after me, but he's a half turn behind. I mean, I make the turn up the next half-flight just before he can see who it is. Away we go! I get to the third floor, and zap! Man, I'm in the bed and under the covers pulled up to my chin. I can hear Van Brocklin prowling the hall, going room to room. Finally he walks into my room. He walks over to my bed and I can feel him standing there. He stands there maybe two minutes and he reaches down and jerks the covers back. This is pressure, right? This is ten seconds to play and you got the winning touchdown in your hands, right? So I say, 'I guess you're wondering, Coach, why I always sleep with my clothes on.'"

JULY 6

Pete Dominguez, a sports fanatic, gave a party at his Mexican restaurant tonight. Among the guests were Cowboy wide receiver Pete Gent and Don Talbert of the Atlanta Falcons. At one point Gent was pretending to be angry about Talbert and his brother Diron, an LA Ram tackle, sneaking into Gent's apartment and leaving him a gift: A crow. "I have named him John David," Gent said. "It's a real experience, Talbert, to have an unhousebroken John David Crow in your apartment."

"If you don't like him, turn him loose," Talbert said.

"Oh, I did, I did. But every time I open the door he flies in and steals a chicken leg off my plate."

"I thought he behaved himself pretty good the other night at your party," Talbert said, referring to Gent's first annual Fatty Arbuckle Memorial Gala.

"It's not what John David did at the party," said Gent. "It's what happened the next morning. Do you know what True Terror is? True terror is waking up with a hang-over and seeing a big black bird on your chest."

Talbert left for some tacos, and Gent and I started talking football.

"What did you think of the draft?" I said.

"I noticed they drafted two wide receivers one and two," he said. "This makes a lot of sense because all we have is Hayes and Rentzel who gained about 2000 yards between them. Do you think they are trying to tell me something?"

"Whether they are or not, maybe you ought to get the message. You always have to sweat it out to get down to 200. Why don't you beef up to 215 and move to tight end?"

"Tight end! You got any other good ideas—how about linebacker? Or maybe you know something I don't know. Is that what Landry's thinking?"

I had no advance information, but less than three weeks later I got to practice and saw Gent working at a new position. "What is the meaning of it all, Pete?"

"It's obvious," he said. "They want me to learn tight end so I can sit on the bench at three positions instead of two."

"When did you get the word?"

"After last night's meeting. It's not bad. Just as long as I can make the team."

"Did you get any sleep last night?"

"Yes, but Morton said I whimpered a lot."

"Well, let's see, they will give you a couple games so you can gradually work into the new job, then they'll really see what you got against the Rams. And Deacon Jones."

"I have been thinking about blocking down on Deacon," Gent said. "I've decided I got two problems there. If I miss him I'll sail into their defensive backfield. If I hit him I'll sail into *our* backfield."

JULY 10

All of the strike talk has been making the players restless. On the surface they have had to appear solidly behind the Players' Association, but privately they are critical of John Gordy, the Detroit guard who is handling the negotiations, and they want to get the season underway.

I called the Cowboys' player representative, Dave Manders, at his home in Iron Mountain, Michigan, and he had some news. "We're going to open our own camp," he said. "There's too much at stake—we're going for the title. Like Bob Lilly says, 'We can't do much without the coaches, but it beats sitting around and loafing, and at least we'll stay in shape.'"

"What about your shape?" I said. "How's the knee?"

"I've been ready for two months. The knee is perfect. We've got the biggest ski jump in Michigan right outside of town, and I've been running up the steps to the top three times a day all spring."

Manders is a cherub-faced blond, 6-2, 250, with an ear-to-ear grin which he wears most of the time. But he didn't wear it too often in '67. He tore up a knee in the second exhibition game and was out the rest of the year. After a slow start in pro football he had finally become one of the NFL's best centers by 1966, so he didn't react very cheerfully to this latest twist of fate. In fact, he exploded at one point, but, typically of Dave, it was a kind of hilarious violence.

Dave had been boasting of the "steal" he had made from a used-car lot on a four-year-old station wagon. "I knocked 'em down \$300," he told Mike Gaechter, "and it is easy worth \$500 more."

This was credible until the afternoon Dave was driving his wife and mother-in-law home from the supermarket. Three blocks from his house, there was a thunderous clunk and clatter from underneath the chassis. The car stopped dead.

Dave got out and saw some important-looking pieces of metal dragging on the ground. Then he walked to the front of the car and stood there a moment with hands on hips, in deep thought. Finally he drew back his right foot, stomped



The Dallas camp, where hope begins anew. Clockwise, from far right: Center Dave Manders jumps through agility drill; Craig Morton tries again to prove himself; Bob Hayes builds leg strength; Willie Townes cools off; Lance Rentzel is already cool.

in the right fender, stepped back again, lunged forward and kicked in the grill.

Betty Manders was yelling, "Now, Dave! Now, Dave!" But Manders' fury made him deaf. He vaulted onto the hood and began jumping up and down. He was just about to kick in the windshield when his wife's screams finally checked him.

It cost Manders \$150 to fix the original trouble, and another \$325 for body repair.

AUGUST 1

The veterans have been taking a dim view of Ken Kmiec, the rookie defensive back from Illinois, for several days. It started when he threw a block at Danny Reeves' knees just after Reeves caught a pass across the middle in a pass-skeleton drill. In the first place, there is no tackling in this drill. In the second place, everybody is uptight about Reeves' knee operation. "Actually," said Reeves, "he did me a favor. I was worrying what would happen the first good blow I got on the knee. Now I know, so I can relax and forget it."

At other times Kmiec had been guilty of pass interference, or would stick an elbow in the receiver's back on a completed sideline pass, sending him reeling and stumbling onto the cinder track.

After one pass route, Lance Rentzel went up to Bob Hayes. "Has that '40' been giving you trouble?" Lance said.

"That SOB is too much, man."

"All right," Rentzel said.

On his next pattern Lance ran straight at Kmiec, as usual. Kmiec back-pedaled lightly, keeping his feet apart and staying balanced on his toes, playing Rentzel a body width toward the sideline, like the book says, and staring him in the eye waiting to see which way Rentzel would cut. But Rentzel *didn't* cut. He ran full speed into Kmiec and brought both forearms upward into the rookie's face. Kmiec hit the ground with the back of his shoulders and when he bounced up swinging, Rentzel hit him on the point of the chin, somehow getting a right hand punch underneath Kmiec's single face bar. They punched toe-to-toe for maybe ten

seconds before defensive backfield coach Bobby Franklin grabbed Kmiec and pulled him away.

JULY 20

Danny Villanueva announced his retirement today by letter. His choice of communications wasn't surprising considering the Cowboys' affront to his dignity the year before. In the spring of 1967 the Cowboys decided that somewhere, perhaps, lay an undiscovered kicker who could eventually replace Villanueva, their combination punter-placekicker. Thus was born "The Cowboy Kicking Karavan," which was to cover 10,000 miles and 29 cities between Oregon and New Jersey. The club's training-camp kicking coach, Ben Agajanian, was pressed into service, along with a relay of assistant coaches and Gil Brandt. Anyone was eligible to try out, and before they were through they had gone through 1300 candidates.

At Memphis a man in a gray khaki uniform and cap came rushing onto the field and asked if he could kick out of turn. "I've got a bus up there

waiting on me," he explained. Then he handed the bemused Agajanian the moneychanger off his belt, kicked three squibs in his street shoes, said "Much obliged," and raced back up the hill to his applauding passengers.

At Columbia, South Carolina, a hopeful flopped as both punter and placekicker, then inquired, "Y'all signing any holders?"

Agajanian's stubby right foot, the result of losing most of his toes in a college accident, created great interest on the tour, too. "How can I get a shoe to fit like yours?" a kid in Montclair, New Jersey, asked him, and Agajanian answered, "First, you get yourself a hat-chet..."

Ten prospects finally were asked to come to training camp, the two most promising being Mac Percival and Harold Deters. Percival was discovered right in Dallas. He was a high-school coach at suburban Garland, three years out of Texas Tech, where he'd played basketball. His wife entered him in the Karavan trial and talked him into showing up at the Cotton Bowl. "Anything," Percival agreed, "is better than teacher's pay." Deters was discovered at North Carolina State.

Just before the '67 season opened, the Cowboys traded Percival to the Bears, waived Deters onto the taxi squad, and left the job to Villanueva. Percival kicked 13 of 26 for Chicago, including four of seven between the 40 and 50.

Now Deters has sent word that he may not play football anymore because he is opting for security: He is going to become a high-school teacher.

This afternoon the veterans, wearing shorts, T-shirts and football shoes, were timed over 40 yards. Perhaps the most notable clocking (5.0) was made by center Mike Connelly. At 33, he is the oldest Cowboy.

When I complimented him on his time, he said, "I've got to have something going for me. I'm just trying to hang on. Until the last cut, you never know."

"You started every game last season," I reminded Connelly. "You can play guard or, in a pinch, even

tackle, and you just got through proving you're the fastest offensive lineman on the team. Look at you. Trim. No gut. What do you weigh?"

Connelly was grinning. He looked around to see if anyone on the field was within earshot. "I'll tell you my secret," he said. "And so help me, if you ever say anything... I've got two five-pound weights in my locker that nobody knows about. Especially Myers doesn't know about them (assistant coach Jim Myers)."

"I don't get you," I said.

"I've got a weight problem. You know what my weight will get to in the off-season if I don't watch it? 215 or 212! I've got to work out all the time, eat four meals a day, and if I stay at it, I'll come in here at 230 or 235. They think that's too light to play in the offensive line in the NFL. So when I go to weigh out or weigh-in every day, I slip one of those five-pound weights, or maybe both of them, in the waistband of my jock, and I keep my T-shirt pulled down."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Ever since I been in the league. So you see? Maybe I shouldn't even be out here. Maybe this is the year they'll decide the same thing."

JULY 30

I walked back from the practice field with Craig Morton. "I'm ready for the same old standby role," he was saying, after I had asked him what he expected out of the season. "My friends tell me I ought to be the quarterback, but that's a bunch of crap. Meredith is the quarterback, and as long as he's healthy he deserves to be. But I tell you, it's going to take both of us to win the championship."

This is Morton's fourth season. Last summer, 1967, he won the backup role over Jerry Rhome and quarterbacked three of the nine games Dallas won in the regular season.

"Do you know what the deal is on you and Rhome now?" I said.

"No. Landry never tells us a damn thing. You know that."

"You start the second half against the Bears Saturday, Rhome goes against the 49ers and the Packers, you get the Rams and the Oilers."

"That's interesting. But it's not that big a deal."

"It could be. Landry has it set up, whichever one of you looks best in the preseason, he's the backup man for the year."

"Kee-rist!" Morton said. We walked along a few paces in silence.

"I thought (Continued on page 85)

Heads bowed in Cleveland, the Cowboys lament the loss of another title game.



Bando makes the A's run on time

By STEVE JACOBSON

Mussolini's alive and well in Oakland disguised as the A's All-Star third-baseman and captain

THERE IS A MEASURE of Walter Mitty in Oakland A's third-baseman Sal Bando. Two men are pictured in his mind when he lets his imagination run. Sometimes he sees himself as Cub third-baseman Ron Santo; other times it's Benito Mussolini.

His identification with Santo is understandable. Both are Italian. Both were their leagues' All-Star third-basemen this season. Both are captains of their teams. And, as the hot, humid days of August gave way to the cool crispness of September, both were helping to keep their clubs in pennant contention.

Mussolini? Mostly, that's a product of Bando's rich sense of humor. But not entirely. Again, both are Italian. And both demonstrated strong leadership qualities relatively early in their careers. Il Duce made the Italian trains run on time (among other things) and Bando, as the 25-year-old field boss of baseball's most promising young team, helped bring a similar reliability and regularity to the Oakland A's this season.

By the last week of August, the 6-0, 195-pound Bando had 19 home runs, 76 runs batted in and runs scored, and a .276 average, all this despite being in the unenviable position of batting fourth in the lineup—behind Reggie Jackson—and being the target of many pitchers' misplaced fury. Not bad for a man in his second major-league season. But, heck, on the A's a man in his second year is a grizzled veteran. The Oakland roster is full of players barely able to legally buy a beer after a game. First-baseman Danny Cater is 29 and that makes him an old man on the club. Bando, Jackson, Rick Monday, Chuck Dobson and Catfish Hunter are all under 26

and are all just beginning to come into their own.

But youth has its drawbacks, too. One of this year's "in" phrases is the generation gap, which on the A's was potentially more than just a phrase. Manager Hank Bauer is a crewcut ex-Marine, non-verbal most of the time, often unprintable when he does talk. His young charges are the products of a long-haired era and many of them are college men, including the three famous Arizona State alumni—Bando, Jackson and Monday. What Oakland might have had here is a failure to communicate, were it not for captain Bando. "Being captain means communicating with the guys on the field for Bauer," says Bando. "For example, the manager may want to play the infield in. I'm on the field and he tells me to tell the others. He may want me to talk to the pitcher for him, to talk a situation over. Some guys may be loafing a bit, or running the bases with their heads down. If it came up, I'd talk to them."

One time early in the season, the Athletics were having something of a problem with shortstop Bert Campaneris, who was claiming too much territory in left field on pop flies. Bando talked to Campaneris and to Tommie Reynolds, who was the left-fielder much of the time. It could have been a trying moment for the young captain, but it wasn't. "The leftfielder has to yell," Bando explains. "The play is in front of him. Campy has to give ground. We didn't have any problems working that out. Maybe if we had a lot of veterans on the club, my being captain at 25 could have caused some resentment. But we're all the same age. I haven't seen any resentment. We're all friends."

Bando, a handsome, dark-haired man whose heavy eyebrows and beard and 17-inch neck are his most distinguishing features, is easy for his teammates to like, largely because of his ability—sometimes unintentional—to make them laugh. "Sometimes we just look at each other in a game and I laugh," said Ted Kubiak, Bando's roommate. "We call him 'The Ape,'" offered Catfish Hunter. "Just look at the way he stands . . . and he's all covered with hair."

Bando rarely loses his composure, which is one reason Bauer named him captain, but there was one exception this season that had his teammates nearly hysterical. It seems he was called out on the bases, a decision that touched the emotional Italian nerve lurking below his placid exterior. Sal lost his cool. "He was jumping up and down on the base, holding his helmet in front of him with both hands," said Hunter, still amused at the memory. "Pretty soon it starts to look funny."

"Then he gets back to the bench and tries to break the helmet in his hands. You can see him straining. He holds the thing in front of his face, turns it all around and tries to see why he can't break it. By then the guys on the bench are rolling. Then he looks up at the rest of us and laughs, too."

Then there is Bando's constant admonition to the A's pitchers. "He's on the pitcher all the time, shouting, 'Keep the ball low,'" Hunter said. "One game I walked two guys in a row, then threw two balls in the dirt. So he yells to me, 'Get the ball up.' I yelled back to him, 'You've been telling me to keep the ball low, so I did.' I could see him laugh."

"After I give up a home run, he'll come over the mound to rub up the



new ball. He'll hold the glove over his face and give me that smile of his. It helps."

Hunter remembers when Bando couldn't help anyone—including himself. It was May, 1967, and the A's had just sold Ed Charles to the Mets on the belief that a good-looking minor-leaguer named Bando was ready to step into the starting lineup at third base. But when Alvin Dark, then manager of the A's, tried to instruct the youngster in the art of hitting to the opposite field, the youngster became confused and worried, hit .192 in 47 games, and left to go back to the minors. "I couldn't get my feet on the ground—I wasn't relaxed," Bando said. "I didn't feel wanted and I just felt worse and worse."

It was the first (and so far the only) step backwards in a professional career that began when Bando was selected by the A's from Arizona State in the free agent draft of 1965. He was named the all-star third-baseman of the Midwest League in his first pro season; moved up to Mobile in the faster Southern League in 1966, then enjoyed a .292 cup of coffee with the A's at the end of the year; and finally hit .291 and was named the best defensive third-baseman in the Pacific Coast League in '67, credits that merited the call from Dark.

Then he got shot down, a common but often painful blow for a young ballplayer to accept. "I could have thought, 'That was my big chance and I blew it,'" he says. "Maybe that would have happened if I had played five years, but I knew I only had a year and a half as a professional and I was playing Triple A. And I had seen some of the big leaguers. I knew they weren't that much better than me."

By the next spring, Dark was gone, replaced by Bob Kennedy, and Bando was back, this time for good. He hit ten homers in a super spring-training season and was in the starting lineup on opening day. He was out of the lineup only once the rest of the season and hit .251 with nine homers and 67 runs batted in. Only Jackson's 29 homers and 74 RBI's topped Bando's figures. A potentially wicked three-four combination was forming in the A's batting order. This year, the potential became reality.

Back in Warrensville Heights, a

suburb of Cleveland, they saw the potential in Sal when he was only five years old. "There never was any question about his talent," said Sal's father Ben, a home improvement contractor. "He always played ball with the older kids."

Ben Bando encouraged his son by removing obstacles that stood between him and his first love, playing ball. "One time he got this job at the Commission House, a produce market," Ben Bando said. "He got up at 3 a.m.; sometimes he'd work 11, 12 hours. He'd unload the railroad cars, watermelons and things like that, and load the trucks for the buyers. It used to get to him. At the end of the day he'd be too tired to play ball, but he wouldn't quit the job."

"I told him, 'Quit the job. Work for me.' My hours are my own. I'm just an average working man, but my kids' future is the most important thing to me."

So Sal became an assistant home-improvement contractor. "He did the skilled work," Sal said. "I did the lifting and the cleaning up. My folks scuffed some, we weren't loaded, but they made it easy for me to do what I wanted."

What Sal wanted to do was play ball: baseball, basketball and football. Sal's mother was as enthusiastic about her son's success in sports—except for football—as anyone in the family. She just didn't care for the thought of her little boy breaking some bones. "She never would sign the permission slips for me to play football," Sal said. "My dad always did it. I weighed 195 pounds and she was still calling me her little boy."

"It seemed we were always taking him to the hospital," Mrs. Bando said. "One time they brought him home in a police car. He got hit with a bat and had 15 stitches over an eyebrow. They rarely do something like stitching without having the parent's approval, but they knew how I'd feel so they didn't tell me about it until it was all taken care of."

He may have remained a little boy to his mother, but the young Sal began to assert his leadership qualities with his peers by the time he was ten years old. "He was always the leader," said Ben Bando. "Kids looked up to him. I remember one time some kids got in

trouble with the teacher and they went to Sal to ask him to straighten it out for them, sort of explain it to the teacher. Later they told me Sal got them out of a paddling."

"I remember with kids two or three years older, he would be the boss of the sandpile," said Mrs. Bando. "Maybe I'm bragging—mothers always do—but in basketball he was one of the shortest fellows and he was always organizing the plays."

He organized the plays in football, too, as quarterback of his high-school team (over his mother's objections). He was good enough to merit scholarship offers from all the Big Ten schools plus Colorado and Cornell, but luckily for the A's and his mother's sanity, Sal preferred baseball and decided to go to Arizona State, the finest baseball college in the country. Arizona State got him, but not for the full four years because Bando signed with the A's after his junior season. He still intends to go back and get the 18 credits he lacks for a degree in business administration.

At first, Arizona State coach Bobby Winkles didn't quite know what to make of Bando as a ballplayer when he arrived on campus. But his confusion was short-lived. He moved Bando from shortstop to second base, where he led the Sun Devils to two College World Series appearances. In his junior year, Bando's team finished with a 55-8 record and won the World Series. Sal was named MVP of the competition for his hitting, fielding and, as always, his leadership. "He was tough," said Winkles. "I didn't think you could hurt him. He had the best arm I'd ever seen in my life. And he had a great attitude. He kept the guys loose, he could make them laugh. If he'd played his senior year, he would have been my captain, too."

In those days, and in the years that followed up until this past February, Bando was playing ball under a handicapper. He was single. To some men, this is not such a hard thing to live with, but to a fussy budget like Bando, bachelorhood and its chores were exhausting. "I liked things perfect," he said. "I'd clean, cook and do the dishes and when I got to the park for the game, I'd be tired already. And unless you've got very strong willpower when you're single, (Continued on page 96)



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Best Of The New Guns



By ROBERT ELMAN and DAVID PETZAL

Above are nine of the world's finest new rifles: **A**—Browning Model BL-22. **B**—Marlin Model 39 Century Ltd. **C**—Harrington and Richardson Model 317 Ultra Wildcat. **D**—Ithaca centerfire Model LSA-55 Deluxe Grade. **E**—Husqvarna Series 8000 centerfire. **F**—Winchester Model 770 centerfire. **G**—Mossberg 50th Anniversary Pigeon Grade Model 500AA. **H**—Remington Model 788. **I**—Savage Model 440-T.

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RIFLES

PLINKING AND SMALL GAME:

Among the newest and best in .22s is a Browning Model BL-22. This is a well made little lever-action, with a solid top that can readily accommodate a scope. Ejection is from the side, and when the lever is closed, the receiver appears to be a solid block of metal. The throw of the lever is exceedingly short—about 30 degrees. You can open and close it simply by flexing your fingers, without removing your hand from the straight-grip stock.

The magazine is tubular and rides under the barrel, as on most lever guns. The front sight is a bead on a ramp, and the rear is the conventional open type, adjustable for both windage and elevation. Stock wood on the BL-22 is straight-grained American walnut, finished to a high gloss. The gun weighs about 4½ pounds (all the weights are approximate because poundage varies with the density of the stock wood), has a 20-inch barrel and costs \$67.50 in Grade I. There's also a Grade II, which has an engraved receiver and gold-plated trigger and sells for \$84.50.

For several years, Savage has been importing the Anschutz Model 54 Sporter, a top-quality .22 hunting and target rifle that costs \$142; in its class, this gun has no rivals. Savage has now introduced another high-quality .22 bolt-action, the Model 164. This rifle is also Anschutz-made and costs a reasonable \$87.50 in the .22 Long Rifle edition (\$5 more for .22 rimfire Magnum).

The Model 164 has a 24-inch barrel and a fully adjustable trig-

ger. It feeds from a five-shot detachable clip. Its stock is made of high-grade European walnut, is hand-checked and has a high "Monte Carlo" comb and cheek-piece. There is a white-line spacer at the buttplate, and the fore-end has the old traditional downward-jutting knob known as a Schnable tip. Sights consist of a hooded bead up front and a folding-leaf rear; the receiver is, of course, grooved for scope mounting. The rifle weighs about six pounds.

Marlin has a double entry in the small game field—a rimfire and a centerfire—both offered to celebrate the company's 100th anniversary. The rimfire is a handsomely engraved version of the popular Marlin Model 39 lever-action .22, and the centerfire companion piece is an equally handsome matching version of the Model 336 centerfire lever-action, chambered in .30-30. Matched sets of these presentation models will be offered during 1970 in a limited issue of just 1000 pairs. Each set will have special matching serial numbers and hand-engraved receivers, and will come in a suitcase-style, foam-lined carrying case. The price will be about \$750.

The company will also distribute a centennial rimfire alone, the Marlin 39 Century Ltd. This .22 has an extremely handsome antique look and several special features. There's an old-fashioned curved brass buttplate, a brass forearm tip, a squared finger-lever, a straight grip stock and a 20-inch tapered octagonal barrel. A special centennial medallion is inlaid into the steel of the receiver on the right side. The price for this fine commemorative will be \$125.

VARMINTS: The big news in varmint rifles this year is the introduction of Harrington & Richardson's Model 317 Ultra Wildcat—a light, graceful bolt-action that's chambered for the .17/223 wildcat (handloaded) cartridge or the .223 Remington. The .17-caliber wildcat handles bullets ranging in weight from 20 to 30 grains and, with no trouble at all, sends them tearing along at more than 4000 feet per second.

Harrington & Richardson has based the 317 on the short Sako action, which has a fully adjustable trigger, a sliding thumb safety and an action-contained magazine that holds six shots. The barrel length is 20 inches, and this H&R weighs only 5¼ pounds. No iron sights are provided, but the action has integral scope bases for an optical sight. The stock is made of good walnut; it's hand-checked and has a contrasting wood fore-end tip and grip cap. For a really fancy rifle, you can get the Ultra Wildcat in a Presentation Grade with a selected stock and hand-carved, basket-weave patterns on the grip and fore-end. The Standard Grade costs \$235, while the Presentation is \$425.

DEER-VARMINT COMBO: In this category we include rifles that can be used with equal effect on both "pest" species—woodchuck, fox, prairie dog, and so on—and medium-sized big game such as white-tail deer and pronghorn antelope. The outstanding entry this year is a new version of a rifle that was introduced a year or two back, the Remington Model 788. (This year, too, Remington has finally acknowledged the presence of lefthanded shooters; for their benefit, Remington engineers have left the ejection port of the tubular receiver on the right and switched the bolt handle over to the left side.)

While the Model 788 is a plain-looking rifle, it is an unusual gun mechanically. The bolt utilizes nine locking lugs located at its rear rather than the front, and lock time (the time which elapses from the instant the sear releases the firing pin until the gun goes off) is probably the (Continued on page 83)

Below is the Colt Trooper Mark III .357 Magnum double-action revolver.



WILDER'S GLEN

A noted New York City surgeon combines his love of painting and the racing world to capture the drama of America's Grand Prix.

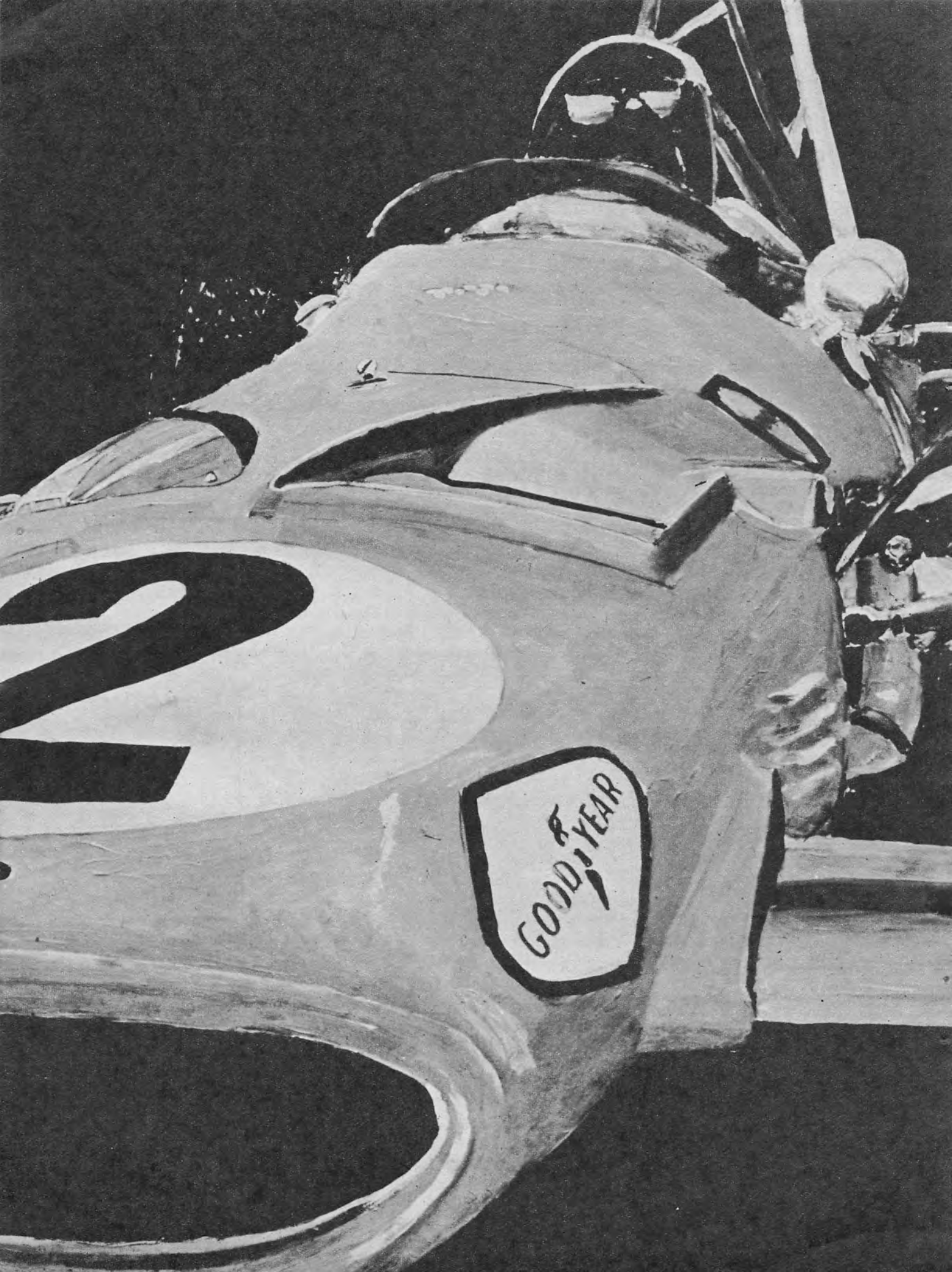


The international flavor of the Grand Prix is typified by Scotsman Jackie Stewart (above left), popular young New Zealander Chris Amon (above, in a Ferrari), and ex-motorcycle racer Jean-Pierre Beltoise of France, in a Matra (opposite page). Dr. Wilder finds Stewart "an independent guy, who dresses mod and has a great sense of humor." The doctor believes that "a constant sense of danger makes the racers a very exclusive pack."

Illustrated by JOSEPH WILDER, M.D.

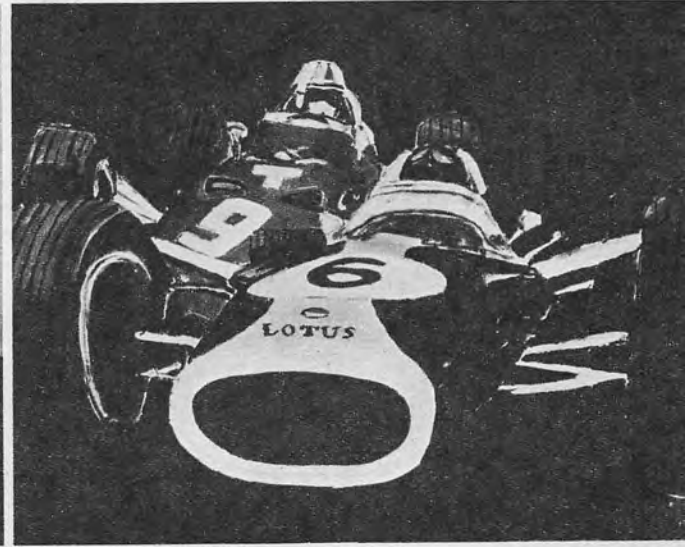
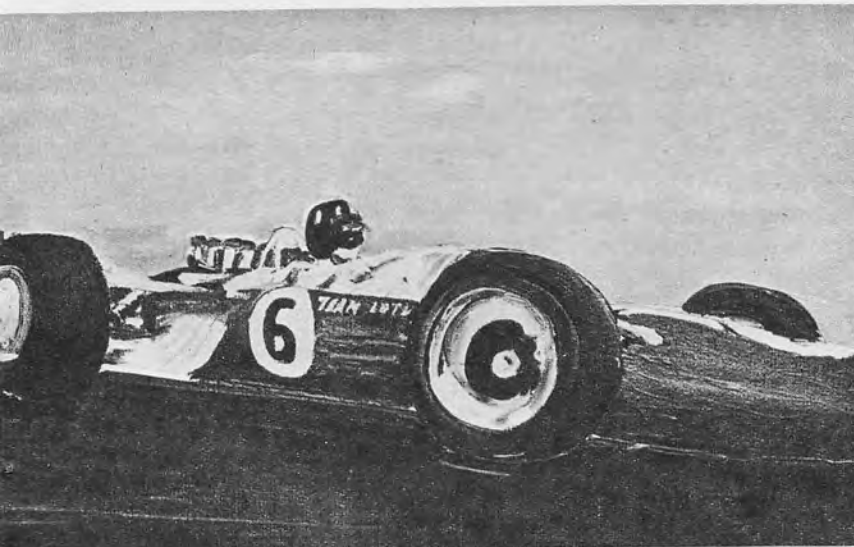
Most of the year Dr. Joseph Wilder is occupied with his position as Director of Surgery at the Hospital for Joint Diseases and Medical Center in New York City. But on one weekend in October he becomes Joe Wilder, artist and racing fan, and joins the more than 200,000 spectators at the American Grand Prix in Watkins Glen, New York. There Wilder sketches his impressions of the drivers, the cars and the overall scene. His quest for fresh subject matter often takes him down into the pits, where he has become well acquainted with drivers like the late Jimmy Clark and Jackie Stewart (the 1968 winner in a Matra-Ford). Says the doctor, "I like to capture something the photographers can't." His work on these pages most certainly bears him out.







Three big GP stars are Chris Amon (top), John Surtees (far left), and Pedro Rodriguez (left). The latter two men are a study in contrast, according to the artist. The British Surtees is "moody and unintentionally cold." Rodriguez, a Mexican racing for BRM, is "warm, gentle and gregarious." Of racers in general, Dr. Wilder says: "They're a breed unlike any other, with absolute dedication. In another time and place they'd be revolutionaries."



Dr. Wilder considers American Dan Gurney (driving his famous Eagle, opposite page) "handsome enough to be a Hollywood star, and smart enough to be the successful car manufacturer he is." British veteran Graham Hill (in his Lotus-Ford, number six) finished second at Watkins Glen, but won the '68 Grand Prix overall championship.



THE SPORT SPECIAL

ROMAN GABRIEL AND THE POWER OF NEGATIVE THINKING

By **ARNOLD HANO**

A winning quarterback, he is still plagued by doubts and fears. But he tries very hard to turn them into strengths

WHEN ROMAN GABRIEL stepped on the scales to be weighed and measured at the Ram training camp this past July, he said, as he says every year, "I'm still 6-3."

It makes no difference. He will be listed at 6-4, this year and every year, because that is the game. As a front-office Ram said to Gabriel after the measurement, "You can't begin shrinking now."

Roman Gabriel's problem is not one of shrinking physically. At 6-3 he is still the biggest quarterback alive. He doesn't need the extra inch press agents always give football players and starlets. Inside, though, it may be a different story. Somewhere inside Roman Gabriel, there appears to abide a notion that he is not quite as good as he really is, or as other people think he is.

Yes, he is big and strong, at 6-3 and 225 pounds. Yes, he has a golden arm. He can throw a ball 85 yards. He now calls a sound game. He is learning, finally, to throw to his left. He is learning, finally, to decoy with greater effect. He has abundant courage. He relishes physical combat. He hears no footsteps. He is very close to impervious to pain. He played last year with two broken bones in his throwing hand, and knew nothing about it. He is 29 years old, at his physical peak. Mentally, he has absorbed the game of George Allen, one of the NFL's finest coaches. Gabriel has his teammates' respect. He has a winning record. In 1965, after Bill Munson hurt a knee in the Rams' tenth game, Gabriel took over as starting quarterback. In the next 46 games, up to the start of 1969, Gabriel compiled a mark of 32-11-3, for a winning percentage of .744. He wins three games for every game he loses. The past two seasons have been better than that—11-1-2, and 10-3-1. Under Gabriel, the Rams have become a winning team.



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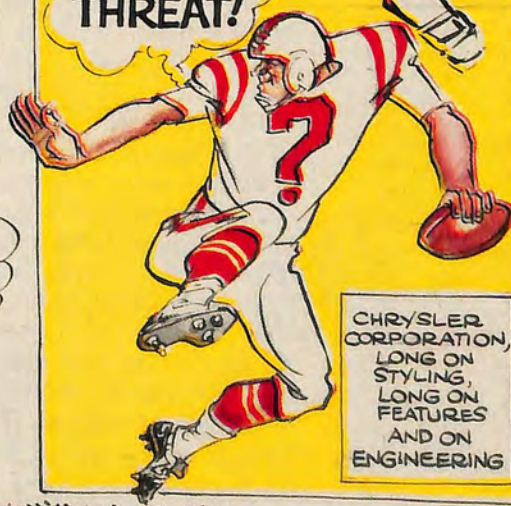
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BE SURE TO SEE THE BOB HOPE SPECIALS AND AFL FOOTBALL IN COLOR ON NBC.

Yet he is plagued by doubts.

"The primary emotion I take into a game," he says, "is fear. I fear that the club we are going to play could beat me. If it beats me, I am in second place. I fear my opponent."

Small things upset him. The heat at the Ram training camp in Fullerton, California, in July and August was at times intense, and it came wrapped in a furry ball of eye-smarting smog that made breathing difficult. "I'd start my passing drill, thinking, 'It's too hot. I can't play in this heat.' I know it shouldn't bother me. I shouldn't let it get me down. But it does. My subconscious told me it was too hot. I thought: 'Here I am, almost 30 years old, and I can't do anything right.' I get to feeling sorry for myself. I have to fight to get myself going."

If this kind of thing goes on in practice, what happens in a game, when his subconscious starts dictating to him? How does he feel when a play breaks down, and suddenly it is second down-and-18, or third-and-16? "I am not yet able to handle emotional letdowns like that," is his reply. "I come back to the huddle thinking: 'Who broke down? What happened?' I get the feeling it is an impossibility—almost an impossibility to get back those yards."

Instead of dismissing the failure, he dwells on it. Instead of reaching into the book for the kind of play that breaks a second-and-18 situation, he post-mortems the past; he carries the burden of dead plays out of the huddle and into the future.

Which is odd, because Roman Gabriel today can move his club on those impossible second-and-18s and third-and-16s as well as any quarterback in the business. He overcomes the broken play, and gets his first down; he keeps the drive moving. In the Rams' first preseason game this year, against Dallas, Ron Smith returned a Dallas punt 70-plus yards for an apparent touchdown, only to have the run nullified by a clip that pushed the Rams back to their 15. On the next play, Gabriel faked a handoff, stepped back, waited a long second, and released a perfect arc to Wendell Tucker who took the ball clear of Cornell Green on the 50, and waltzed it in for an 85-yard scoring strike. Gabriel had shrugged off the prior play, had rid himself of the past and of his doubts. Like an ice-veined gambler, he had gone for broke. And won. The problem Roman Gabriel has is not whether he can recoup lost ground, but whether he believes he can.

In this age of Joe Namath's cold contempt for his foe, Roman Gabriel is a throwback to an older day of humility, doubt, modesty. He takes butterflies into a game with him. "I keep the butterflies until I complete my first pass. Then it's all downhill. The butterflies are gone. So I call a pass play I am likely to complete, an easy pass play."

But often he postpones calling that first pass, because he dreads the possibility of failure. With all the success he has attained these past seasons, Gabriel is dogged by failure. So the Rams run the ball more often than most teams, even though their running backs through the years have not been the most punishing in the league. It has puzzled viewers, and the quick answer

has been that Gabriel is not the most intelligent quarterback in the game. The gag goes: "Yes, Gabriel has an arm of iron. He also has a head of iron."

But the quick answer and the gag are dead wrong. Gabriel is as bright as a quarterback has to be, and probably brighter than that. It has nothing to do with brightness. It has to do with confidence, with a man's willingness to take charge. Gabriel tries to take charge, but it comes hard. He will tell you about his basketball days in high school, at New Hanover High, in Wilmington, North Carolina, where he was a hotshot scorer. "Then one of the players began riding me for shooting too much." So Gabriel stopped shooting. You sense the same attitude today. It is as though he agrees secretly that he ought not hog the ball, but he doesn't deserve to run the show. He agrees, silently, to take a back seat, even though he is the boss and must not take a back seat.

You see all this in his reaction when he is told that the players of his league have voted him Most Valuable Player in a preseason poll conducted by SPORT. He visibly shrinks away and shakes his head, in embarrassment and awe. He is pleased, yes, but he also is dumbfounded. "That's awful strange," he says, as if the notion he might be the players' predicted choice as MVP was another impossibility he never could overcome, like a third-and-16. "I never expected that." And though he is obviously very flattered, he also is burdened by the honor.

When Gabriel tells you how he takes defeat, or a bad game, you see the problem of confidence. "After a bad game," he says, "I go for a drive with my wife, just the two of us. Suzanne will look at me and she'll say, 'I don't think you played as badly as you think.' " He hasn't said a word, yet she knows what he is thinking. He sits there, in a sulking silence, and Suzanne Gabriel knows her husband is berating himself, flogging himself for not playing as well as he can play. She knows she must lift his spirits. It is an old story, unchanged by the years or by success. In the beginning, when Gabriel sat the bench under coaches Bob Waterfield and Harland Svare, ignored and humiliated by his bosses, Gabriel would sometimes say to his wife, "Maybe I can't play this game," and she would have to buck him up. Some things don't change.

So it has gone, for Roman Gabriel, now in his eighth year in the pros. For a spell, the club he played with was a big loser. His rookie year, 1962, the Rams were 1-12-1. "It was so bad," Gabe recalls, "you'd get booed at banquets." Under his direction, the Rams have become big winners. But they haven't won big enough: second last year; division winners the year before but beaten badly by the Packers in the playoff; third the year before that. Second is not close to winning in football; it is the same as losing, and Gabriel and the Rams know it. But sometimes finishing second has a dynamics of its own. Gabe knows all this. "If we come in second again," he said, just as the 1969 season began, "we could get rooted into the philosophy of being a second-place team. This year is the breaking point."

On the face of it, 1969 should not be a critical year for Gabriel. His coach George Allen says, "Roman

Gabriel's good football is ahead of him. Gabe is going to do nothing except improve." Gabriel is playing out the last year of a long-term contract, signed in 1966 when the Rams found themselves bidding with the Oakland Raiders for Gabriel's services, just before the two leagues merged. He says he is making as much money as anybody in football, with the exception of Namath. When you ask, "How about John Brodie?" he acknowledges, "Except for Brodie, too." But then he adds: "With my income after I retire, I will have as good a salary as Brodie." The contract Roman had briefly signed with Oakland, in 1966, when the war was reaching a climax between the AFL and NFL, called for him to receive, after retirement, \$20,000 a year for five years. Three days later he signed a contract with Los Angeles. It is believed the Rams had to match the Oakland contract, particularly after Gabriel brought suit against the Rams in 1967, to do just that. Gabe may not be making a Brodie salary, but he is doing very, very well.

He is doing well businesswise, too. He and teammate Merlin Olsen are partners in several enterprises, including a GO (Gabriel-Olsen) Volkswagen dealership and a GO Travel Agency. Gabriel also owns a piece of a shopping center-and-motel complex in Redondo Beach, down the coast from Los Angeles; he is a director of the American City Bank of Los Angeles; he is part owner of a vitamin firm, Sportabs, Inc. He recently made a movie, *The Undeclared*, nationally released in November, and he is under contract with 20th Century Fox for four more. He is goodlooking enough to make it big in films, even if he can't act. Gabriel has what he admits are not inexpensive tastes. He drives not only a VW wagon, out of loyalty, but more fittingly a \$7000 Porsche.

He and his pretty olive-skinned wife Suzanne have three sons, Roman III, Ram (named not after the club, but after a Paul Newman role, Ram Bowen, in a jazz film, *Paris Blues*), and Rory. When they have a girl, she'll be Michelle.

For a man who may have inner doubts, Gabriel displayed rare nerve last winter when Ram owner Dan Reeves fired George Allen. Gabriel threatened to quit unless Reeves rehired Allen. Reeves backed down, and Gabe is now closer than ever to his coach. Gabriel, for all his doubts, is his own man, part of football's new breed, men who insist on looking out for Number One.

But still the doubts are there, fed partly on the Rams' role as eternal bridesmaid. That role must end in 1969. And, in 1969, Roman Gabriel must silence the whispers that he cannot win the clutch game—remember Green Bay, in the 1967 playoff? Remember the Bears in 1968?—and he must quiet his own doubts, his own fears.

Okay, so Roman Gabriel has his doubts, his insecurities, his anxieties. Who hasn't, besides Joe Namath? But you can also make too big a thing of the negative side of a man, and perhaps I already have. Roman Gabriel has his negatives; he admits it; he feels they are a valuable part of him. "If a man didn't have negatives to overcome, where would the challenge be?" he asks rhetorically. "The man who fights harder to beat

the negative side of himself becomes a leader, a champion. I would lie to myself if I said I had no negatives. I would have nothing to work for." The power of negative thinking.

Roman Gabriel has worked hard for things all his life, and if he has self-doubts, he also has a body, mind, and soul tempered to steel-hardness by the discipline of hard work. Work is part of the legacy his father has imparted to his family. Gabriel is of Filipino-Irish stock. His father, Roman Gabriel, came over from the Philippine Islands 44 years ago, to perform manual labor in California and Alaska, before moving east, where he wound up as a railroad employee in Wilmington, North Carolina. Today, Roman Gabriel, the elder, is 68, a dining-car worker who will soon be retired on a \$200-a-month pension. His son thinks it is a disgrace that the railroad is paying so small a pension after all those years, but he thinks it a worse disgrace that they are forcing the old man to quit. Work is good, Roman Gabriel believes. Today Gabriel is the hardest-working man on the Ram squad.

Roman Gabriel—the son—was born in North Carolina on August 5, 1940, a not particularly healthy boy in his early years. He suffered so badly from asthma he couldn't walk to grade school without stopping to sit on the curb halfway there, to catch his thinned breath. He was also smaller than the average kid. But from the start, athletics was his bag. His father tacked up baskets in the tiny backyard of their lower-middle-class Wilmington home, and the boy played there all day. He played so much it bugged his father. "One day when I was five, my Dad called me in for supper. I said I wasn't ready yet. I was playing basketball, and I'd come in later. Dad was shaving at the time. He used a long safety razor. He laid down the razor and picked up the stop and came after me. I ran. He chased me and caught me and beat me with that stop. I never was a problem after that." Instant obedience came before play. Gabriel learned the lesson.

Gabe describes himself as a stubborn kid, outside the house. "When I felt I was right, I would stick to it, no matter what would happen." What would happen was Roman got into neighborhood fights—smaller than most kids his age—and he took his lickings. (He also won his share.)

Basketball was not the only obsession. Baseball became his favorite sport. He played Little League from age eight on, beginning, as little kids will, in right field, and winding up playing first base and pitching. "I even caught one day. They needed a catcher. I volunteered. The first pitch, the batter started to swing, and I flinched. I turned my head, and the ball hit the side of my jaw. I never flinched again." You stand your ground and take your licks. Gabriel learned another lesson.

He began to grow in high school, and soon was big enough for football. The college recruiters flocked to see the strong-armed youngster. Which was fortunate, because, as Gabe says, "Without an athletic scholarship, there would have been no college. We couldn't afford college."

He went to North Carolina State, where he became a two-time All-America quarterback. While at college,

he married his high-school sweetheart, Suzanne Horton. A married man, soon a father, and a big man on the campus, Gabriel remained essentially a shy kid. When local photographers and reporters came around, he ran off, embarrassed, tongue-tied. But shy and embarrassed, he still had become used to being the star in any sport he tackled. The Rams and the Oakland Raiders both drafted him first after his senior year in 1962; he signed a two-year, no-cut contract with the Rams on December 13, 1961.

One of the reasons (other than a sizable bonus) that he signed with the Rams—says Gabriel—was that the Ram coach was former quarterback Bob Waterfield. “I figured he was a great passer, and I would be able to learn under him.”

Disillusionment was crushing. “Waterfield never taught me a thing,” Gabriel recalls today. “He’d say, ‘Stand around and watch.’ He never told me anything, play-wise. We played the Redskins in a preseason game, the Los Angeles *Times* Charity game. ‘Here,’ Waterfield said. He handed me four plays. ‘Learn these.’ That was that.”

Part of Gabriel’s problem was the past stardom, the big man on campus aspect of his college life. Though it never went to his head, he’d become used to it. “I had no idea what the bench was like,” he says.

At Los Angeles, he found out, the hard way. He sat on it. It got so bad he couldn’t find a teammate to throw a ball to in practice. “I used to practice by myself. I’d throw the ball, and then run and pick it up, and throw it back. That was my practice.”

The result of all this non-coaching—says Gabriel—was, “I didn’t know how to play pro football.”

The knowledge was not Gabriel’s alone. Coach Waterfield and his successor Harland Svare were not at all closemouthed about Gabriel’s deficiencies. They spread the news to the press, and the press to the fans, and the fans soon knew that Gabriel threw too hard, then he threw too soft, that he couldn’t throw a spiral, and he had no accuracy. Svare even logged the inaccuracy in camp. Gabe’s completion mark, said Svare, was 37 percent.

In Gabe’s early years, the Rams went with Zeke Bratkowski, with Ron Miller, with Bill Munson, even with Terry Baker, before they would allow that Roman Gabriel could quarterback a pro attack. When he did play, his hands were tied. The coaches sent in every play; in the huddle, an offensive lineman would call the next play. “It was humiliating,” Gabriel recalls. Gabe was the mechanical man who handed off or passed. Roman the Robot, they called him. Looking back, Gabe says, “In the old days I was not allowed to audibilize. If you cannot audibilize in this game, you’re dead.”

The high-handed, or offhanded, treatment of Gabriel by his bosses became apparent to the fans, who picked up the notion that Gabe was some sort of inferior being. It built up an animosity between Gabe and portions of the press, and Gabe and the fans, that has its relics today. Last season, after a dull 10-7 win over Detroit, Gabe told the press in the locker room he had nothing to say about why the club’s offense looked so bad. “Gabriel

can’t take it,” one reporter said the next day. “He chased the press away.” What Gabriel was doing, actually, was protecting young fullback Henry Dyer. Dyer had missed several blocks, and with the blocking broken down, Gabriel had no protection. “If I had told the truth,” says Gabriel, “I would have sounded off at Dyer. And I didn’t want to do it.” As to the booing that still is a semi-regular event at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Gabriel says, “I don’t respond to them any more. I learned what kind of fan I have to deal with in Los Angeles. I don’t play for the respect of the fan. I play for the respect of the coach and the club. Baltimore, Green Bay, Chicago, New Orleans—now, they have the fans. Win, lose, or draw, they are with you. Not in Los Angeles.” Today’s bitterness is a residue of those old days, when Gabriel found himself humiliated.

Yet an odd thing kept happening—in those old humiliating days—when Gabe went in to play his rare game. The Rams would win more often than not. And that was odd indeed. In 1963, Svare used Zeke Bratkowski for the club’s first five games. The Rams lost all five. Reluctantly, Svare shifted to Gabriel. The team won five of the last nine, under Gabe. In 1964, Bill Munson—a rookie—became the first-string quarterback, until he was injured late in the season. Gabe came in, and the Rams won three of the last four games. Gabriel still played behind Munson in 1965, until Munson reinjured a knee. Gabe moved in, and the Rams won some more.

But it wasn’t until 1966, with the advent of George Allen—and after Gabriel had told the club, “Play me or trade me”—that Gabriel knew the job was his. Thus, Gabriel is a relatively inexperienced quarterback, as eight-year men go.

In other ways he is very experienced. He has experienced humiliation, losing seasons, loneliness, sacrifice, pain. Which makes his marriage to George Allen a bit more believable. George Allen believes in suffering as a first price for success. When he says he expects his men to give not 100 percent, but 110 percent, he means it. Gabriel has picked up and has become comfortable with the Allen cliché. “I always apply myself 110 percent,” he says, sober-faced. “To operate at 100 percent is easy.”

No wonder that Allen looks fondly upon his quarterback. Says Allen: “You have to want to sacrifice and pay the price to be a champion, and Gabe’ll do that.”

It is this area of football that is most fascinating, the shadow region of sacrifice and pain where a game becomes jungle combat, and where the uglier and more painful the combat, the more glorious becomes the game. Gabriel tells of the first time he broke his nose, early in his pro career, against the Chicago Bears. Gabe went back to pass, a Bear lineman rushed, and in the ensuing melee the lineman managed to get his hand inside Gabe’s face guard. He pushed the nose to one side, breaking it.

“The pain was sharp. The worst hurt I ever have sustained on a field. But when I touched my nose, it felt numb. I thought, ‘My nose has been knocked off.’ I began looking for it on the ground.”

Dazed, Gabriel was led to the sidelines. He came

to in a matter of seconds, and when he realized the nose was still attached to his face, he asked offensive coach Don Heinrich to send him back. "Give me a play. I want to go in." So Heinrich gave him a play to call, and Gabriel went back, nose and all.

That was the most painful. The most serious was a knee injury, first suffered in an exhibition game against Cleveland five years ago. "Their linebacker blitzed and our fullback missed the block. The linebacker hit me from inside and hurt my knee. I finished the game." He hurt the same knee in a later game against San Francisco, and this time the knee locked and for a spell wouldn't unlock. The club wanted Gabe to have it operated on, but Gabriel said no, he'd play on it until it got worse. He says, with pride today, "It lasted two more years."

In a game against the Vikings in 1966, Gabe ran the ball and was hit on the same leg. The knee turned wobbly, but he finished out the last three games of the season. By this time the muscle of the leg had started to atrophy, so Gabriel consented to an operation in January of 1967. The knee has been fine since, though with Gabriel you would never know. If it hurts, he is not going to tell you.

The other hurts have been reasonably minor. Last season, in exhibitions, Gabe suffered a slight separation of the left shoulder, and then against Dallas was hit on the throwing arm at the shoulder point. "The shoulder hurt, so I started to drop my arm unconsciously when throwing, and the pain shifted to the elbow. I lost zip on the ball. The condition lasted to midseason."

In the critical Bears' game last year, Gabriel was blindsided by linebacker Jim Purnell and knocked cold. "Purnell hit me up high in the back, near the ribs. My body whiplashed, so I was probably unconscious when I hit the ground. My head glanced off a body, and then hit the ground. Nobody mentions that I completed the pass, to Willie Ellison." Gabriel was led off the field, and missed over ten minutes of play. This was the ball game the Rams lost 17-16, knocking them out of the Coastal Division title for good, so the Purnell hit may have been the single most important blow of the 1968 season. The incident has a postscript. In the offseason, Allen picked up Purnell from the Bears. When Gabriel walked into the Ram locker room at training camp this summer, Myron Pottios said, "I want you to meet Jim Purnell," and Purnell put up his hands, covering his face, shying away from Gabe. Gabriel said, "Jim, how are you?" and the two men shook hands. That was it.

The last injury of any note came in a game late in 1968, but nobody knows for sure which one. In this season's opening exhibition against Dallas, Gabe's hand was stepped on. The next day he had his hand X-rayed; it showed nothing but a bruise. It did reveal, however, two older broken bones, just healed, that had to have occurred in a game last season. Gabriel had played with the fractures, unknowing.

Like most pros, Gabriel does not shy from violence. "I enjoy violence," he says. "I am willing to get hit, and to hit people. During practice, I wish they'd permit the defensive linemen to hit the quarterback. I have to get used to getting hit. When you don't get hit in prac-

tice, you start to fear it in a regular game. You get a little too anxious to get rid of the ball, to avoid being hit."

The idea of Roman Gabriel unloading the ball to avoid being hit would seem to contradict his reputation. Game after game, Gabe is belted by linemen and by blitzing linebackers, a half ton of meat draped all over him. Somehow he stays on his feet, waiting for a receiver to break clear, before he throws. Out of such collisions has risen the legend of Gabriel's strength. It is a legend that mildly bothers the quarterback.

"I'm glad I'm strong," Gabe says, "but when that's all that people talk about, it sounds like a backhanded insult. It makes me feel like a circus freak. It's like Wilt Chamberlain, who doesn't like to be called Wilt The Stilt. I want people to notice my quickness, my flexibility. For my size, I am very quick. I work on quickness—I jump rope, play handball, things like that. I don't pit my strength against another man's, if I can help it. I'd be a fool to try. If I overpower a man, he just gets tougher and madder. I try to shed him, not overpower him. Flexibility is what gets me away from a lineman."

Not that he denies he is strong. Nor does anybody else. Harland Svare said it years ago: "No quarterback in the history of the league is as strong as Gabe." Tom Landry said it last year: "You get to him and hit him, but you don't get him down. The guy is so strong that he can throw the ball 60 yards going the wrong direction." And Gabe's own coach, George Allen, says, "Roman's tough and willing to mix it. He won't let them push him around, and nobody on the squad is in better physical shape."

Gabriel does not shirk from the physical part of the game. He still remains the kid with the stubborn temper. In a practice session in 1966 camp, Gabe was belted by 240-pound rookie defensive end Gregg Schumacher on a short yardage scrimmage play.

"Schumacher hit me on the head with his hand. I thought he'd hit me a little late, so I shoved him away. He punched me with his fist alongside the head. I punched him back, on the face mask." It ended there, but you can see the quick temper. Slow-tempered men don't punch other people on the face mask, unless they enjoy breaking their knuckles.

In a game last year against the Giants, Gabriel handed off to Dick Bass, and then as Bass was tackled, Gabe saw a Giant tug on Bass's face mask. "I ran over to an official. I yelled, 'Didn't you see him pull his face mask?' Jim Katcavage, of the Giants, came up. He said, 'Get back in your huddle!' I began to talk back to him and to the official. Finally the official said, 'Shut up, or I'll throw you out of the game.' So I shut up."

None of this is unusual. This is the way war is. Mainly, Gabriel keeps his temper under control. Part of a quarterback's success—Gabe knows—is winning the respect of your teammates. "Once you win it, the next most important thing is keeping the respect."

So Gabe does not go about blowing up, but he does let his fellow Rams know who is boss. "The first few days at summer camp," Gabe says, "the veterans were mumbling in the huddle. Finally I said, 'Shut up!' I don't allow anybody else to talk in the huddle. That's why I

stand outside the huddle so long. If somebody wants to tell me something, that's when he can talk. But once I step into the huddle, I'm the boss. That's it."

Gabriel has other ways to maintain respect. "I feel I must be in the best shape physically of any player. I must be the most mentally prepared. I learn everybody's assignment on every play. If a man is unsure of what he is supposed to do on a play, I tell him. If I don't know everybody's assignment, I don't merit the term 'leader.'"

None of this came easy. Gabriel, who dwells on his negatives, admits he had a lot to learn in all phases of pro quarterbacking. "For a while I couldn't throw as well to the left as I wanted. I never worked on it. This year, I am making an all-out effort. In the past, I would throw across my body. Now with my third or fourth step back, I start to draw my hips back, so I will be ready to throw to the left, without crossing over my body."

For years Gabe has been considered one of the slower-release quarterbacks, a man who compensated by throwing the ball harder than his contemporaries. This year Gabe appears to be falling back as fast as any quarterback in the game. In summer camp, when the Rams had all their quarterbacks—Gabriel, Karl Sweetan, and rookies Billy Guy Anderson and John Walton—Gabe was a full step faster getting set than any of the others.

Gabriel is a good student. When no coach would teach him what to do in his initial years with the Rams, Gabe studied the top quarterbacks in the league, and manufactured his style. "Today I drop back the same distance as Bart Starr. My technique in getting back, on my toes, taking short chopping steps, I copied from Unitas. The throw"—he pauses and smiles—"is Roman Gabriel."

It has been the feeling for years that the Rams have not taken full advantage of that throw. Not simply because the Rams pass slightly less often than their foes. Winners usually pass less often than losers, and the Rams have been winners these past few years. It is the loser who has to fill the air with passes. What galls Ram audiences is not so much the lack of passing, but the routineness of the attack. This year, Gabriel promises, will be different.

In summer camp, coach Allen introduced three innovations to the Ram passing attack. In one, Gabe would take the snap from center, stand erect, and instantly fire to the tight end, without dropping back a step. A second new wrinkle had Gabe sending a back in motion, and then when the ball was snapped, Gabe would step not straight back but at an angle, away from the back in motion. The purpose here was to force a linebacker to chase the man in motion, and open up the other flank for a possible option run. A third innovation is one long overdue. This season the Rams are swinging backs out of the backfield as primary receivers, hoping to isolate them one-on-one with a linebacker. "If our backs can't handle a linebacker one-on-one," says Gabriel, "then they don't belong in this league." In the past Allen had the backs swinging out, but mainly as decoys. The opposition caught on and ignored the decoy. This season, the decoy promises to turn into a wild duck.

Gabe needs these offensive wrinkles; he needs anything that will make the Ram offense more interesting, and more powerful. Gabriel is used to playing under the shadow of pro football's most savage defense. "Out here," he says, "the public is used to the Fearsome Foursome. Offensively, we are overshadowed. They are the most publicized defense, and the most publicized four men in all of football. If we win a game, the defense wins it for us. If we lose a game the offense loses it."

Winning is the thing, though, and Gabriel wants to be a winner. But lately he has come to wonder whether it is worthwhile, working so hard, and not winning by a point but losing by a point. "The past two years," he says, "I devoted myself exclusively to football. I gave up drinking beer. I became tough to live with at home. I devoted all my thoughts, everything, to football. I would think football, football. Then last season, when we didn't win, I decided to stop it. We were 10-3-1 last year and 11-1-2 the year before—good enough to win most years—but we hadn't won. I began to think of the amount of time and labor I'd spent in summer camp, all the griping and moaning, and I began to wonder whether it was worth it. This year I am more relaxed. I will have my beer once or twice a week. After a game, instead of going out with customers of the VW agency or of the travel agency, I take my wife out, and we go with the players and their wives. The wives deserve it."

But do not be deceived by the seemingly new, more casual attitude of Gabriel towards his livelihood. For he has recurrent dreams. They happen on Wednesday and Thursday nights, before the Sunday game. He dreams he is on the field, pitching strike after strike, completing 25 passes out of 25 throws, four of them for touchdowns, and the Rams win big. Amateur psychologists among you will recognize this as wish-fulfillment dreams. You will also recognize the burning desire that Roman Gabriel carries inside him. The desire to win. He has taken humiliation and a back seat; he has been booed and laughed at; as the club leader and quarterback, he has played under the shadow of a magnificent defensive platoon. Yet through it all, Roman Gabriel has done one thing steadily, even brilliantly. He has won.

And the knowledge that he is a winner is starting to buck up Roman Gabriel, inside, where you can't measure a man with scale or tape. Before this year's preseason games got underway, Roman Gabriel let it be known he was taking a different approach to the exhibition contests. In past years, Ram teams went all-out in those games, winning as many as they could, burning themselves out in the process. They had to do it that way, because—quickly—they had to live down the past ignominy. "In the past," said Roman Gabriel, "we had to prove something—that we were winners. We have nothing else to prove—not in the preseason games anyway."

In the regular games, of course, Roman Gabriel knows he and the Rams must prove everything, the only thing. They must prove not only that they can win, but they can win enough. Roman Gabriel faces the breaking point.

THE
SPORT
SPECIAL

THEY'LL NEVER FORGET

One of the finest hitters in baseball history, Joe Jackson is more often remembered for the Black Sox scandal of 1919

IN 1908, FAMED columnist Franklin P. Adams chose to glorify one of the more dashing doubleplay combinations of the day, and so he wrote a poem that included the following refrain: "These are the saddest of possible words, Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance."

It was poetic, and it scanned, but 12 years later Adams and the entire world were to hear of words a great deal sadder than those. They were spoken by a little boy, on the steps of a Chicago courthouse, while a Grand Jury was sifting through evidence that Shoeless Joe Jackson and other members of the Chicago White Sox had conspired to fix the 1919 World Series against the Cincinnati Reds. The little boy went up to Jackson and said, "Say it ain't so, Joe." Some reporters there later wrote that Shoeless Joe turned to the boy and answered, "Yes, I'm afraid it is."

And so ended, prematurely, the major-league career of one of the greatest hitters baseball has ever known. It was ended by a single act of villainy exactly 50 years ago this month. For a long time Jackson's achievements prior to the scandal were wiped clean from the record books, but eventually they were restored. And they deserved to be, for no matter what else Jackson did, he also compiled the third highest lifetime batting average in history. Ty Cobb finished at .367, Hornsby at .358 and Jackson at .356. Jackson did it with a bat he called "Black Betsy," and as a pure natural hitter he may have known no equal.

Joseph Jefferson Jackson was his real, unadorned name, and he was born on July 16, 1888, in tiny Brandon Mill, South Carolina, in a "county of cotton, corn whiskey and ignorance." Jackson was uneducated, uncouth, a man of primitive tastes and superstition—who would later collect lucky hair pins in the belief it would fatten

his batting average. When he was in his teens he held a low-paying job in a mill, near Greenville. But on Sundays, and whenever he got some time off, he ambled out to the local sandlot to play ball. He was a catcher then, because the other kids didn't like the job.

When he was 20, in the spring of 1907, he started to play semipro ball. He hired out at \$75 a month, almost double what he'd been earning in the mill, and bought a new pair of spikes and switched to the outfield.

When the new spikes began to give him blisters, Joe finally trotted out to left field in his stocking feet. The fact that the field was full of garbage, glass and rocks didn't bother him in the least. Then, later in the game, Joe hit a triple and slid into third. A fan screamed at him: "Hey, you shoeless so-and-so, what's the idea?" Thus, the origin of a nickname—one of baseball's most durable and matchless: Shoeless Joe.

Joe was a big hitter, even in those days. He batted .346 for Greenville in 1908, leading the league. His manager, Tom Stouch, contacted Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics, and Mack quickly shelled out \$325 for Jackson's contract.

After two miserable, part-time, homesick years with the A's, Joe was sold to Cleveland. With the Indians, Jackson soon got over his homesickness, and banged out 233 hits in 147 games in 1911, a record for a man in his first full season. His average was .408, but it was 12 points short of Ty Cobb, who won his fifth straight American League batting title.

The Cobb-Jackson batting race was one of those natural rivalries that helped spice baseball. Whenever the Indians and the Tigers met during 1911, Cobb and Jackson, who were not exactly compatible, exchanged insults.

With a couple of weeks remaining,



the two met before the start of a series in Cleveland. Glowering as only he could, Cobb snarled at Joe: "Too bad, kid, you didn't come up in the other league."

"I don't see much wrong with this," Joe drawled. "I'm doin' purty good here, ain't I?"

"Sure," said Cobb. "But if you came up in the other league, you would have walked off with the batting championship. In this league you're just second best."

Cobb and Jackson continued their battle through the next three years, with Cobb always coming out on top, despite the fact that Jackson had hit .395 in 1912, .373 in '13 and .338 in 1914.

To add to his frustrations, Joe remained the butt of the loudmouths and bench jockeys who considered him fair game. One day, a tormentor conducted a spelling bee each time Jackson came to bat. "Hey, Joe," the guy would yell, "how do you spell jack-ass?"

Shoeless Joe generally treated the taunts with silence or, at the most, a squirt of tobacco juice. He felt the best way to take care of the jockeys was with "Black Betsy." This time in the ninth inning, with the score tied, Joe

SHOELESS JOE

By RAY ROBINSON

untied it with a home run. As he came trotting around third base, he peered into the dugout.

"Hey, boy," he shouted, "how do you spell home run?"

In 1915, Charles Comiskey, determined to build a winner in Chicago, pried Jackson loose from the Indians for \$15,000, two outfielders and a pitcher named Ed Klepfer. Jackson, despite having his poorest season (.301), made the trade pay off two years later by helping to lead Chicago to a pennant. In 1919, he did it again, this time with a .351 average, and Chicago went into the Series a heavy favorite over the Reds.

The tendency these days, a half-century later, is to try to remove the stigma from Shoeless Joe's name. After all, the apologists say, Joe didn't know what he was doing. He was a country boy, unused to the ways of the big-city gamblers. And, after all, hadn't he hit for a .375 average in that Series, with 12 hits, including three doubles and the only home run anyone hit? And hadn't he knocked in six runs, scored five and played errorless ball in the field?

All that is fine and would have gone a long way in clearing his name, except that Jackson did make one confession. It was a single utterance, in which Jackson confided that Claude Williams, a lefthanded pitcher also involved in the scandal, had slipped \$5000, in a "dirty envelope," under Joe's pillow. Jackson never did say whether the act was committed while he slept or while he was out on the field rapping the Cincinnati pitchers around.

But, insisted Joe, "that was all I ever got. I raised a howl as the games went on, but it never got me anywhere. I was hog-tied. I couldn't do anything about it."

Sad to say, there was never any honest remorse from Shoeless Joe. He seemed angry only because all of the

money that had been promised to him by gamblers, con-men and go-betweens, never wound up in his hands. As one of the highest paid players on the White Sox, Jackson made about \$12,000 in 1919, some \$6000 more than he had ever made before, and certainly more than anyone else on the Sox, with the exception of Eddie Collins, the team captain, who earned \$14,500.

It is ironic that this White Sox team could play as well as it did. It was split into two groups. There were the fixers: Jackson, pitchers Ed Cicotte and Claude Williams, third-baseman Buck Weaver, centerfielder Happy Felsch, first-baseman Chick Gandil, shortstop Swede Risberg and utility man Fred McMullin, and the non-fixers: Collins, pitcher Dicky Kerr who won two games in that Series, pitcher Red Faber, catcher Ray Schalk and outfielders Shano Collins and Nemo Leibold. "Time after time," said Eddie Collins, "they were close to open fist-fighting among themselves. Still they won the pennant going away."

But in the Series the Reds beat them five games to three.

Shoeless Joe did have some sympathizers after the scandal broke. Among them was Grantland Rice, who wrote: "For some reason or other, I have always had more sympathy for Shoeless Joe than for all the other offenders."

Neither that nor the fact that Jackson and Cicotte both later reneged on their confessions swayed baseball commissioner Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Landis, whether the Grand Jury acquitted the eight or not, had already banned the players from the game. "Regardless of the verdict of juries," said Landis, "no player who throws a ballgame, no player who undertakes or promises to throw a ballgame, no player who sits in conference with a bunch of crooked players and

gamblers where the ways and means of throwing a game are discussed and does not promptly tell about it, will ever play professional baseball."

To the illiterate Shoeless Joe, who couldn't read the statement, it was the end of his challenge to Ty Cobb, and the finish of a career that, under less shabby circumstances, would have inevitably gained him admission to baseball's Hall of Fame.

Several years after his exile, Joe was still shuffling around in the semi-pro leagues of the South. Even at the age of 40, Jackson retained the hope that Judge Landis would relent and let him play for a year or so.

There were frequent petitions to Landis, generally collected among Joe's friends and admirers in Greenville. But the judge would not forgive and forget.

In 1928 Jackson opened a dry-cleaning shop. Then he moved on to a barbecue stand and finally a liquor store. When strangers dropped down to visit or chat about the old days and the scandal, he always made it clear he'd done nothing wrong.

"I never threw nuthin'," he'd insist. And the visitors never got tired of listening to his version of the fix. It was apparent that, with the passage of time, Joe's self-righteousness had mounted, along with his steadfast belief in his own lack of guilt. Gone too, apparently, was the memory of a confession.

Many years after the 1919 Series, Ty Cobb visited Joe's store. The two just chatted for a while, and throughout the conversation Joe gave the impression that he didn't recognize the man who'd robbed him of so many batting titles.

Finally Cobb said, "Don't you know me, Joe?"

"Sure, I know you," said Jackson. "But I didn't think you wanted to know me after all these years. I didn't want to embarrass you."

A FRESH START IN ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from page 55)

hours ballplayers live, breakfast is my only big meal."

The dried-out remains of a half-eaten birthday cake sat on a table. The day before had been his 31st birthday. The hotel sent him the cake. A few players had stopped in to eat some of it with him, then had gone on their ways. He had been alone before we arrived and would be alone after we left. A ballplayer's life is a lonely one on the road, and it's even lonelier for Pinson at home because his family was staying in Oakland, where he makes his permanent home. "I don't believe in bouncing my family around like gypsies," he explained.

There was another reason, too. "The only decent place we could find that would take Negroes for six months without a lease wanted \$600 a month without furniture," he says. "With furniture, forget it." So he brought his wife and four children to St. Louis for two weeks in June, shuttling between his small apartment downtown and the motel rooms he rented for them.

His gaunt face grew wistful as he spoke of his family. "I have three girls and a boy and I'm not getting to see them grow up," he said. "I lose the little pleasures of it. A boy, he needs a man, but I'm not there to help him. He's five now and when he played in a father-and-son game, I was surprised to see he was lefthanded. I remembered he used to do things with both hands, but I didn't realize he'd settled on his left hand like his old man." Vada grunted a little laugh, shaking his head at the shame of not knowing. "The oldest girl—she's eight—she cries when I leave home now. She asks me why I can't stay home like other fathers. I feel bad, I feel bad for my wife, too. It's all on her."

Vada pushed away the tray of food and stretched out on the bed, looking at the ceiling, which was spider-webbed with faint cracks in the plaster. He spoke of things he did not like about being a professional ballplayer. He spoke about long road-trips, of living out of suitcases and long stretches without a single day or night off and the long season filled with air flights, which he dreads. He tries to sleep the flights away, but the playful Cards won't let him. One will peer into his sunglasses and shout, "Hey, Vada, you asleep?" "Oh, man," he sighs. He especially dislikes takeoffs and landings, sharp changes of direction and lightning storms.

"One time," he remembered, "lightning hit us. Boom! The stewardess flopped in the aisle near me. I reached out to help her up. Lightning hit us again. Boom! I said, 'Lady, you're on your own,' and settled back in my seat. I didn't say anything else. What's there to say when the end is near? But we made it. Lee May was so scared he didn't move after we landed. I laughed at him. I said, 'We're on the good earth, baby. Forget it.' But I never forgot it."

He sighs and says, "There are bad things. The worst is being apart from my family and being lonely. But I can stand

to be by myself some and I don't want to complain. This is the way it is and there are worse ways to go. And I picked this life for myself. The only other thing I could do as a boy was play the trumpet. Mercy, is the life of a jazz musician any better? No way. This is what I do best and I enjoy most of it. I enjoy the playing. Every game, every season is different. The companionship of the guys is great. And it pays good."

He makes about \$65,000 a season. Off-season he has been working in the Oakland area as a counselor and a spokesman for the Job Corps. He has no major investments and no major businesses, though he and a businessman friend are seeking such now. "I've set up trust funds for my kids' future. Now I have to look out for my future," he says. "But I'll play baseball as long as I can get by. And if they have a place for me somewhere, I'll stay in the game after I'm done playing, too."

His memories of his Cincinnati years are a mixture of the bitter and the sweet. The achievements on the field were substantial. He left the Reds with a lifetime average of .297, and there were years when he led the team—and the league—in such categories as hits and triples. In 1961, when the Reds won the pennant, he batted .343 and led the league with 208 hits. After the pennant-clinching, there was a celebration. He and Frank Robinson were swept into a bar downtown. But the owner blocked the way.

"This is a respectable place," he said.

Someone told the owner, "That's Pinson and Robinson." Suddenly, they were welcome.

"We just went our way," Pinson said, "but steaming, hurt inside, you know."

But not all of the trouble took place within Cincinnati's city limits. Vada remembers the nightmare of taking spring training at the Reds' base in Tampa, Florida. He remembers how the black players were subjected to segregated rooming, dining and toilet facilities. "The ballclub didn't protect its black players or treat them equally," he says. "It's changing now, but a lot of it is still up front."

He feels the Reds never took the time and trouble to know him in Cincinnati. In fact, when Jimmy Dykes took over as manager, he thought Vada was Spanish. He spoke to Vada in broken English—"You go up. You try move men around." Vada figured the guy had a speech impediment until he heard him talking naturally to other players. Vada went up to him then and said, "Mr. Dykes, my father was born in Mississippi, my mother in Tennessee. I was born in Tennessee. How much more American can a person be?" Dykes was so embarrassed he didn't speak to Pinson for a week.

Perhaps because of his name and appearance, which might suggest Latin influence, Vada still sometimes is assumed to be Spanish. When he joined the Cards, announcer Jack Buck greeted him, "Como esta, amigo." Vada has fun playing the gag along, referring to a Mexican friend as his "cousin." This season, Nel-

son Briles remarked on how well Vada spoke English. Vada explained that he had been taught at a mission school by a kindly padre.

Perhaps because he is considered Latin, he has been considered lazy. He is not a rah-rah guy who runs on and off the field, the first to arrive and the last to leave. He does things in a business-like, unspectacular manner—almost every season hitting between 15 and 25 home runs and driving home between 75 and 100 runs.

But maybe that hasn't been enough.

He came up with great speed and a great arm and a great swing and good power and Warren Giles said he might become the best baseball has ever seen and Jimmy Dykes said he was one in a million and some said he was the new Willie Mays and others said he would be baseball's next .400 hitter. After that, it was, "Will Pinson ever fulfill his potential?"

One year he drove in 106 runs and when he asked Bill DeWitt for a raise, the general manager said the year he'd had would have been good for someone else but wasn't good for him. Vada steamed up and said, "I'm not someone else. I'm not Willie Mays and I'm not Frank Robinson. I'm Vada Pinson and the year I had was a good one, period." Another season, the more spectacular Robinson was out and Pinson carried the club, and when he went in to talk contract, Phil Seghi, the assistant general manager, complained that Vada had spent too much time in the clubhouse. "Here I had done it all and this man said that," Pinson sighs. "I asked him if that was all he had to say to me. I suggested we look in the walls for something more bad to say about me. I reminded him I was always there when they threw the first pitch."

Because the team lost with winning talent, Pinson was branded a loser. "How could we win?" he asks. "We had seven managers in my ten seasons with Cincinnati and none of them were permitted to manage by the general managers, Gabe Paul, Bill DeWitt and Bob Howsam. One day in San Francisco we were losing 17 to something and Phil Seghi got a call from Cincy, where the game was on TV, telling him the Giants were stealing our signals, and he came running down from the press box to the dugout to tell us we had to change our signals right in the middle of the game."

"At the All-Star break one year, Don Heffner said, 'As long as I'm managing this team, I'll do things my way.' That was the last thing he said because the next day he wasn't managing the team anymore. Two managers, Birdie Tebbets and Fred Hutchinson, got sick there. Hutch did win a pennant before he died. Dick Sisler almost won another and got fired for failing. He got a raw deal and so did most of the others. I'm going to write a book about my experiences on that club."

All the time he was on the club he says, they kept trying to break up the Pinson-Robinson friendship, because

they were considered bad influences on each other. Both got into scrapes—Robinson with a gun, Pinson with his hands. Vada had two headlined fights with Cincinnati sportswriter Earl Lawson. "I've suffered unfairly for these things," Pinson says. "The ballclub didn't stand up for me. Only Robinson. Later, Lawson asked me to a dinner and I went. I don't carry grudges. In ten years, those were my only times of trouble. Yet ever since I've never had a good press. And some writers are even afraid to speak to me. The fact is, I'm good with writers. Why it was even a writer who told me I'd been traded. After ten years, the ballclub didn't tell me.

"I wasn't surprised. I expected it. Ten years is as long as anyone has stayed in Cincinnati in recent years. My time was up. This is a brutal, cold game. Managers get fired and players get traded. They use you and when you're used up they pass you on like a used car. Hours after I found out I was being passed on, Tom Seeborg, the Cincinnati publicity man, called me. He said Howsam hadn't called me because he didn't know my number. How did Seeborg know my number then? Anyway, Howsam found my number and called me later. He said, 'I want to thank you for all your years in Cincinnati.' And I said, 'Well, look, Bob, I want to thank you for what you've just done for me, trading me to St. Louis.'"

Pinson stood up and went to the window. He said, "I meant that. It was a great thing for me. It gave me a fresh start. It didn't take me long to see St. Louis was a class organization, which Cincinnati never was. I don't want to move on again. I want to finish my career with St. Louis. I think I've got some good years left in me. I still have goals. I started this season needing 119 hits for 2000 in my career. I always wanted 3000. I really think I may be able to stay around long enough to get them. I've got a thousand runs. I'll soon have a thousand RBIs. I'd like to hike my lifetime above .300. This is a team game. I don't care if I never get the individual credit I deserve so long as I can contribute to my team. But I do have pride in my career."

Leaving his lonely room behind, he headed for the ballpark. He seemed to brighten as he got closer. "It's not all an easy life being a ballplayer, but it's the life I know. I'm programmed for it," he smiled. "At my age, I've lost half a step maybe, but I'm smarter than I was, which maybe should make up for it. No matter how long you play and how well you do, you're on trial every game, every season, but I'm used to it. I'm used to the pressure. I hear talk I'm on the down side. I hear talk the Cardinals made a bad trade for me. It's a challenge. Mercy, it perks me up. I want to win. On this club, I can win."

Neatly dressed in sports clothes, the slim veteran entered the Cardinal clubhouse. One player looked up from a newspaper and said, "Hey, Vada, Earl Lawson writes here if Bob Toland had stayed with the Cardinals he'd have become a black Stan Musial." And another player said, "Aw, come on, you know Vada's happy being a pale Willie Mays."

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R.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE JET WHO MUST JUMP HIGHER

(Continued from page 50)

got a lot of money and they were not that good. Some of them didn't even make it that first year."

That year—1964—Matt Snell of Ohio State was the Jets' first draft choice and he got \$25,000. "I didn't get anywhere near that," Gerry says, sighing. The sum was nearer \$9000 at a time when rookies were picking off thousand-dollar bills like apples off trees.

Gerry reported to the Jets' camp that summer with a right arm in a sling after separating a shoulder in the coaches' All-America game the month before. In pre-season games he played with a harness that kept him from raising his arm above his shoulder. But in the Jets' opening regular-season game, Gerry started at left defensive end.

He missed much of that 1964 season, though, the shoulder aching. After the season surgeons knitted together the separation and Gerry came back to win the job he has held ever since. When he talks about that job, it is in the easy, practiced way of an after-dinner speaker, which is no surprise: Gerry holds the unofficial record on the Jets for speaking at off-season banquets.

He is often called upon to explain the mechanics of his job. "With the big tackles who aren't quick," he says, "I give them moves and try to go outside. With the smaller ones, who are quick and still outweigh me by ten pounds or more, I try to fake them off-balance and run by them."

"As a rookie you are leery of all those superstars you have read about so much," he says. "That wears off during the first season. In the second season you are learning the techniques and wondering if you can do all those complicated things. By the third year you're no longer wondering: Can I? Now you want to go out there and prove you can do it. That's the whole thing in pro football—learning how to do it, then going out there with the confidence you can do it."

What bothers Gerry a little, he was saying as we sat in the Goal Posts, is hearing people say the front four didn't have a good day if the opposing quarterback never got dumped.

In last season's AFL championship game, the Jet front four—Philbin, Paul Rochester, Biggs and John Elliott—knocked down Oakland's Daryle Lamonica only once. "But we had our hands in his face, had him running out of the pocket and throwing off-balance all day," Gerry said, a little heat in his voice. "We'd like to think we were an important factor in the passes he didn't complete." Lamonica threw 47, completed only 20, and the Jets beat Oakland for the AFL title, 27-23.

In the Super Bowl the Jet front four never dumped Unitas or Morrall. "But we forced them out of the pocket three times and tackled them for no gain or a loss," Gerry said. "And on the three interceptions that Morrall threw, I'd like to think again we were partly responsible because we had our hands in his face."

As a member of the AFL's first Super Bowl champions, Gerry was suddenly

getting a lot of national recognition this fall, so much so that his name was coupled with Willie Mays, of all people. With Mays and ex-Yankee shortstop Phil Rizzuto, Gerry has helped to organize Sports Satellite Corporation. Its purpose is to find money-making opportunities for athletes on TV commercials and in newspaper and magazine ads, as well as in franchises, like Namath's Broadway Joe Restaurants. And with Namath and several other Jets, Gerry is a part owner of Isabella Farms, Inc., a 235-acre farm in Puerto Rico. Any son of Mrs. Philbin works as hard off the field as he does on the field.

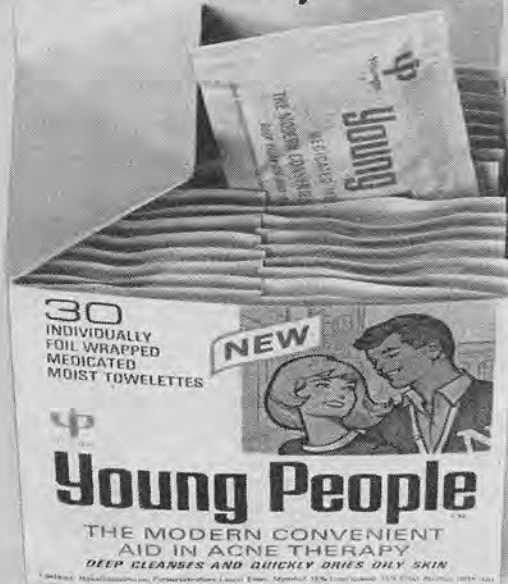
A little later, as I was leaving the Goal Posts, I reminded Gerry about that near-fight with Matt Snell. "I was glad you didn't fight him," I said. "I was worried about where to hide on that plane when you two big guys started to slug it out."

He laughed, putting up a big hand in mock protest. "Remember what I told you," he said. "I try to be a gentleman off the field, an animal on the field."

"It still seems quite a contrast," I said. "The animal defensive end and the gentleman host."

"I get paid to do both," he said, smiling, the white teeth showing only a little.

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BEST OF THE NEW GUNS

(Continued from page 65)

shortest of any American-made center-fire. The result of all this is accuracy that is a bargain at the gun's modest price of \$94.95. And, in the 6mm Remington caliber (it also comes in .308 in the left-hand version, plus .222, .22/250, .30/30 and .44 Magnum in the right-hand version), it can dispatch varmints and venison with equal aplomb.

The 788 has a 22-inch barrel, a three-shot detachable clip and a weight of 7¼ pounds. The front sight is a blade on a serrated, detachable ramp, and the rear is a U-notch that can be adjusted for windage and elevation. The stock is plain American walnut with a Monte Carlo comb.

BIG GAME: 1969 has been a bonanza year for hunters in search of a rifle for trophy-sized game. Several fine weapons fall into this category; alphabetically, they are as follows:

Ithaca—of shotgun and .22 fame—has imported two new guns. These are the LSA-55 Standard and the LSA-55 Deluxe. Both are the same in barrel, action and available calibers, differing only in price and stock styles. These Ithacas utilize a medium-length, bolt-action with a chromed handle and bright-polished bolt, plus integral scope blocks and an adjustable trigger. Calibers include .22/250, 6mm, .243 and .308. The magazine has a hinged floorplate and holds four cartridges in all calibers. Barrel length is 23 inches and weight is 6½ pounds. Sights are a hooded bead on a ramp and an open rear that's adjustable for windage and elevation.

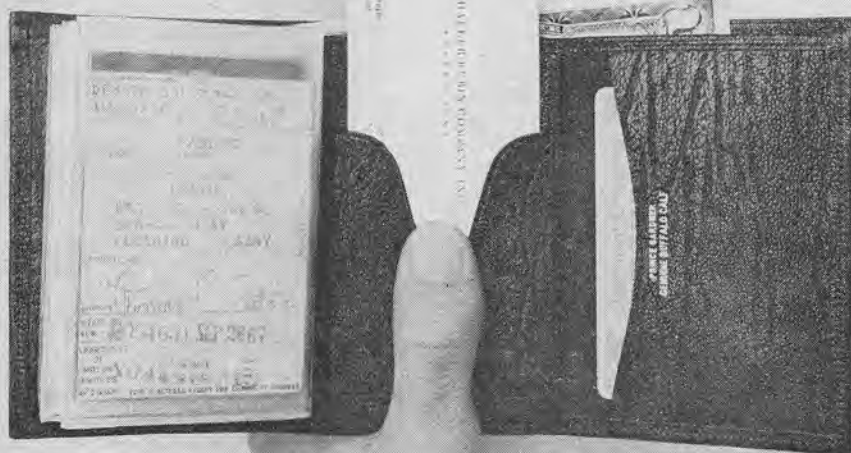
On the LSA-55 Standard, the stock is walnut with a Monte Carlo comb and cheekpiece, plus detachable sling swivels. The price for this model is \$159.95. The LSA-55 Deluxe is stocked in French walnut, has hand-checkering, a contrasting wood fore-end tip and pistol-grip cap, a Monte Carlo comb and roll-over cheekpiece and a thick rubber recoil pad. It goes for \$199.95.

The bolt-action has been around for a long time, and becomes more refined as the years go by. The latest variation on this 70-year-old theme consists of the Husqvarna 8000 and 9000, imported by Tradewinds. These rifles are nearly identical except for price and accoutrements. The receiver of each gun is smooth and sleek, and the bolt moves with no friction or drag, due to rails in the receiver wall on which it rides and thus keeps from binding or hanging up.

Both guns come in .270, .30/06, 7mm Magnum and .300 Magnum; the action-contained magazine holds three shots in the Magnum calibers, four in the standard. The barrel is 23¾ inches long, and both the 8000 and 9000 weigh just under seven pounds. The 9000, the plainer of the two, has a silver-bead front sight and an open rear that's adjustable for windage. The 8000 has no iron sights, because a scope is required to realize its full potential. Both rifles have European walnut stocks, Monte Carlo combs, cheekpieces and hand-checkering. However, the 8000 sports a fancy grade of French walnut. Both have white-line

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spacers, rosewood fore-end tips and pistol-grip caps. The price of the 9000 is \$172.50, and the 8000 goes for \$228.50. If your local dealer doesn't normally carry Husqvarna rifles, you can have him write to Tradewinds, Inc., Box 1191, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

There has been a Winchester Model 70 around a long time, and recently the company introduced a new version of this famous bolt-action—the Model 770. This newcomer is simply the Model 70 action and barrel with a few less refinements, a lower polish, plainer stock and an appealing price tag. In standard calibers (.222, .22/250, .243, .270, .308 and .30/06) it costs a very reasonable \$139.95. In .264, 7mm or .300 Magnum, it's \$154.95.

In standard calibers, the 770 has a 22-inch barrel, holds four shots (three in .222), weighs a shade over seven pounds and has a plain walnut stock with impressed checkering and a Monte Carlo comb. The Magnum version holds three shots, has a 24-inch tube, weighs 7½ pounds and sports a rubber recoil pad. The sights on both are hooded-head fronts with open rears that are adjustable for windage and elevation.

HANDGUNS

This year, the Colt Trooper Mark III

heads the list as a handgun for varmints and medium-sized big game. Although originally intended for police use, this arm will do a fine job for the sportsman. It comes with a four- or six-inch barrel topped by a vent rib, is chambered for the .357 Magnum, has a fully adjustable rear target sight and a "quick-draw" blade front sight and optional target grips. But what makes the Trooper Mark III really interesting is that its internal mechanism is greatly simplified over that of the usual double-action revolver, and is thus far less likely to develop faulty timing or similar mechanical difficulties.

The Mark III holds six shots, has checkered walnut grips and weighs 42 ounces. It can be purchased with a wide target-style trigger, target grips and a wide target hammer (\$140) or with service-type grips and a regular hammer (\$130).

This year a brand new handgun company was formed—Dan Wesson Arms—which is producing a most unusual double-action .357 Magnum revolver. Labeled the Model 12, this gun features an interchangeable 2½-, four-, five- or six-inch barrel. In either of the latter two lengths, it would make a dandy gun for the sportsman. The arm has a blade front sight that can be adjusted for elevation, and a choice between a target or

a service-type rear sight that is adjustable for windage. The hammer fall is very short, making for good accuracy; the grips are checkered walnut and the finish is a glossy blue. The Model 12 weighs 35 ounces with a four-inch barrel and costs \$99.50.

SHOTGUNS

UPLAND HUNTING AND SKEET:

In recent years, as the costs of labor and materials spiraled upward, gun companies began to realize that to sell American hunters a good double shotgun at prices they could afford, they'd have to get it made in another country. So Savage did, adding a Finnish-made shotgun to its line that sells for \$199.50. This arm, named the Model 330 and chambered for standard 12-gauge loads only, has a single selective trigger and comes in a choice of standard barrel-length and choke combinations. The European walnut stock is hand-checked, and all metal surfaces are blued, making for a conservative, elegant appearance. The 330 weighs an even seven pounds. This is a field gun, plain and simple, which will last longer than you will and won't eat up your life's savings. It's a good bet for most upland birds—pheasant, grouse, chukar partridge, Hungarian partridge, quail, sage grouse, etc. With a fairly open choke and short barrel, it can also break a lot of clay targets.

But if you want something fancier, Savage can oblige with the Italian-made Model 444, a \$289.50 firearm that comes in 12-gauge only. This over/under is chambered for standard-length shells, comes in a choice of standard barrel lengths and chokes, has a vent rib with a bead front sight, and has an automatic safety. A single selective trigger and automatic ejectors are featured. The stock is hand-checked French walnut, and the receiver has attractive gold-filled engraving. The 444 weighs 6½ pounds.

This seems to be the year of the south-paw. Winchester has decided to offer a lefthanded version of its Model 1400 autoloading shotgun with the ejection port on the left side. Three versions of this auto are available: The Field Grade sells for \$184.95; the Trap Grade costs \$219.95 and the Skeet Grade is \$209.95. All three guns are available in 12-gauge only, and come with standard barrel lengths and chokes. These guns have vent ribs, and the field and trap guns have recoil pads (the trap gun has a Monte Carlo stock). Weight ranges from 6½ to eight pounds, depending on stock dimensions and style. Magazine capacity is two, and the stocks have impressed checkering.

For some years, Mossberg has been offering several versions of a simple, rugged, reliable, modestly priced pump-action shotgun called the Model 500, and each new addition to the 500 series seems to upgrade the line a bit. Prices range from a mere \$87.75 for a plain field grade to \$134 for a good trap model. The latest in the line, listing for \$150, commemorates Mossberg's first half-century in the gun business. Called the 50th Anniversary Pigeon Grade Model 500AA, it's a deluxe edition of the 12-gauge standard 500 and is available in

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field, skeet and trap styles. Features include a roll-engraved receiver and selected, hand-checked walnut stock. The off-side of the receiver bears the "50th Anniversary" emblem in gold, and there's a second gold inlay in the pistol-grip cap. There's a ventilated rib, of course, and it sports a red front and middle bead. Standard on all 500s is a sliding top-tang safety that's as handy and reliable as a safety can be.

To complete the upland-and-skeet category, we must add that Remington is beginning to distribute the Model 870 pump-action and the Model 1100 auto in matched pairs of 28-gauge and .410 guns. These will be in Skeet Grade, and will feature a Match Weight cap which screws onto the forearm and can be filled with shot to match the weight of a small-bore gun to that of a 12-gauge Model 870 or 1100. We've fired both guns and

they're superb. Remington will probably get the guns to the dealers by the time you read this. A matched pair of 1100s, in a luggage-type case, will cost \$495; matched 870s will cost \$395.

WATERFOWL AND TRAP: Once more, Savage takes the prize with the Model 440-T shotgun, a trap version of the over/unders previously described. This arm is a 12-gauge gun with 30-inch barrels chambered for standard-length shells and choked modified and full. Such a firearm is as much at home in a duck and goose blind as on a trap field. Standard equipment includes an extra-wide vent rib, dual bead sights, a single selective trigger, beavertail forearm, recoil pad, engraved receiver and Monte Carlo comb. The 440 Trap weighs 7½ pounds and costs \$285. That, friends, is a reasonable price for a really good over/under trap or waterfowl gun. ■

THE SPORT BOOK BONUS: COWBOYS' LAMENT

(Continued from page 59)

I had earned more than that." Another pause. "I just don't understand the man."

Finally, Craig said, "I guess if I were running the team, that's the way I'd have to do it, all right. Jerry *should* have his chance. We've been in the same boat all along, and what the hell is No. 2? The only thing I'm interested in is No. 1. Starting. Screw the second half, or the other bits and pieces you get in the season. I can see what Landry figures—in this game you've got to go on proving yourself time after time. Jerry's a good quarterback, but it's no secret I think I'm a better one. I don't mind proving it again."

"You feel like you can be a starter right now," I said. It wasn't a question.

"Damn right. I learned more last year starting three games than I did the first two years put together. I agree with most of what Landry says. It may hurt if a quarterback is rushed into games before he is ready—over the long haul I mean it will hurt him. Look at Randy Johnson at Atlanta. He's got a lot of potential, but it could be he's so shell-shocked now he'll *never* be any good. But I don't agree with Landry's theory that it takes five years for a quarterback to win in this league. That's okay if he's talking about just anybody, but I don't believe it about me."

"Next year," I said, "you'll probably have Staubach churning up your backside."

Morton grunted. "I've played with him and against him. He's a fine person, and I hope he makes it. But I'll have five years on him when he arrives, and I'm one guy who knows what that five years means."

"Three years," I said. "Landry says it'll only take Staubach three. That works out so when Meredith hangs 'em up, Staubach can take over."

"Beautiful," Morton said. "I'm glad you figured that out."

JULY 31

Four players were cut yesterday and three more have to be cut by tomorrow to meet the NFL August 1 limit of 60.

The club would have had to cut a fourth man tomorrow, but traded Coy Bacon this morning to the Rams.

"It's not a bad deal for the Rams," Brandt was saying in the dining hall. "Bacon can't learn Tom's coordinated defense, but he's hell when you turn him loose and let him blow and go."

"We got a fifth-round draft choice for him," general manager Tex Schramm said, "if he makes their club, becomes active."

"Oh, he'll make it," Brandt said. "Deacon's still a holdout and Lamar Lundy's got the bad knee. They'll probably use Bacon Thursday night against the Saints."

"Does he know about it yet?" I said. "No," Schramm said. "Tom's going to send him over this afternoon."

Landry got up from the end of the table and as he walked past Bacon he put a hand on his shoulder. You could see his lips move: "See me when you get through."

Bacon stared at Landry as the coach walked to the buffet table and selected a peach and a plum. Bacon continued staring as Landry climbed the steps and disappeared toward the front door.

"Well," said Schramm, "there goes Bacon's lunch."

AUGUST 2

We flew to Akron, Ohio, for the annual Hall of Fame game, and then drove by bus to Canton, the site of the game. On the bus David McDaniels, the rookie receiver from Mississippi Valley, inspired sympathy as he sat there alone, staring out the window. I sat down next to him and he smiled tentatively when I said hello. "How's training camp so far?" I asked.

"Beautiful," he said. "Everybody wants to help me—Raymond Berry, all the coaches, all the veterans. I worked so hard to get here, and I was afraid so much how it would be... Now if I can stay and be a Cowboy, I'll have everything I ever wanted."

McDaniels' feelings poured out as though an emotional faucet had just been turned on. "I started running every

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day at Mississippi Valley soon as the Cowboys drafted me. I did the wrong thing—I ran with weights around my shoes. It was supposed to make me fly when I came to Dallas to get timed. It didn't do anything like it. I felt like I was 80 years old running 40 yards. But one thing I will do, I will listen. I will do anything they tell me. Raymond had a talk with me in Dallas. He said he'd seen from some of my films that I dropped passes. He told me I ought to keep a football in my room, I even ought to sleep with a ball. Every night I'd lay in bed and toss the ball up to the ceiling, thinking about the Cowboys until I got sleepy."

I asked McDaniels if Berry had told him he would be used tomorrow against the Bears. "Yes, but I'm not thinking about that yet," he said. "I won't start thinking about it until noon tomorrow, 'cause when I start thinking about it I will throw up."

"Oh, yes. I always get an awful stomach before a game. The first game I ever played in at Mississippi Valley—I was a freshman—I was sweating so much, water was running off my fingers. And this was *winter*. You know how cold it can get in Mississippi? Go right through you? We were playing Jackson State, and they were all *big*. I'd never been hit on a football field except by high-school players. I just knew when one of those men hit me it was going to hurt. Third play of the game, our flankerback broke his collarbone. The coach yelled, 'Give me an end!' I was an end, so before I knew what I was doing, I was out on the field. I was so scared they had to tell me, exact, what to do every play. Then I caught a pass and got hit—and I *froze*. I couldn't get up, and when they helped me up I couldn't walk. They sorta carried me off the field. I got over that, but I still throw up. You know about Mississippi Valley?"

"It's in Itta Bena, that's all I know."

"Mississippi Valley is beautiful. It's beautiful because of all the beautiful girls. Mississippi girls are the softest, sweetest girls in the world. That's what I think about when I get homesick for school—the girls. Just to look at 'em. I married one for my own."

SEPTEMBER 4

The moment of truth is much rougher for a veteran to accept than a rookie. The moment arrived for Larry Stephens today and the shock was written all over his face: After eight seasons as a pro, four seasons at the University of Texas, three seasons at Angleton, Texas, high school, he was through with football.

"That's an awful lot of years," Stephens said. "Hell, it's just *all* my life."

The team was on the practice field and I had come back into the locker room when I saw Stephens down at the far end of the aisle, cleaning out his locker.

"I waited outside," he said, "until I was sure all the guys were on the field. I don't feel like seeing any of them right now."

Stephens started on the left side at defensive end when I began covering the Cowboys in '64. He had a brilliant understanding of Landry's defense and could play any of the front four positions without error. But this club has finally passed

him by, and I wondered all summer why he hadn't realized this and retired to his profitable warehouse storage business in Dallas.

"They're going for the title," he said, "and I thought they'd rate experience higher than they'd rate rookies." Stephens' eyes were beginning to look a little watery as he pulled stuff out of his locker. I told him I'd call him during the season and find out how it was to watch a football game from the stands for the first time in 15 years. Then I excused myself to check with trainer Larry Gardner on something.

"Stephens is taking it pretty hard," I told Gardner.

"Don't they all?" he said. "The coaches wrote him off when he didn't report to camp in shape."

"Larry has probably reported out of shape every year since high school," I said.

"Well, he won't anymore," said Gardner.

SEPTEMBER 22

The signal fact for me about any Cowboys-Browns game is that Bob Lilly strongly dislikes Frank Ryan. It stems from a column Ryan's wife Joan wrote for the Cleveland Plain Dealer in 1966, to the effect that Dallas opponents believe "Meredith is a loser." She quoted her husband as objecting to that harsh opinion, but the damage was done, particularly when I reprinted the salient points in the Dallas paper. Meredith may have made the issue more bitter by going up to Cleveland that Sunday and getting three passes intercepted by Ross Fichtner.

At the end of that season I was with Lilly and Andrie at a party following the Pro Bowl in LA and Ryan joined us at the bar. Ryan started arguing with me about the journalistic propriety of my using his wife's story; he thought it was illegal. When Ryan was called away to answer a phone, Lilly turned to me and said, "I don't like that guy. I'm going to get him."

I thought of that this past Sunday when, in another Cleveland-Dallas game, Lilly separated Ryan from the ball and Willie Townes picked it up and ran it 20 yards for a touchdown. It gave Dallas a 14-0 lead on the way to a 28-7 victory. Townes got a lot of mileage out of the run: "They used to call me Baby Cakes, now it's Twinkle Toes."

THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS

From page 12

1 Hack Wilson. 2 b. 3 a. 4 a. 5 True. 6 b. 7 c. 8 b. 9 a. 10 b. 11 McGraw—Frank; Morton—Wycliffe; Oliva—Pedro; Francona—John. 12 Ty Cobb. 13 a. 14 a. 15 b. 16 Lemm—Cardinals; Gillman—Rams; Ewbank—Colts; Wilson—Lions.

It seemed a game to savor for Meredith and Townes, but they never would have known it from Landry's comments during the films of the game.

"Tom really let me have it yesterday when we went over the films," Meredith told me. "Me and Willie."

"What about?"

"Me, play selection. Willie everything."

"You got 346 total offense," I said.

"Tom likes 500 better."

"And I just came from the office—Willie's going to be AP lineman of the week."

"They didn't ask Tom to vote on that," Meredith said.

DECEMBER 21

With three plays, and within the space of 200 seconds, the Browns won the Eastern Conference championship from the Cowboys today, 31-20. Leroy Kelly, all alone on the ten-yard line, caught a 45-yard touchdown pass to tie the score 10-10 at halftime. On the first play of the second half, Meredith threw toward the left sideline for Hayes, but Cleveland linebacker Dale Lindsey leaped high to tip up the ball, catch it and run 27 yards untouched. Meredith's next pass bounced off Rentzel's hands to Cleveland cornerback Ben Davis, and then Kelly ran right end 35 yards for a touchdown. With the Browns now leading, 24-10, Landry replaced Meredith with Morton; the game, the title, the season were lost beyond recall.

In the sweaty locker room, Meredith was ringed by writers. He was dressing hurriedly, not looking at them, and simply shaking his head from side to side. Finally, he said, "Fellas, I just can't talk about it. There's nothing I can say."

I walked outside, got on one of the team buses and sat down next to Hayes. "Sure had me a happy birthday, didn't I?" he said. "If they'd throw to the Y end some, we'd win some of these games. Davis played on top of me all day."

Hayes is the Y end. He meant that Cleveland defensive back Ben Davis was playing him so close, it was a simple matter for him to get open.

"What do you think of our No. 1 quarterback?" Hayes said.

"I think this game finishes him," I said. "It doesn't matter any more whose fault it is—his, Landry's, the offense. The mixture is wrong."

"They baby him too much," Hayes said. "The papers make too many excuses for him."

We got to the airport, boarded the charter plane, but two of the players were missing. "Where's Meredith?" I asked trainer Larry Gardner.

"He was sitting there," Gardner said, "and all of a sudden he got up, went over to Gent and said, 'Come on, Pete, let's go to New York.'"

I went up front for takeoff and sat next to Stautner. "Meredith's gone," I said.

"I hope he stays gone," Stautner said. "Aw, hell, it wasn't only him. Everybody played bad. The defense let down on two plays and that was it."

Now the writers were gathering around Landry. "The team needed a psychological lift," he was saying. "I told

Don I thought I ought to go with Morton. He said, 'I agree.' It wasn't so much what Meredith was doing—they had no spark. . . . All I know is that he was a better quarterback this season than he's ever been. He'll start the game in Miami. Craig will play the second half, and in the off-season we'll re-evaluate every position on the ball club, not just quarterback."

We had all forgotten about the Miami game. The losers of the conference playoff games have to meet in a "Playoff Bowl" January 5.

JANUARY 3, 1969

I went up to Meredith's room to ask him where he thought he stood now with the Cowboys.

"I'm still the quarterback is the way I look at it," he said. He was in bed, covered up against the air conditioning, with the blinds drawn against the late-afternoon sun. His roomie, Lee Roy Jordan, was on some errand in the lobby. "If Curly can take over," Meredith said, using his nickname for Morton, "then I can't think of anybody more capable of running the team. But I don't exactly plan on him taking over."

"Why do you think this team keeps coming up short?" I said. "What do they need that they don't have?"

"You mean other than players. We got enough good players. Well, Lee Roy and I have been sitting up here doing a lot of talking about that. Everybody has, this week. I think we're all agreed that what we need is more toughness, especially on offense. We also don't get the kind of recognition we need to build pride in the offense. You're partly at fault there."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you write about the defense as a great defense, but when you put something in about the offense, it's 'Meredith did this, Neely did that, Rentzel did another thing.' Complimentary, but individual. Never the offense as a unit. It's not just you, it's everywhere, the Cowboy defense."

"You know where it comes from," I said. "At every Wednesday press conference."

"Yeah, I know," Meredith said, "and I've told him about it, too. I've told him we don't appreciate it a damn bit."

"I think that's one of the team's hang-ups," I said. "You got the defense over here and the offense over there, and you ain't got a team."

"You're right about that," Meredith said, "and that's what we've started working on right here."

JANUARY 5

Our flight after the game was delayed two hours, so we all poured into the Delta Airlines hospitality room to enjoy the 17-13 win over the Vikings in the Nothing Bowl. A new leaf had been

turned, it says here, and for one afternoon there had been a different kind of Cowboy team on the field—punishing, driving, scratching.

Lee Roy Jordan was on my left, feeling good. "This is what we've needed," he said. "We have been the good, clean Cowboys, all the talent, great systems defense and offense, but when we'd catch a guy on the sideline hanging up to dry, we'd pat him on the rear and shove him out of bounds, instead of what we *should* do; knock his goddam head off."

"It figures everybody had the reds for this one game," I said. "But what about next year?"

"I just promise you we're going to be together as 40 men," Jordan said. "None of this, 'Oh, hell, the offense can't move the ball.' You know how I felt out there today? Eager to get back in, no matter what the offense did. We're in there together. I admit there've been times when I let down, the whole defense would, when we'd be losing a game and the offense couldn't go. It even happened at Cleveland."

Some strangers in the room came over to meet Jordan and get his autograph. When they left, he said, "We had a team meeting last night, without the coaches. I'll tell you what we all realize. Tom is probably the greatest coach in the business. He's so far ahead of everybody else in defensive and offensive thinking, it isn't even close. But we should know by now that he can't do anything for us

emotionally. That's just the way he is. We've got to take it upon ourselves to get ready mentally for a game, like we weren't ready for Cleveland. I can't stand this losing."

When they called our flight, Meredith went over to the corner and picked up his trophy from the game. It was a huge silver cup with the figure of a running back on top. He'd been voted the MVP on offense, though not a single Dallas or Fort Worth writer had voted for him. "Did you know," I said to him, "that you completed 13 out of 14 passes there at one stretch?"

"Well," he said, as we moved through the door, "nobody's perfect."

I dropped back and watched him walk off down the airport corridor alone. He held the trophy in his right hand. The figure of the football player had been knocked off, and he carried it in his left.

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THE PROS TELL THEIR FAVORITE BILL RUSSELL STORIES

(Continued from page 47)

him. He's got to go across my body to defend against my shot, but he'd talk to me and tell me the game isn't strength alone; it's instinct and thinking. Playing against Russell was like a chess game and it seemed like I'd been playing it forever. From my high school days on, every time I blocked a shot I imagined that was the way Russell would do it."

Oscar Robertson remembers a State Department trip, taken with Russell to Egypt. "You should have seen Bill and myself," Oscar said, "walking through the marketplace in Cairo, both wearing head-dresses and long red and white robes."

"You've got to think of him as an ex-

tremely complex man," says Seattle's Tom Meschery, the NBA's poet-laureate. "I remember somebody asking him if he were a basketball player and he answered, no, he was a plantation owner. I recall the first time I saw him in that long flowing cape and another time in a green apple suit with that Persian lamb and Alaskan seal coat. One of his players, Havlicek, I think, kidded him about not going out into the woods because somebody would shoot at him."

"The day we had the blizzard up in Boston two years ago," said Red Auerbach, "he decides he's going to take a ride in his Lamborghini and we're playing San Francisco in the second half of a doubleheader. That damn car's got six

carburetors on it and nobody can fix it. He gets stuck and he misses the game and I had to get on the bench and coach. Bill Sharman, their coach, thought he had it all wrapped up, but we beat them and then Russell walks in after it's all over and I lay him out in the dressing room."

"Suddenly I realize I'm bawling the coach out in front of his players and I felt I had to make some explanation. I told the players, 'he's your coach, but in his mind I'm still his coach.'"

Sam Jones retired, too, after last season. He and Bill Russell had done it all together. "There were no prima donnas on our team," said Jones, "except one. His name was Bill Russell." ■

GALE SAYERS: THE HARD ROAD BACK

(Continued from page 26)

much quicker, so they have to set up their blocks fast. When I'm in there, I'm running up their backs."

But he did scrimmage a bit. In the Saturday scrimmage before the Redskins' game, he went up the middle. Someone grabbed him by the legs and Dick Butkus rammed him in the chest. Ed Stone, who covers the Bears for *Chicago Today*, was there and says that Sayers seemed to show his old moves. "I talked to Johnny Morris, who's on TV now," Stone says, "and he said that on a sweep it looked like Gale might have the slightest hitch. But," Stone said, "I can't see anything. It looks like it's all there."

On the morning of August 2, at breakfast, Sayers and Piccolo talked about Vince Lombardi and Washington and playing the first exhibition game of the season. Both men were dressed casually, in T-shirts and shorts. A waitress came over to Sayers. "Can I ask you your name?" she said to him. Pick mumbled loud enough for all to hear, "They all look alike."

Piccolo said he thought he would like to play a little bit for Lombardi before his career was over.

"I can arrange that," Sayers said.

"Would you? I'm tired of playing in your shadow. I want to be a legend in my own time."

The game was less than 12 hours away and they talked about what it meant to them. "You can't treat it as any game," said Sayers. "Do that and you have a short season. Every game is important, and you always like to start off with a win after all that training."

"But it's not like life or death," said Piccolo. "Lombardi and Washington is not the same as Lombardi and Green Bay. Certainly, you want to beat Vince, but it's not the same as beating him with a team that's in your division."

"I know Lombardi's going to be up," Sayers said. "The Redskins are going to be up." His thoughts suddenly became disconnected. "I hate to lose," he said. Then, as if the real meaning of the game had just come to him, he said, "I just want to show people I'm ready."

That was it—to show people that he was ready. It was a secret he had carried around for eight months, and even he did not know the answer. He had jogged, played handball, basketball and touch football. He had run full speed, he had made his patented Sayers cuts, he had been hit in camp and, through it all, the knee had held up. Now there was one more test, contact in battle against another team. He was 26 years old with four glorious and rewarding years behind him and now he must know about the future.

While Sayers attended a mid-morning team meeting, I talked with the Bears' trainer, Ed Rozy. He is a grizzled Walter Brennan type who has been with the Bears for 22 years. "I'd say Gale's 99 percent now," Rozy said. "The big thing to overcome is the mental attitude, the subconscious feeling—is it or isn't it? See, he's got to believe it, it's got to be proven to him. Better than that, he's got to prove it to himself. That's why he had to go right out that first day in camp and scrimmage and try to get it over with."

Rozy talked with admiration about Sayers' dedication. At Rensselaer, Sayers would come down to the basement at 8 a.m. each day. He would take a whirlpool bath for ten minutes to loosen up the knee, then go into the weight room and lift 60 pounds on the knee, lift those 60 pounds 50 times. Morning and night he would be down there lifting. "That's the mark of a champion," Rozy said. "The guy never quit on himself."

Rozy talked abstractedly about the injury. "It was a beautiful shot," he said of the film clip and still photo of the injury. "It shows Gale planting his foot with pressure applied to the outside of the leg. A beautiful shot," Rozy repeated, as if he were admiring a Picasso painting.

Sayers himself saw little beauty in the shot. One night last March he brought home the Bears' 1968 highlight film to show some friends, including his teammates George Seals and Frank Cornish. When the film came to the injury—the first time Sayers had seen it—Seals hol-

lered, in jest, "Get up! Get up!" And a chill, almost like an electric shock, went through Sayers' body. After the guests had gone, he told his wife, Linda, "I'm never gonna look at that film again as long as I live." A couple of days later when he had to show the film to a group, he left the room just before the injury sequence. Eventually, he got over it, said to himself, the hell with it, and stayed and watched.

It was, no doubt, the most traumatic moment of his life. The Bears were at home and, in the second quarter, held a comfortable 24-6 lead over the 49ers in the ninth game of the season. Sayers had gained 32 yards in ten carries. That gave him 856 yards rushing for the season so far, well ahead of all the NFL runners; he seemed on his way to the best year of his career, perhaps a record-breaking year.

In the huddle, quarterback Virgil Carter called for a toss to Sayers. Gale broke left, hoping to go outside the defense behind the blocking of tackle Randy Jackson. The 49ers' right linebacker, Harold Hays, began to string along the line, keeping his hands on Jackson in order to control him and prevent Sayers from breaking to the outside. Right cornerback Kermit Alexander, who also had the responsibility of turning the play inside, was trying to strip his blocker. Hays was controlling Jackson and defensive tackle Kevin Hardy was barreling down the line toward Sayers. So Gale knew he couldn't go wide and he tried to slip inside the blocker, as he often does.

At the instant he planted his foot, Alexander hit him with a low, rolling block. The cleats of Sayers' right shoe were anchored in the turf, preventing give and the knee took the full shock of the blow.

Sayers knew immediately that the knee was gone. He thinks he turned to Alexander, who was standing over him, and said, "It's gone." He remembers motioning to the bench to come and get him and putting his arms around a couple of the Bear players. Then he passed out.

He came to as he reached the side-

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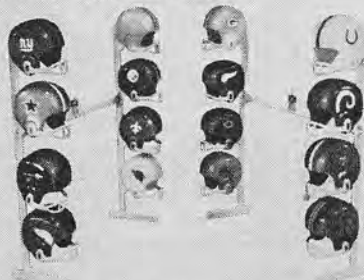


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lines. Dr. Fox was there. "It's gone, Doc," Sayers said.

Dr. Fox checked the knee. "It's okay," he said, and started to walk away.

"Come back here!" Sayers screamed. "Tell it to me straight."

Dr. Fox looked at Sayers for a moment, then said, "Yes, you have torn ligaments in your knee."

At that moment, Sayers felt an overwhelming sense of loss, also of self-pity. He asked himself, why me, why did it have to be me? And he began to cry.

He was operated on late that afternoon. The quicker the surgeon can get in there, the better job he can do. "You wait 24 hours after one of those things," Dr. Fox said, "and the injury is like a bag of mush. It really would be like trying to stitch together two bags of cornmeal mush."

In medical slang, Sayers' injury is called "The Terrible Triad of O'Donoghue." This describes the tears of the three ligaments in the knee and is named after Dr. Don H. O'Donoghue of the University of Oklahoma, the dean of football physicians. It is a common operation now. The estimate is that there are 50,000 football victims each year, 50,000 who require knee surgery.

The operation took three hours and when Sayers came out of it he remembers the doctor saying, everything's okay, and Sayers not believing him. "You wouldn't lie to me? You wouldn't lie to me?" he kept repeating. Linda Sayers was there and she says that Gale actually got up and started screaming to Dr. Fox: "YOU WOULDN'T LIE TO ME?"

He is much more emotional than has been generally understood. He is much deeper, too. In his first couple of years with the Bears he was very shy, a little frightened, unsure of himself off the field and wary, very wary, of strangers. He began to change about two years ago. Symbolically, he stopped cutting his hair short for football. He wears a natural now and someone wrote him a letter blaming his knee injury on his "long" hair. He became a stockbroker for Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis in the Chicago office. He worked on his public speaking. He began to respond to people, and to the world around him. Recently, Ed McCaskey has helped make a reader of Sayers. McCaskey gave Sayers "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" and Sayers devoured it in three days. In quick succession he read a novel, "Siege," Eldridge Cleaver's "Soul On Ice" and the classic Ralph Ellison novel, "Invisible Man." All are on Negro themes and all seemed meaningful to Sayers. "Something," he says, "keeps you going into books and you don't want to put them down." He seemed to relate most to Malcolm X. "He was a drug addict for so many years and got out of it," Sayers said. "I believe he could do anything he wanted."

He admires people like that, people who can overcome. He is that way himself. In his rookie year, he would vomit before every game. Finally, he decided he had to stop, that he was using up too much nervous energy. "I would go out

of the dressing room," he said, "tired, beat." So he started talking to other players, thinking of other things and he disciplined himself to stop vomiting.

Now the discipline, the fight, concerns the knee. He rested in his Washington motel room an hour before the team dinner, which would be followed by the ankle taping and then the bus ride to Robert F. Kennedy Stadium and a football game. The television set was on. The Baltimore Orioles were playing the Oakland Athletics and Sayers watched idly. And as he watched, the question was slipped to him:

"Do you think about the knee?"

"I think about it," he said. "I never stop thinking about it. When I'm in my room listening to records, I think about it. Every day a thought about it goes through my mind. I know it's fine, but I think about it."

He has considered seriously about going to a hypnotist. "I remember Don Newcombe went to one about his fear of flying. If I knew of a hypnotist in Chicago, I would probably go to one." But then he said he was not sure that he was the type to be hypnotized.

His mind was a jumble of emotion. He thought of an old teammate, Andy Livingston, who had hurt a knee against the Packers a couple of years ago, and was never the same again. But he also thought of the old Bear halfback, Willie Galimore, who had survived two knee operations and come back fine (only to die in an automobile crash); and of Tommy Mason, who has had six knee operations and still plays. Gale blamed the failures on human weaknesses. "They didn't work at it," he said. "I worked at it." He groped for words. Finally, words came. "I consider this my game. A damn injury like that is not going to keep me out of it."

Looking at Sayers in the Bear dressing room deep beneath RFK Stadium, the strong statement he had made a few hours earlier seemed remote and irrelevant. He sat slumped in front of his locker. It was five minutes to seven and he would have to go out on the field for pregame drill in 15 minutes. He was wearing his cleats, his white game pants with the orange piping down the side, and a white T-shirt. He sat on a folding chair in front of his locker. He was bent over. His head was bowed, his eyes were closed. He was leaning on his elbows, holding his head in his hands, his two thumbs resting between his eyes. He sat there quiet as stone, as if in a trance. He was unapproachable.

George Seals, the 265-pound offensive guard, the man Sayers had ridden behind for so many of his long-gainers, was dressing in a corner. A close friend of Sayers, he was asked whether he felt any extra pressure to protect Sayers because of the knee. Seals shook his head. "To me," he said, "that would be conceding something. Football is a very emotional game. When you step out onto that field, you cannot concede a thing. Gale certainly wouldn't want it that way."

Seals, who had his own knee operation last March and was still far from

being 100 percent, was with Sayers when the cast was removed from Sayers' leg. He was astonished to see that there was very little atrophy in the leg. "He's not human," Seals said. "After he got that cast off, he'd go out in the afternoon, morning, every night, doing things constantly. Many athletes come back from knee injuries lacking quite a bit. I feel if Sayers comes back, he'll be the one that comes back all the way."

And still Sayers sat there, bent over, trancelike, almost in the fetal position. Bennie McRae, the Bears' veteran defensive back, came over, leaned down and whispered to Sayers: "Are you ready, man?" Sayers nodded. "You all right? You're gonna be all right," McRae said soothingly. "You're ready, I know you're ready." He put an arm on Sayers' shoulder. "Hang loose." Sayers nodded again. McRae drifted away and Sayers remained cast in stone.

I was thinking various things. I was thinking about the knee . . . how it happened, could it happen again, how would it hold up . . . hoping I could make it through the game. That's the mental torture of football and I think this is going to afflict me as long as I play this game.

Finally, it was 7:10 and the players started out. Backfield coach Ed Cody came close to Sayers and said, "About a minute, Gale."

Sayers shook himself, rose, slipped on his white jersey with the big Navy blue numerals, 40, picked up his helmet and clattered out of the room.

As you come through the runway leading up to the field, a distorted sound hits you, an eerie sound, like a piece of heavy machinery sucking out air. It is only when you get through the runway and hit the dugout that you finally recognize the sound—it is the roar of the crowd.

It was a stifling night. The temperature was in the 80s, there was no breeze stirring and the humidity menaced the soul. The weather forecast was for scattered thunder showers, but the clouds in that Washington twilight looked benevolent.

Sayers was throwing lefthanded with Ronnie Bull, he and Bull trotting up and down the field exchanging passes. Then the Washington Redskin players poured out of their dugout and milled around the entrance. Sam Huff was leading them. He stood there, waiting for them all to come out before leading the charge across the field. "Everyone up?" he asked. Vince Lombardi, wearing a short-sleeved shirt, black tie, black pants and the look of a bus driver, grew impatient with Huff. "Okay," Lombardi barked. "let's go, let's take 'em." There was joy and exhilaration in his voice as he ran out on the field with his men. Clearly, he was glad to be back in the game.

Sayers, taking part in a passing drill, caught a short pass and ran by Lombardi. The Redskin coach stopped him. They shook hands. "I'm very glad to see that you've overcome your injury," Lombardi said. Sayers mumbled his thanks.

Sayers remembered meeting Lombardi

in Commissioner Pete Rozelle's office in New York last spring, the spring of his recuperation, the spring of his anxieties. Lombardi said to Sayers, "How do you feel, son? I hope to see you out there this fall." And Sayers said, "You'll see me August 2." And so he had.

Now it was 7:30 and two Bear players started the kicking drill. The punts came out of the sky like fireworks, except that the boom was heard first, then the ball was seen soaring in the air. Sayers caught the first punt and ran it back 15 yards, crouched, darting, making the moves that had thrilled people for the last four years. He caught another punt, then a third, and a fourth. Then he was in another pass drill. He went down and out, toward the Redskin side of the field, taking a long pass over his shoulder. Two skinny Redskin kids, No. 5 and No. 3, the field-goal kickers, were together when he went by. They looked at Sayers, then turned to say something to each other, gossiping like a couple of old maids at a soda fountain.

Finally, the drill was over and the Bears returned to the dressing room to put on their shoulder pads and wait for the start.

It had been raining for five minutes when the teams lined up for the kickoff, a hard, slanting rain with thunder and lightning and a rising wind. The field, especially the skin part, the Washington Senators' infield, was already filling up with puddles.

The Bears were the receiving team. Gale Sayers was deep, at his five-yard line, with Ross Montgomery stationed just in front of him. Just as the kicker moved forward, Sayers hollered to Montgomery to deploy right. Sayers, who captains the kick and punt return team, always tells the other deep back where to go. The idea is for Sayers to cover three-quarters of the field, to make sure that he gets the football.

He got the football. He took it easily on his six-yard line and started straight up the middle. One man broke through the wedge and came on to challenge Sayers. "I feel I can always beat any man one-on-one," Sayers has said, "and two-on-one I can beat 75 percent of the time." Sayers gave the one man his inside move, a head and shoulder fake, and the man was out of it and Sayers was flashing to the right, toward the sidelines.

"The thing that makes Gale different," Brian Piccolo had said earlier, "is the way he's able to put a move on somebody and not lose a step. He gives a guy a little fake and he's full speed. I give a guy a move like that and it takes me 15 yards to get in stride."

Sayers was in full stride now, streaking down the sidelines. Two Washington defensive backs angled in on him around the Redskin 40. One lunged at him and Sayers just pushed him away with his left arm. The other threw himself at Sayers, jostling him momentarily. But Sayers kept his feet, regained control and sped triumphantly into the end zone. There was a purity, a shining purity to that run, that contrasted in a strange and rather beautiful way with the indecent weather and the spongy

field. The first time he had carried the ball in combat since his knee injury, which was the worst kind of a knee injury you can have, he had broken one. It was as if all the questions had been answered, all the doubts resolved about the condition of Gale Sayers. It was an illusion, of course; it was much too early to form a judgment on Sayers' recovery. But the illusion was heightened by the clap of thunder that accompanied Sayers' last steps into the end zone.

One illusion was, however, quickly dispelled. It was not a touchdown after all. The referee ruled that Sayers had stepped out of bounds on the Redskin 25. Sayers said later that he could not see the sideline markers because they had been obscured by the rain. But it was still a 69-yard run and surely it held some meaning for Gale Sayers, for the Chicago Bears—and maybe for those 50,000 players who fall victim to a knee injury every year.

And that was all there was to the game, really. Later, the Bear coaches had to throw out the films of the game because nothing could be seen. After the Sayers' run the rain intensified and the entire first half was played in a blinding cloudburst that ruined the field and left

the players dispirited. The Redskins won, 13-7. Sayers came out on the field 12 times, but carried the ball only once more. Dick Butkus took a short kickoff and lateralled to Sayers who piled 17 yards up the middle before he was pulled down in the glop.

The next morning Sayers was eating breakfast at 7:15. He had hardly slept that night. He says it usually takes him a day and a half to unwind after a game. He ordered ham and eggs but ate sparingly.

He listened while a friend read accounts of the game from the Washington morning newspapers. Sayers, it seemed, had almost gotten equal play with the Redskins. One story began this way: "It took the sellout crowd of 45,988 at RFK Stadium last night only a matter of seconds to see for themselves that Gale Sayers is as good as ever. . ."

He grinned when he heard that. He thought it was true and now he felt more assured because he had passed the first test. After months of hard work, months filled with doubt and pain and the mental torture that only a knee victim can understand, he had passed his first test. He knew it was only a beginning, but it was a good beginning.

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HOCKEY WAS A BETTER GAME IN MY DAY

(Continued from page 29)

20 years ago every team had at least one good line and some of them had three. Today, with fewer good players, every club changes the players around constantly, like parts in a machine. That hurts the quality of the game because the players don't get a chance to work exclusively with two other men and develop the pretty plays that come only through anticipating your linemates' moves.

Last year the Red Wings had one of the best lines in the league in Gordie Howe, Frank Mahovlich and Alex Delvecchio. Yet, as soon as the season ended, coach Bill Gadsby said he'd have to break up the line because his second and third units were so weak he needed to add more balance to the attack. That's typical of what's happening today.

The decline in stickhandling and creative line-passing has been accompanied by a decline in the art of shooting. I remember last winter during the All-Star Game, when Red Berenson scored a goal against Ed Giacomin. Many people were amazed that Berenson did it on a backhand shot, they see so few of them. It was almost as if the backhandler had just been invented by Berenson, right before their eyes. But when I was playing, nearly every player had a good backhand; in fact, I scored most of my goals that way.

The difference in the two eras, of course, is that most players use a curved

stick nowadays, which means: a) It's practically impossible to stickhandle the puck as well as with a flat stick, and, b) it's just as impossible to get off a backhand from the "wrong" side of the curved blade. Since most kids now use the curved stick as soon as they begin playing hockey, few are learning to backhand.

Young players are also slapping the puck too much—the way Bobby Hull does—and not learning how to release a solid wrist shot, which is far easier to control. Ten years ago nobody would have thought of shooting the puck from the center red line and expect to score a goal; we would have attempted to go in on the goalkeeper. But now that you have players who aren't competent enough to stickhandle around a defense, they'll get rid of the puck with an erratic slapshot. So the combined effect of the curved stick and slap shot is to lower the quality of the game, despite an exception like Hull, who puts both to spectacular use.

Despite all these grumbings from this particular greybeard, the hockey picture is not all bleak. For one thing, the modern player is more independent and conscious of his value than I ever was. Some players are getting \$50,000, \$60,000 and \$70,000 contracts, and you now have a player's union to protect the average player. On the other hand the player of today has been spoiled by the new riches. Some expansion players, for example,

realize that the reserves behind them aren't very talented, so they are not apt to work as hard as we used to; we knew that if we didn't produce there was plenty of good material in the minors.

And you find the attitude of opposing players has changed. Rivals are going into business with each other—like Bobby Orr of Boston and Mike Walton of Toronto, who are running a summer camp. I feel all this fraternizing takes something off the competitive edge, and I know that when I played, fraternizing with the enemy was out.

By now you may find this hard to believe, but I really do love the game of hockey. Not only that, but I think the owners can straighten things out and make the game better than ever. All it will take is a little time. The big hope for the West lies with the young kids coming up. After two or three years they'll be showing considerable improvement and some of them could turn into superstars the way others already have in the East. When that happens, the West will be competing favorably with the older division.

In the meantime, the league governors should make sure there's better distribution of talent to future expansion teams than there has been in the past. Instead of permitting a team to protect 18 or 14 players in the draft, cut the figure to ten and let the new teams have a chance. I know that Vancouver and Baltimore have been trying to get franchises in the NHL and I, for one, would like to see them get it. Eventually, they'll have to get it, and it could be good for hockey, if it's done sensibly. I'm sure there are enough hockey players in Canada to meet the demand; all they need is the proper training and the ability to play in an atmosphere of even competition.

A couple of rules changes might help, too. Something should be done to put more of the class back in the game—the stickhandling and the wrist shot and the pattern plays that are so beautiful. Maybe it would be a good idea to eliminate the center red line and allow passing all the way up to the opponent's blue line. And maybe we should eliminate the slap shot until the puck is carried over the enemy blue line. And perhaps the curved stick should be eliminated altogether.

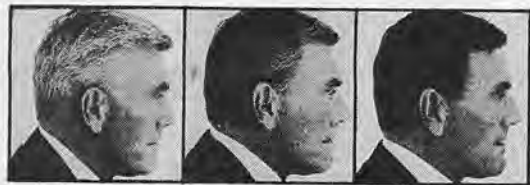
It also would be a good idea if the schedule-makers saw to it that some of the teams weren't forced to play three games in three days after making long plane trips. When the owners permit such tight scheduling, they are begging for an inferior product that will be rejected sooner or later by the fans.

We shouldn't argue with progress, which is what expansion amounts to, but, at the same time, we shouldn't permit it to ruin the game as it has the last two years. I hope the NHL takes swift measures to improve the West Division so that we won't ever have to see again the headline that ran in the *Toronto Daily Star* last spring. It read:

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KILLEBREW AND POWELL

(Continued from page 33)

on. But with nobody on in a tight ballgame, you work on Killebrew."

Over at his locker, Powell was sulking over a three-day, 0-for-ten slump in which he had failed to drive in a run. "Chance didn't give me a whole lot to hit tonight," he said. "Just once I want him to throw me a fastball for a strike."

The following day, Dave Leonhard, the Orioles' fine spot starter and long-relief man, was discussing Killebrew. "We talked about him in the bullpen last night," he said. "It never leaves your mind that he's liable to crunch one. As a general rule, never throw him a fastball, but if you have to, make it a fastball on the fists, where you can get him on a strikeout or doubleplay grounder. He's so strong, he can reach out over the plate and still hit the ball into the centerfield bleachers. I remember I once struck him out with a high, tight fastball with the bases loaded. I had set him up with a slider away. He hadn't seen me much and probably figured I threw nothing but sliders. If you make great pitches, you can get him."

The second game of the series showed the giants at their best—and also illustrated one of their great weaknesses. Lefthander Mike Cuellar started for the Orioles, which meant Killebrew moved up to third in the order and played first base in place of the lefthanded-hitting Reese. Powell was in his usual No. 4 spot against the righthanded Jim Perry, who was relieved in the middle of the game by Al Worthington.

The score was 4-4 in the top of the seventh with Paul Blair on first, when Powell came up against Worthington. Boog hopped on the canny veteran's first pitch and sent a towering smash over the screen in rightfield for his 29th homer, his second hit of the game and his first two RBIs in four games. He now trailed Killebrew by three, 99 to 96, in the race for the RBI crown. Killebrew had gotten an RBI earlier in the game when Oriole shortstop Mark Belanger booted his grounder, letting a runner score from third base.

Minutes later Killebrew came up with one out in the bottom of the seventh, picked out a Cuellar delivery that was a little too far out over the plate and smashed it on a high line over the fence in right-center. No shift has yet been devised to stop that. It was Killebrew's 31st homer, and it cut the Orioles' lead to one, 6-5, and boosted his RBI lead back up to four.

Baltimore tried for an insurance run in the ninth, but was foiled—by Powell. With runners on first and third and one out, Boog smashed a shot into the hole between short and third that was fielded brilliantly by Leo Cardenas and turned into an inning-ending, rally-killing doubleplay. But despite the shortstop's great effort, it was no secret that a man with even average speed would have beaten the relay to first. Boog was out by a fraction; Killebrew would have been out by more. "I thought I was safe," Powell said later. "That's what I mean about having good wheels, though. If I

was just a half-step faster, I'd have been safe." And Baltimore would have had its insurance run, and Powell would have again trailed his muscular rival by only three RBIs instead of four. Don't think the two sluggers were unaware of their personal competition. "It's a little too early to think about the RBI title," said Powell, "but even so, I'm sure I do think about it. It would be nice to win because that's what the game is all about—being the best. And it helps when you talk contract."

"I think the closeness of this thing is good for both of us," said Killebrew. "Of course, you're always trying to do your best, but this way you're more conscious of it."

Powell's roommate, catcher Clay Dalrymple, thought the RBI race was especially good for Boog because, "he needs to be pushed once in a while. Killebrew keeps looking over his shoulder to see what Powell is doing, and Boog is awfully good at coming at somebody. If this thing is close at the end of the season, watch Boog go after it. He'll take extra batting practice. But if he's leading by 15

or 20, he might just stop."

With the Orioles hanging on to win the second meeting, 6-5, Sunday meant the rubber game of the series. The Twins won, 5-2, on Reese's grand slam. As in the second game, the giants showed their strengths and weaknesses. Powell had a single and walk in four trips; Killebrew a double and a walk. No manager in the world complains when a man gets on base half the time he gets up, but when the man is a Powell or a Killebrew, it sometimes takes a little extra to get him home once he's on. After his double, Killebrew tried to score on Tony Oliva's single to center. He did not make it, though his slide into Oriole catcher Andy Etchebarren shook the earth. As he slowly hauled his squat, heavy body out of the dirt and lumbered back to the dug-out, Killebrew looked like anything but an athlete. For that matter, no one thought about poetry in motion when Powell waddled back to first base after the play was over. But do not be fooled. The game does not belong only to the swift and graceful. There is still a place for the old-fashioned slugger.

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OWENS DANCES EVERY DANCE

(Continued from page 37)

alive the threat of the inside assault, and no one is better at this than Steve. He has great quickness getting to the hole, great vision, and great balance. He leans into tacklers so that they don't get a good shot at him. And he is so effective under pressure. I never wanted to put that much of a load on one man, but Steve handles it."

With weight-lifting, practices, meetings, film sessions, games and trips, Owens estimates he spends upwards of 50 hours a week on football during the season. He concedes that contemporary big-time college football is a full-time job, and a demanding one. "In high school the game was almost entirely fun," he says, somewhat ruefully. "Here it's a business. We're supposed to fill that stadium with 60,000 fans and win. Football supports other sports in the athletic department. I still love the game, but there's so much pressure, sometimes it makes me wonder."

This summer Owens sold insurance, which enabled him to begin fall practice refreshed. He lifted weights and did wind sprints in his off hours. He has gained 11 pounds since last season, at the same time cutting his 40-yard-dash time from 4.7 to 4.6. "Owens is fast enough," says O.J. Simpson. "He doesn't

need that much speed, he runs so hard. He goes straight up the field. Don't worry about him."

Praise from O.J., the records he's been accumulating, and the awards—possibly capped by the Heisman—are all great. "But you know that somebody else will come along and you'll be forgotten," says Steve. "I just go out and play from game to game. I'm not going to think about anything else. I've never been hurt, but I could be hurt any time, so I don't want to build myself up so high mentally that I can't adjust if something like that happens. I've seen it happen to a boy from my hometown who was a great high-school player. He got hurt as a freshman at OU and never played a down. I have been lucky, and I've had good teams to help me. All I want this year is to win ten games and go to a bowl."

Owens hopes to play pro ball in Dallas or Baltimore. And after that? Eventually this violent tailback who collides with tacklers by choice would like to return to conservative, tiny Miami, Oklahoma. He wants to open a small sporting-goods shop and live at nearby Grand Lake, where he can fish and enjoy a general tranquility. But, as everyone in the Big Eight knows, there are still a lot of dances ahead for Steve Owens before he rests. ■

WHEN YOU CALL MIKE CURTIS AN ANIMAL, SMILE

(Continued from page 43)

victory party. It was to be the event of the winter season. "You should have seen the champagne there," Mike says. "I took one look at it and started drinking, even though I dislike drinking, period. But I got drunk that night in Palm Beach. I've seen people drunk. Some people laugh, some cry. Some want to fight. All I wanted to do that night was smile. All my friends were there, so I spent the evening table-hopping. I stopped at every table and smiled. I'd say something silly, smile and head for the next table. I might have appeared to be enjoying myself, but all the smiles were forced. The next day I headed for the Pro Bowl camp with a head that felt the size of a basketball—and that's putting it conservatively."

That's another thing about Mike Curtis the paradox. He is very conservative—off the football field.

"I read somewhere that George Bernard Shaw said, 'If you're not a liberal when you're 20, you haven't got a heart, but if you're not a conservative by the time you're 40, you haven't got a brain.' That makes a lot of sense to me."

Mike is far from 40, so let's just say he has a head start on Mr. Shaw. Mike is conservative on nearly everything—politics, his wardrobe, his recreation, even his attitudes toward young ladies.

"I don't like the liberal, emancipated women you meet in the big cities in the East," he says. "Most of them are all mixed up in the head. They're too snobby and they're too liberal. I don't want a liberal for a wife. I don't want my kids to be liberal. The kids coming out of

these liberal homes today are all mixed up on sex. The girl I marry will have to be conservative."

Mike Curtis' political views are the complete opposite of most young people his age. He is uncompromisingly opposed to Big Government, especially welfare. "I don't believe in a Welfare State," he says. "I'm very emphatic about it. I don't feel I have any obligation to support people who won't work. My philosophy is work or die." And he hates cop-haters. "Anybody who calls a policeman a pig should be shot," he says.

Mike believes his views come from his parents, especially his father, who is a supervisor with the public transit system in Washington, D.C. "My father worked hard all his life to support a wife and two kids (Mike has a sister, Karen, who is a year younger), and when things got a little tough, my mother went back to work as a legal secretary. My father says everything was tough when he was coming up. He said when things really got rough, he used to push himself physically, just to see how much he could take. He's 52 now and he's still pushing. I get my aggressiveness from him."

"My parents taught me that hard work and education were the most important things in life. I had a chance to play professional baseball when I got out of high school, but I took a football scholarship instead because a college education went with it." (Mike also admits that "fear turned me off on baseball. I was afraid of the ball. I could never get used to the idea of people throwing rocks at my head.")

Mike graduated from high school in

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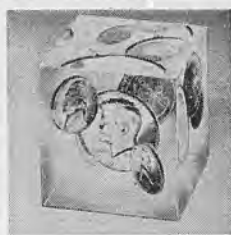
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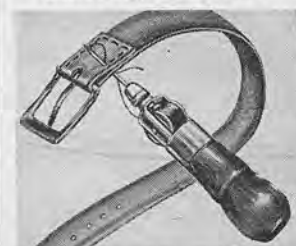
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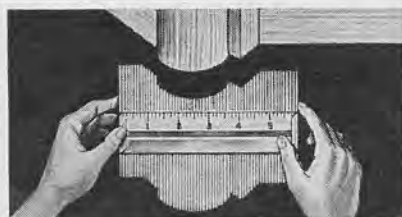
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Rockville, Maryland in 1961. He had earned varsity letters in all major sports at Richard Montgomery High, and his size and speed (he runs 40 yards in 4.7) brought football offers from more than 100 colleges. There was great pressure on Mike to enroll at the University of Maryland, but he dismissed his hometown school as "a football factory." He leaned toward Tennessee until he visited the campus in Knoxville. "I was thinking about engineering at the time," he remembers. "Tennessee claimed it had a top engineering school. When I visited the campus I asked to see the engineering school. They pointed to a pile of rocks and said, 'We've just started building it.'"

Mike Curtis finally chose Duke, where he won All-America honorable mention as a hard-running fullback and linebacker. He also won the gold medal in the javelin at the Atlantic Coast Conference track meet as a junior. And he took a degree—in history, not engineering. "I wasn't what you could call a great student," he said. "I got C-plus grades, but I did graduate."

Mike Curtis' future is wrapped up in real estate. Three years ago he took out brokers' licenses in Maryland and Virginia. So far, he hasn't sold anything, only bought—for himself. He has invested heavily in residential and industrial land in Rockville and last spring he added a 45-acre farm in Leesburg, Virginia. "The farm is a tax write-off," he says. "If we show a profit on the farm, we'll invest in more land, maybe a fair-sized apartment complex."

On the Colts' chartered flight from Houston this summer, after beating the Oilers in an exhibition game, Curtis spent most of the night talking about invest-

ments and taxes. It was obvious that some of the older Colts were amused by Mike's late arrival as a conversationalist and student of economics. They remember him as a shy, sphinx-like rookie who came to camp in 1965 hell bent on making it as a running fullback. "Mike made about as much noise running as he did talking, and he hardly opened his mouth his rookie year," says one veteran. "He was miscast as a running back. He wobbled when he ran the ball and he had trouble making the cut the way a good pro fullback should. I think he knew it. Maybe that's why he was so quiet. He seldom said much more than hello or goodbye."

"What rookie is ever sure of himself?" Mike says today. "I was originally drafted as a linebacker, but Joe Don Looney was traded and they told me they wanted me to fill in for him. But I was a flop as a running back. I always got into the game late and I never knew if I was making any progress. That took something off my confidence, which was bad for me because I have a very bad inferiority complex. I always feel that I have to be two, three times better than anybody else just to feel like I'm doing a fair job. So, actually, I was sort of happy when the switch came. It took a little pressure off. Anyway, I like the contact on defense. Defense comes easy for me, too, which was a plus, because basically I'm a very lazy person."

The switch from fullback to linebacker came in Mike's second year with the Colts after he injured a knee running back a kick in an early-season game. The knee caved in again three games into the '67 season and Mike was out for the year. When he reported to camp last year, he said the knee felt stronger than

ever and, suddenly and without fanfare, Mike Curtis arrived as a linebacker. "I spent the year I was hurt learning how to think the way a linebacker has to think," he says. "And I'm working at improving my speed. I've got natural speed, but I think, 'Well, so you're quick, so be quicker. Move quicker. React quicker.' It's all part of the challenge of linebacking. Get the job done; get it done quick; get it done quicker; get it done the quickest."

Perhaps the greatest tribute any Colt has paid Mike Curtis came from a Baltimore veteran who asked to be unnamed. "The best way to gauge Mike Curtis' abilities," the veteran suggested, "is to compare the personnel of this club with the Colts' championship teams of 1958 and '59. How many players on this Baltimore team could have started with the Colts in '58 and '59? How many? I say two—John Mackey and Mike Curtis."

"Think about it. Fred Miller's no Big Daddy (Lipscomb); Bubba Smith, great as he is, isn't Gino Marchetti; Tom Matte's no Alan Ameche; and Unitas today certainly isn't the Unitas he was ten, 11 years ago. But you would have to start Mackey and Curtis on those '58 and '59 teams."

"You would have to go with Mackey for obvious reasons. And you would have to go with Mike Curtis because he's so quick and strong. But mostly, he's quick. I've never seen a linebacker as quick as Curtis."

As you can see, the Colts talk nice about Mike Curtis. Sometimes they punctuate those nice words with references to "The Animal," but when they do it's always with a smile. That, it seems, would be good advice for outsiders too. ■

BANDO MAKES THE A'S RUN ON TIME

(Continued from page 62)

it's hard to get enough rest and swing at all."

Mrs. Sal Bando (Miss Sandra Fortunato until February) solved his problem. A registered nurse, the daughter of a doctor and the twin sister of a New Jersey high school football coach, she comes from a sports-minded family and knows how to treat an athlete. "This year when I go to work, I'm rested," said Sal.

Also well fed. Veal parmigiana is the specialty of the house. Some of Sandra's nurse's training included dietetics; she sees that her husband gets wheat germ and vitamins. She's a pretty good trainer, too, or at least she thinks so. Others, however, disagree. Jack Hommel, a professional trainer of some standing in the business, had always loosened up Bando before the games by cracking his back. "My wife told me, 'Don't let him do it,'" Bando said with a laugh. "She said, 'When you get older, it'll be bad for you.' I told that to Jack. He said, 'Tell her to stick to nursing, I'll do the rubbing.'"

And Sal will do the hitting, for which you can give Sandra Bando as much credit as you like. In one game against Seattle this season, Bando banged five hits in five at-bats and drove in four runs. In another game he hit two homers,

one with Kubiak on to tie the score against Jim Kaat of the Twins, and the other as the third homer of an inning (after Kubiak and Jackson).

Though he showed vast improvement in his second full year, Bando would be the first to admit he still had much to learn. His education continued all season, in bits and pieces. "It's up to the individual to comprehend the experience," he said. "Last year I was nervous; I'd get up and think, 'I've got to get a hit.' I've learned not to get so anxious, not to go for a bad breaking ball. With two out, you've got to get a pitch to hit. With none out, you might try to hit a bad pitch to right field; if you didn't get a hit, you could advance the runner."

Sometimes, the experience was painful. Perhaps the worst moment came when Bando feared he had blown a game. It was in the ninth inning against Washington and the A's had a one-run lead. Brant Alyea hit a slow roller toward third base and Bando's hurried throw was wild, putting the tying run on second. The next batter popped a bunt and Bando caught it, but then Eddie Brinkman hit a bouncer to third and Bando muffed it. That put the winning run on first with the tying run still on second. "And here comes Howard," Bando said

with all the terror the memory could bring back. Frank Howard. "There's no way we should get out of that inning," Bando said.

"A good player wants the ball hit to him at a time like that to make up for what he's done. At that time, I think I wanted Howard to hit the ball so hard to me that it would hurt me and I would have to leave the game. I wanted the punishment."

Fortunately, Howard made out, the Athletics won the game and Bando lived. And prospered.

You've heard of the Boyer brothers; perhaps someday you'll be talking about the Bando brothers. Chris Bando is in the eighth grade and showing every sign of emulating his older brother. With one exception. "At least Sal knew when it was time to eat," sighed their mother.

Sal is watching Chris closely. "I'll be talking with him more when he's older. Now I tell him not to get cocky because he's better than everyone else. He's good. He won't accept defeat. We play HORSE in basketball and he'll keep me out there all night until he beats me."

Bando laughs at his little brother's audaciousness and spirit. "He's gonna be a lot like me," said Sal. "He's got Mussolini instincts, too." ■

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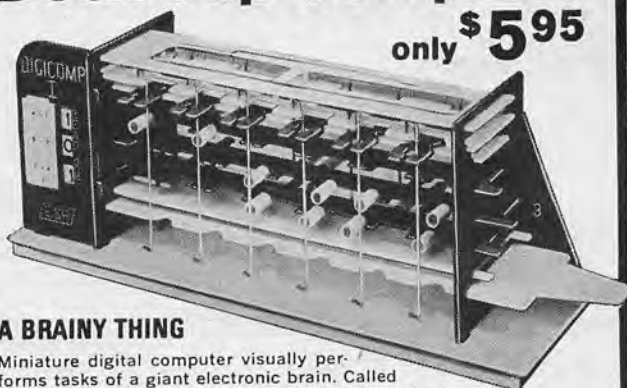
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WITH . . .

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THE TRIALS OF JIM MALONEY

(Continued from page 41)

throw right, and I can't. They'll just have to take my word for it.

"You know what makes this game really tough? There's no security and no friendships. Hell, if my arm goes tomorrow, you think I'll still be with the Cincinnati Reds?"

I asked what he meant by "no friendships."

"It's almost impossible to form friendships with anybody," he said. "Tony is my third roommate in two years. I roomed almost eight years with Johnny Edwards. I came up through the minors with him. Then one day, he's gone. I hardly see him once a year now."

"Was he that close to you?"

"Hell, yes. I never had a brother. Johnny was really like a brother to me. I'm serious." Then he fell silent again, thinking about something that was beginning to anger him.

"So all of a sudden everybody's relying on me, huh? How come? What about all those years when I was winning 20, 16 games, and the club couldn't finish higher than sixth? I did my job then and we didn't win. Now all of a sudden they can't win without me."

A while later Jim began to warm up along the right-field foul line, throwing casually, almost haphazardly, his eyes wandering all over, seldom concentrating on Pat Corrales' target. I noticed maybe three or four flaws in his pitching motion. For one thing, he seldom used the same motion on each pitch.

I remembered what Warren Spahn used to say when reporters asked him why he had such good control and seldom got a sore arm. It's all in the motion, he would say. If you throw every pitch with the same motion, you have to throw strikes. And once you get in that groove, you'll have less chance to hurt your arm.

I mentioned this to Harvey Haddix,

standing nearby, and he nodded in agreement.

Jim Merritt walked by and asked Maloney how he felt. Jim said nothing, the sweat beginning to pour off now.

In the first inning, Maloney gave up a run, but then he shut out the Expos the next four innings to take a 3-1 lead into the sixth. Through it all he was not throwing very hard, getting by mostly on curves and change-ups. Checking his statistics, I found he'd gotten two strikes on eight different batters, yet struck out only one. None of them had been swinging through his fastball.

In the sixth his arm started to go. He began "windmilling" after every other pitch, stretching his arm over his head as if it had fallen asleep. Then he got wild and walked two batters. And when Pete Rose misjudged a routine flyball, it fell in for a two-run double.

By this time, Maloney's arm must have been feeling the strain. Each time he threw a fastball, his right shoulder dipped down as if it were coming unhinged. The next pitch was always a slow curve or straight change-up.

Yet his face showed no sign of pain.

Finally Bristol took him out with the Expos leading, 4-3. The final score was 6-3.

As soon as Jim got to the clubhouse, Cooper put the bulky ice packs on his arm and shoulder. Jim sat in front of his locker for almost an hour, showing no sign of emotion.

Outside, waiting for the bus back to the hotel, I asked one of the Cincy men if Jim had been getting by with the little he'd shown that night. The man nodded.

"The trouble with these National League hitters," he said, "is they keep expecting him to throw that good fastball. And when he doesn't, they're off-stride. He can get them out for five or six innings like that. That's why he's pitching, I guess."

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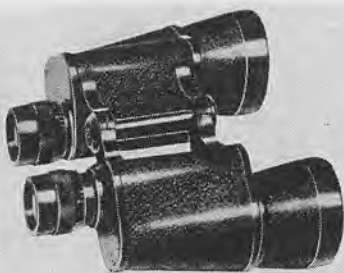
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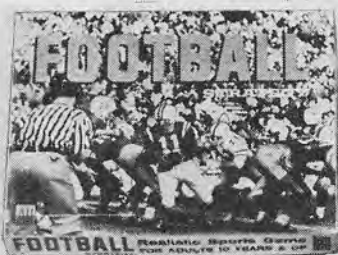
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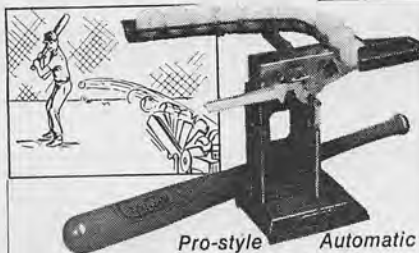
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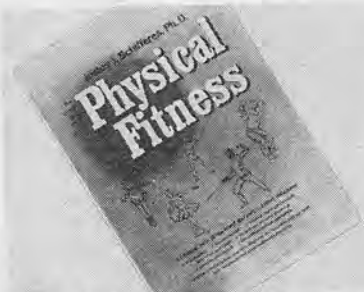


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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS

A MEMORY OF ROCKY MARCIANO

It was in October 1951, our first year as an apprentice editor for this magazine, that we first had a strong awareness of Rocky Marciano. We were attending a football game in Philadelphia, Boston University vs. Temple. That same night, Marciano was fighting Joe Louis, the boxing hero of our youth. Our hope was that Marciano would turn out to be a fraud, that all the fighters he had kayoed had been set-ups. We were counting on the possibility, too, that old Joe had at least one more moment of glory left in him. Alas, it was all delusion. Midway through the football game, the announcement came over the loudspeaker: "Rocky Marciano has just knocked out Joe Louis in the eighth round of their fight at Madison Square Garden." One in our party was from Brockton, Massachusetts, Rocky's hometown, and she whooped in joy. We muttered something like, who is this Rocky Marciano, anyway, a crude guy who doesn't know anything about fighting?

This point of view was reinforced six months later when, in the course of duty, we went to the CYO gym on 14th street in New York City where Marciano was working out for his bout with Lee Savold. He looked cruder than ever, and very clumsy. But his little trainer, Charlie Goldman, didn't seem perturbed at all. "If you can punch," he told us, "it's a short cut. A good punch is a good equalizer. You can teach the rest." Apparently Charlie Goldman knew what he was talking about because Marciano knocked out Savold and, seven months later, came off the floor to knock out Joe Walcott in that classic 13-round fight for the heavyweight championship of the world.

The first time we really got to know Marciano was in 1953 when he was training in Holland, Michigan, for his rematch with Walcott. We remember hustling over to his house at 7 o'clock in the morning, only to find that he was already on the road with his buddy, Allie Columbo. When he came back, the Rock sat down to breakfast. We were impressed enough by that breakfast to remember every morsel—a baked apple, bowl of Rice Krispies with a raw egg in it, two soft boiled eggs, two slices of toast, two lamb chops, a cup of tea and another baked apple for dessert. While Marciano ate, everyone around him seemed nervous and irritable. Not Rocky. He chatted about his favorite base-

ball team, the Red Sox, about his friend Allie Columbo's new shoes, about his family back in Brockton. He was warm and friendly, as if he were on a holiday. We left him still at breakfast, saying to us, "Send everyone my regards, will ya?" And then he went out and demolished Walcott in one round.

He fought only five more times after that, winning them all and retiring in 1955 with honors as the only undefeated champion ever. But our paths crossed repeatedly in his post-retirement years. In 1961, when *SPORT* named its Top Performers of the 15 years, Rocky Marciano was the man in boxing. We had a banquet for the occasion and Rocky got one of the biggest hands of all our athletes.

Later, he bylined a number of stories for our magazine. Fred Katz, our managing editor, worked with him on the stories and enjoyed Rocky's company. One of Marciano's bylines in *SPORT* was on why he felt Sonny Liston, then the heavyweight champion, was good for boxing. This was at a time when people were finding it hard to say anything nice about Liston. But Rocky came to Katz with a position paper, listing 14 points in support of the thesis, all of them well thought out.

Once he and Katz were to meet at a restaurant to talk over another story. "I walked into the place," Fred remembers, "and looked around and saw this big guy in a sport shirt who had this funny-looking thing on the top of his head. It was Marciano, a toupee concealing his balding head. He waved me over. 'I bet you didn't recognize me with this rug on my head,' he said. 'How do you like it?' I lied a little," Katz says, "and told Rocky it was very becoming."

None of us ever wanted to offend Marciano, and it wasn't because he was bigger and stronger and more important than us. Just the opposite. It was because he was too nice a person, too gentle a man. That was the one quality that all who knew Marciano recognized in him. In the ring he was a brute. He fought 49 professional fights and he won them all, and 43 of them were by knockouts. He was a brute in the ring, but that is what the fight game is all about. Outside of the ring he was a gentle man, a good man. His untimely death robs the sports world of a man of character. We shall miss him.

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